The New York life of John Kennedy Jr. in the words of some who knew him.

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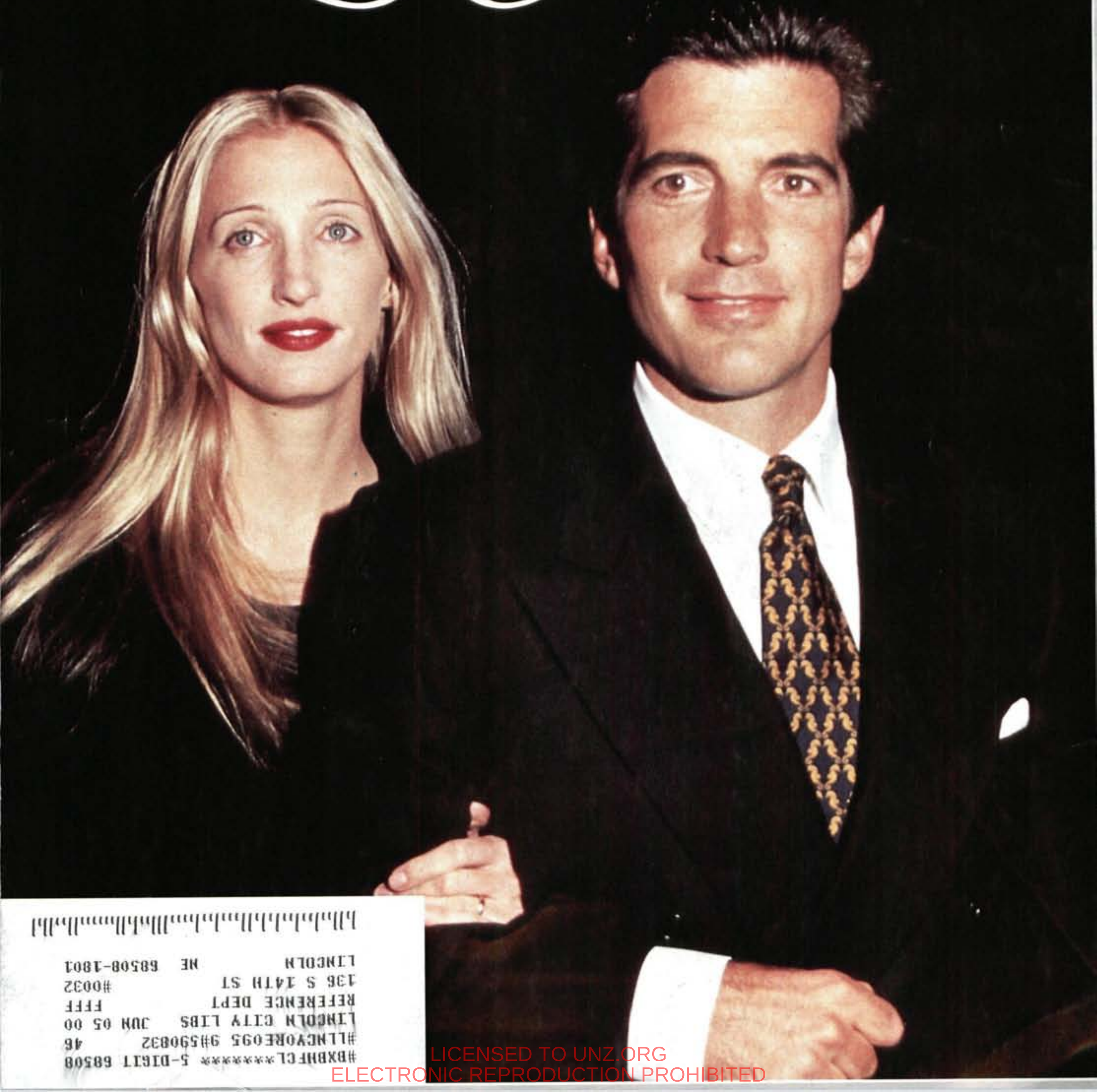

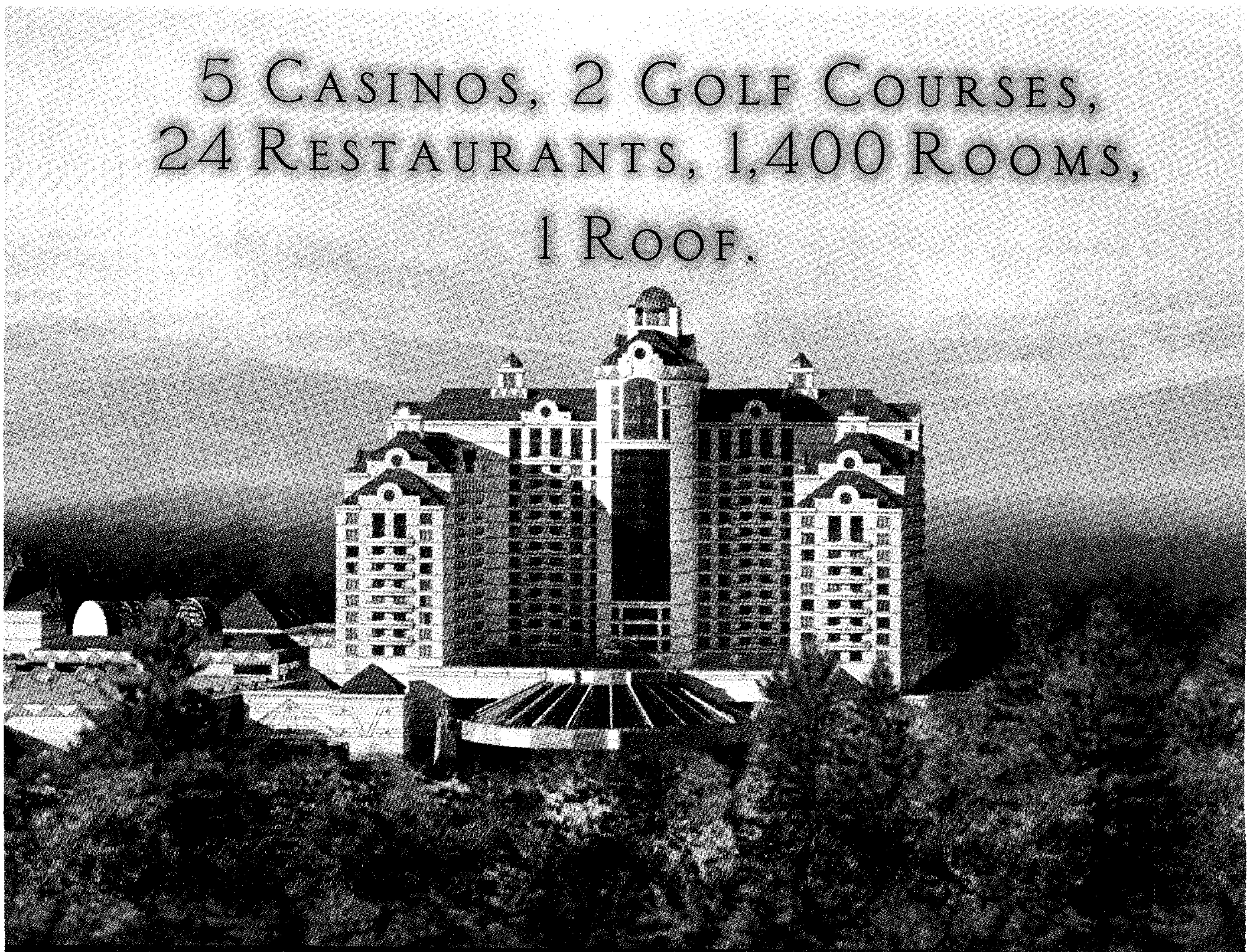

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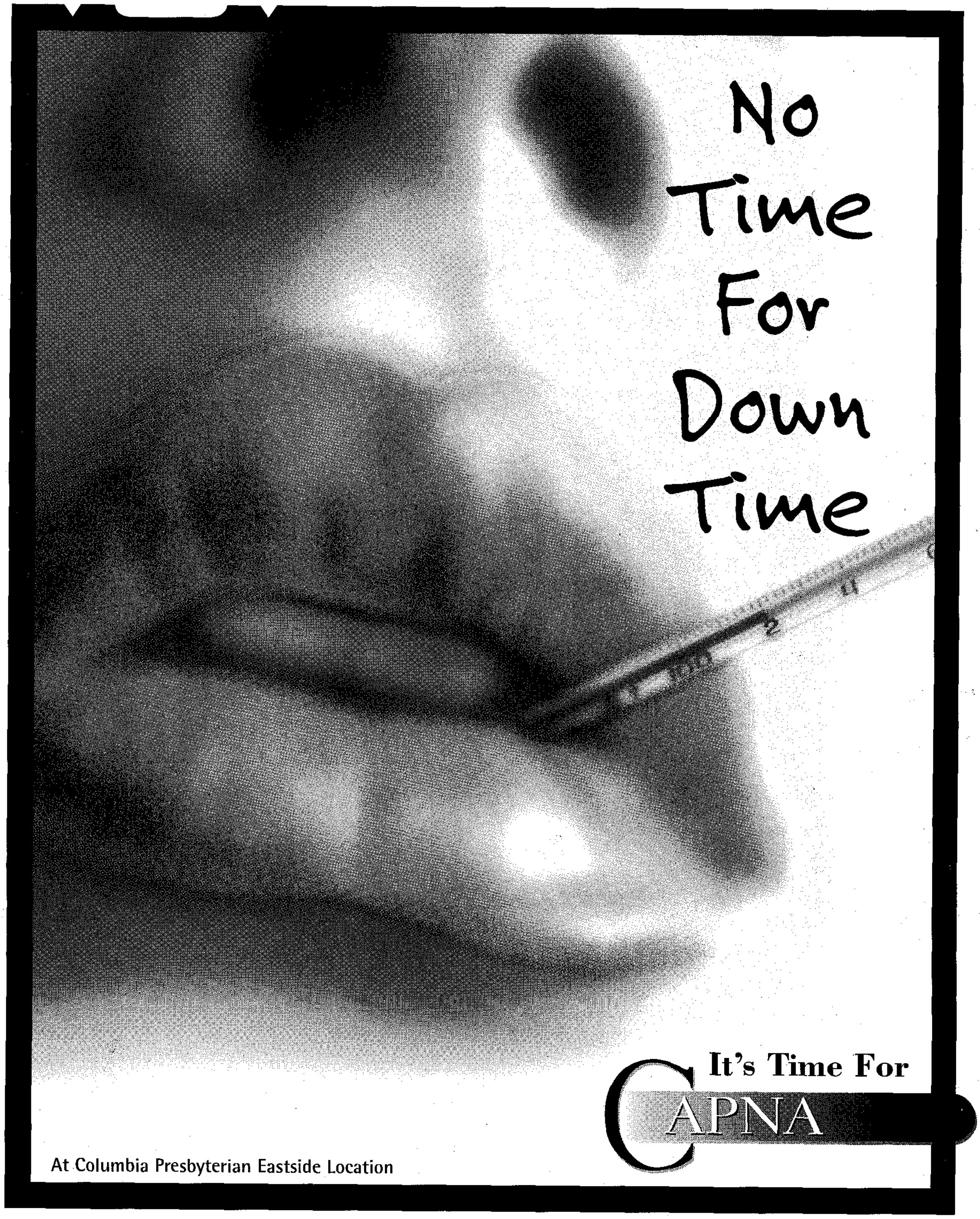
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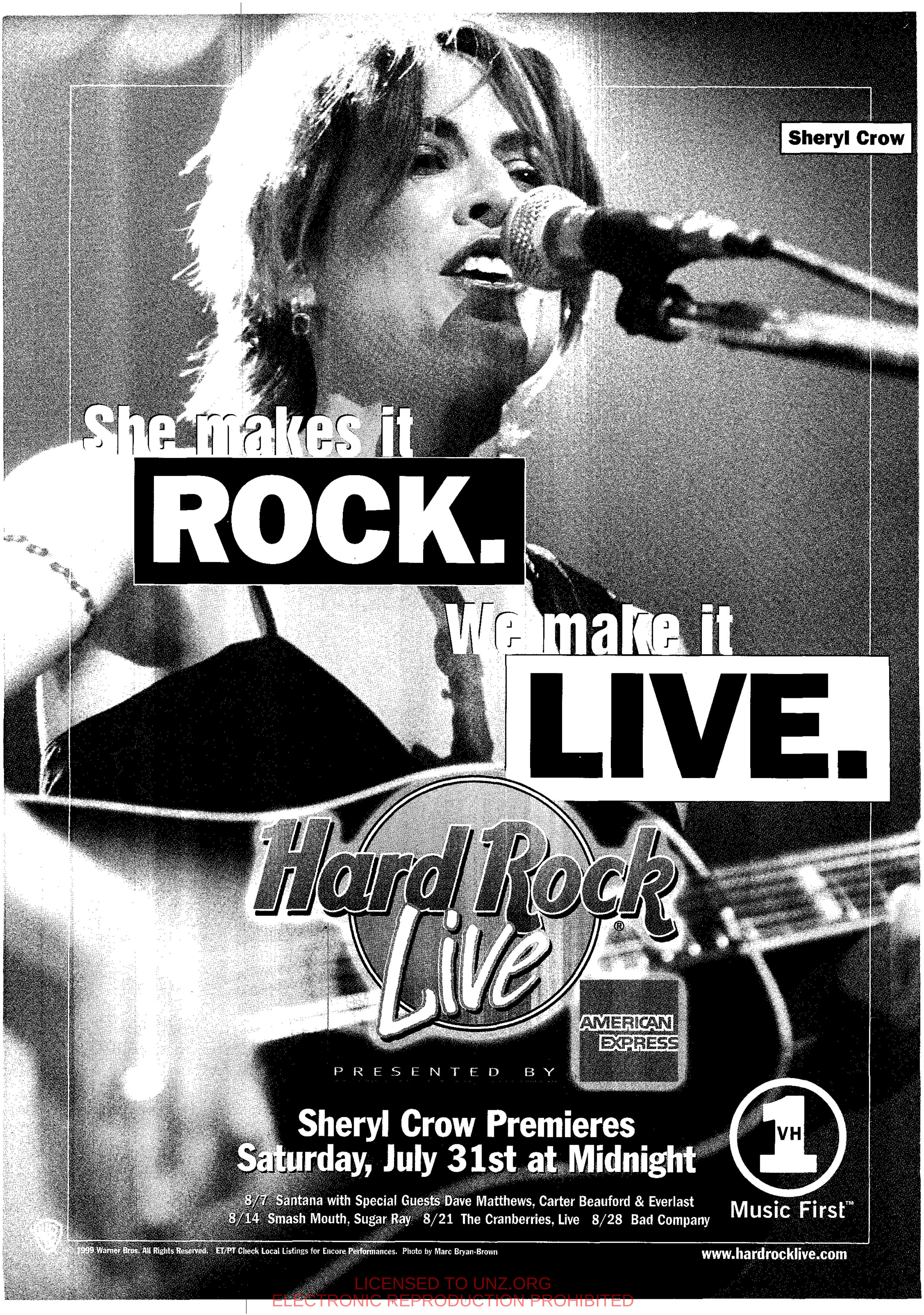

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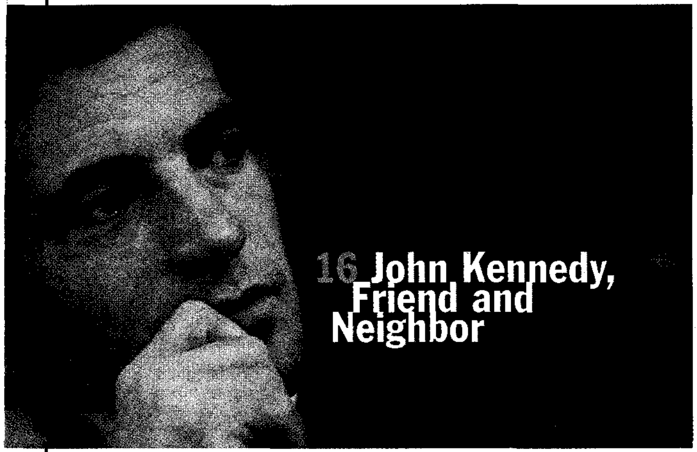
Contents Aug. 2, 1999

> *"The first day he came to work, there were 100 reporters outside. A paralegal who was making $15,000 a year was offered $10,000 to take a picture of John at his desk."*
>
> MICHAEL CHERKASKY, PAGE 16



16 John Kennedy, Friend and Neighbor

From the day he returned to New York to go to law school in 1986 until his death on July 16, John F. Kennedy Jr. never let the constraints of his fame—the paparazzi, the gossip columns tracking his romances—stop him from leading a normal life. With a born politician's gift for putting people at ease, he won over everyone, from the D.A.'s office to the offices of *George* to the bar at Bubby's. John's friends and colleagues recall a man of uncommon warmth. And Michael Wolff examines how his graceful normalcy only fueled our Kennedy obsession.

30 A Legend in His Own Mind

By Chris Smith

This time, Abe Hirschfeld is on trial for tax evasion; next up, a charge that he put a hit on his partner of 40 years. But the 79-year-old parking-garage mogul sees himself only as victim. Despite quixotic runs at public office, stints as self-appointed media savior, and a charming penchant for spitting on people, Abe has never found a place in the hearts of eccentric-tolerant New Yorkers. Is he crazy like a fox—or just plain crazy?

36 Brand U

If you're still operating in the belief that it's not what you know, it's who you know, it's time to update your paradigm: Today's job market is all about "mindshare" and "personal branding." Scaling the corporate heights requires added value, a shtick that'll set you apart from the drones: like stand-up comedy, or glassblowing (that one oughta get the boss's attention). And if the classes in our annual course bulletin *don't* land you a promotion, at least you'll have something to fall back on.

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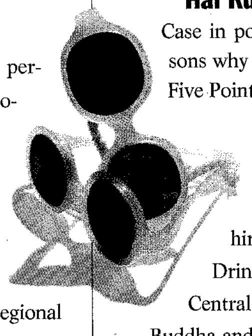

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AUGUST 2, 1999—VOL. 32, NO. 29. Periodicals postage paid at New York, New York, and additional mailing offices. New York (ISSN #0028-7369) is published weekly (except for combined issues the last week of June and the first week of July and the last two weeks of December) by PRIMEDIA Magazine Corporation,444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022-6999. Editorial and business offices: 212-508-0700. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to *New York,* Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Subscription rates in the U.S. and possessions: 50 issues, $42. **For subscription assistance, write Joseph Oliver, *New York* Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Or call (800) 678-0900 or (212) 447-4749.** Printed in the U.S.A.

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LETTERS AUGUST 2, 1999

Island in a Storm

A writer's return to the Staten Island where he grew up provokes a slew of sharply divided but equally fervent responses.

UNLIKE FRESH KILLS LANDFILL, MIchelangelo Signorile's "The Outer Borough" [July 12] was a breath of fresh air. Staten Island offers suburban-style living with a Big Apple address. As rent control kills off any serious interest in constructing affordable housing, more people are crossing the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. As other communities in the city evolve into very wealthy or poor enclaves, Staten Island offers the middle class a haven of growth and prosperity. New Yorkers are lucky that our ancestors beat New Jersey in the famous boat race around the island, giving us this gem.

Larry Penner
GREAT NECK, N.Y.

IT'S AMAZING THAT THE PEOPLE WHO WERE mentioned in the article are Islanders only in the past 20 to 30 years. People who grew up there in the forties and fifties had a completely different experience. My uncles in Great Kills had chickens and ducks in their backyards. It took a long time to drive to the South Shore from the North Shore before highways cut the Island in half. After the bridge, the building boom that occurred resulted in an overcrowded, ugly place. If the planners had done their job properly, Staten Island could have been one of the most beautiful places in the country. Now it is a jumble of mismatched architecture, strip malls, traffic, and the stink of the garbage dump.

Marianne Ruch
QUEENS

SIGNORILE'S ARTICLE BROUGHT A NOSTALgic tear to my eye. I, too, remember cruising down Hylan Boulevard. I also ate in the restaurants where "the glittery mob walked in all at once," but the author confused "stunned" with mortification, and repressed laughter. As my children grew up, I prayed that they would not "aks" me questions or look for the "earl truck." My name was changed from Joseph to Joey by my neighbor Tony. And the author is wrong about the mob. People were always telling me how "connected" they were: Talk about the Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight. It would be unfair not to mention all the hardworking civil servants—especially policeman and firemen—who retired with disability pensions for "bad backs" but did backbreaking construction jobs for cash only. Has Staten Island changed since I left in 1987? I don't think so.

Joseph Shleifstein
MANHATTAN

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HAVING MICHELANGELO SIGNORILE WRITE about Staten Island was like getting Vinny Barbarino to cover Brooklyn. He reported about the Island equivalents of Bensonhurst and Dyker Heights, with passing references to, say, Mill Basin and Brownsville. It was very telling that he had never heard of Wasps until he went to school in Syracuse. Insularity and parochialism are a way of life in the new Island settlements as they have always been in Bensonhurst. Areas north of the Staten Island Expressway (a.k.a. the Mason-Dixon Line) are loaded not only with Protestants but with folks sophisticated enough not to care whether 95 percent of the people within a five-mile radius are of the same ethnic extraction. The result was like an article about Brooklyn that omits Park Slope.

Timothy P. Violette
STATEN ISLAND

LIKE SIGNORILE, I GREW UP BELIEVING THAT the whole world was like my neighborhood. It wasn't until college that I learned that not everyone was Italian and Catholic, and that most women wore ankle bracelets on their *ankles.* That is the end of the similarities. The Staten Island I know is a haven for New York City's uniformed services, one of the few places where they can own a modest home, enjoy low property taxes, and send their children to public school. My friends and neighbors drive minivans, take the express bus to work, and have aboveground pools. We may pass Joann Dapolito's Jaguar on Hylan Boulevard, but we certainly don't live like her.

Lisa Cifuni Herbert
STATEN ISLAND

I'M A BORN AND BRED STATEN ISLANDER, and this story pissed me off. Not everyone on Staten Island is as rich as Joann Dapolito, but some do have more class. She used to have a "regular, half-million-dollar house." She must have been slumming. And sure, every teenager gets a Corvette or mink as a birthday present. But what do I know? I live at the bottom of the hill with water in my basement.

K.F.
STATEN ISLAND

A PIECE ON STATEN ISLAND WAS LONG overdue, but Signorile's was glaringly misguided. As a lifelong resident, I was horrified by the tastelessness Signorile chose to typify. Diamond name plates? I guess the writer never ventured into neighborhoods like Livingston, Randall Manor, and Sunset Hill—which are more akin to Westchester than to the South Shore neighborhoods Signorile wrote about. (The piece might have been more interesting if he had commented on the growing rift between residents of the North and South Shores.) If anything, Signorile made Staten Islanders look tacky and ignorant, which makes my skin crawl.

M. Washington
STATEN ISLAND

WHEN YOU WERE CRUISING AROUND IN your cousin's cream-colored Jaguar, you could have ventured outside the stereotypes. I grew up on Staten Island in a colonial home with a lovely garden and two parents who completed graduate school. The people in our neighborhood were dentists, business owners, lawyers, teachers, and bankers. The men did not dress up in "shiny suits and shoes," and the women did not pile on the "gold jewelry and furs." Staten Island and its residents have always been easy targets for people like yourself. How did you get the impression that "on Staten Island, making money, and doing it quickly, is what counts most?" That is not a lesson that I learned growing up. My parents gave me an appreciation for the arts and history, not a Trans Am or *anything* that has my name written in diamonds.

Alice Knisley Matthias
STATEN ISLAND

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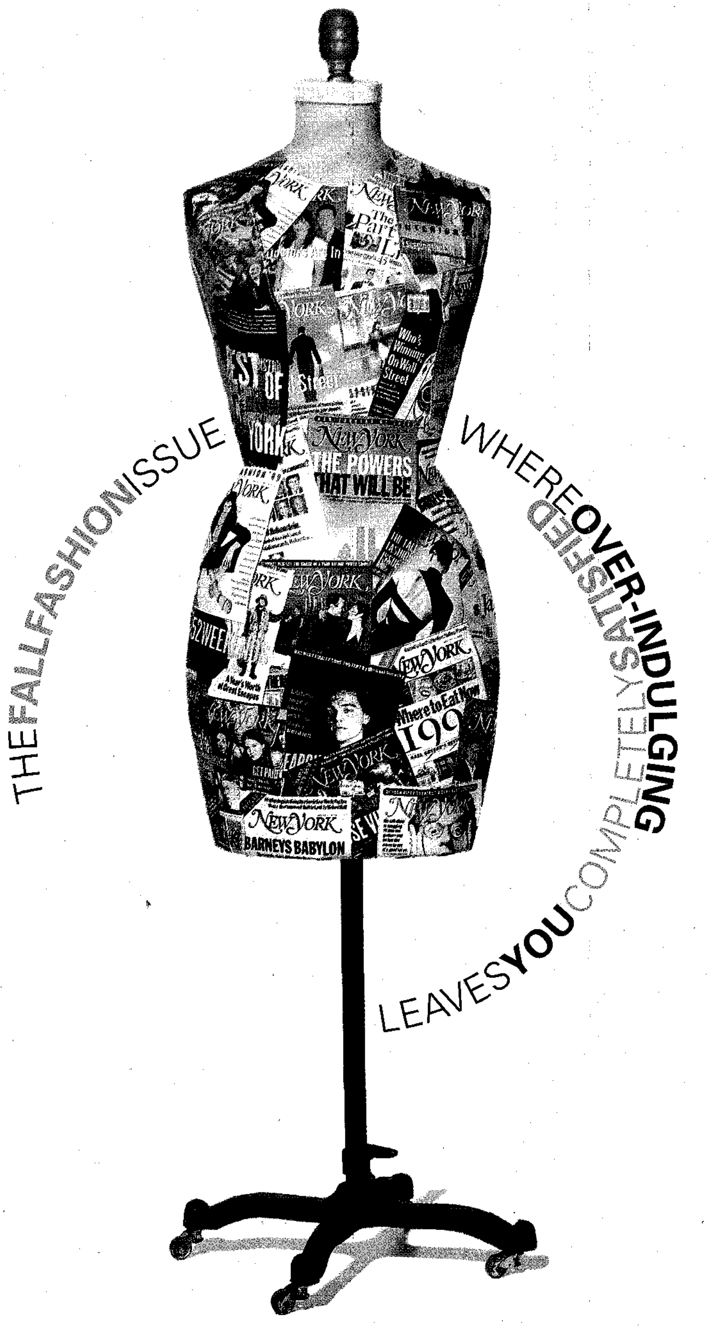
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INTELLIGENCER

DID FUND-RAISING DELAY JFK'S FLIGHT?

According to financial-world sources, it may have been not only Lauren Bessette's prolonged meeting that delayed the fateful trip with John Kennedy Jr. to Martha's Vineyard, but also talks John had with Goldman, Sachs that Friday. Kennedy was meeting with bankers to raise funds for *George;* because things were going well, the conference dragged into the evening, and he had to call Carolyn and change their trip. Says the insider: "One man there was practically hysterical, saying if the talks hadn't dragged on, John wouldn't have had to fly at night." A spokesperson for Goldman, Sachs said she could not comment on the situation.

ABRAHAM, MOSES, ISAIAH, BONO?

First **Sinead O'Connor** became a woman of the cloth. Now another Gaelic rock star is bringing the Bible to the masses. In a partnership that practically defines the term *creative synergy,* U2 front man **Bono** will write an introduction to the Book of Psalms in a new paperback edition of the King James Bible due out November 1—All Saints Day—from Grove/Atlantic. The edition, which assistant editor **Brendan Cahill** modestly calls "the most radical repackaging of the Bible since Gutenberg," will also include authors **E. L. Doctorow** on Genesis and **Thomas Cahill** on Luke. The Psalms introduction features Bono revealing (in his elliptical stream-of-consciousness style) the spirituality that has fueled religious-themed U2 songs like "40." Specifically, Bono describes a lifelong obsession with Psalm writer (and proto-rocker) King David: "At age 12 I was a fan of David, he felt familiar . . . like a pop star could feel familiar. The words of the psalms were as poetic as they were religious and he was a star . . . the Elvis of the Bible, if we can believe the chiseling of Michelangelo (I still can't figure out this most famous Jew's foreskin)." Mysterious ways, indeed. What's next—**The Edge** on the Koran?

Bono:
Bible belter

KIMORA MAY ROUND OUT SWIMSUIT ISSUE

Sports Illustrated has expressed interest in having model and host of *OneWorld Music Beat* **Kimora Lee** pose among the bathing beauties of next February's swimsuit issue, according to fashion insiders. The only catch is, they had better hurry onto the beach: Lee (left), recently married to hip-hop impresario **Russell Simmons**, is pregnant. The magazine has used a slightly pregnant **Rachel Hunter** in a past issue, but, says a *Sports Illustrated* spokesman, "to the best of our knowledge, we have never used a visibly pregnant model." Still, the magazine, which would not confirm any details about the issue, has not withdrawn interest in an expectant Lee. "They've given us a date, but it's not all solid yet," says Lee's manager, **Bethann Hardison.** Lee and Simmons are getting ready for parenthood on other fronts too: They've just bought a $3.5 million, 11,000-square-foot condo downtown, a duplex penthouse with two terraces. Industry sources say that **Linda Stein** was their broker, but she declined to comment.

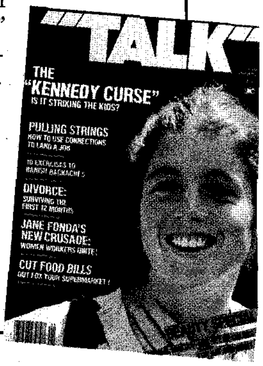
RUBY FOO'S (TIMES) SQUARED

Like Ruby Foo's? Good, 'cause there are more of them on the way. **Steve Hanson** (Blue Water Grill, Atlantic Grill, Isabella's, etc.) is rolling out his pan-Asian concept, and he has just signed a deal on the first of the new locations. This fall, Ruby Foo's Times Square will open on Broadway between 49th and 50th Streets, in the space previously occupied by Comedy Nation. Hanson also plans to open in Boston and Washington, D.C. **Caroline Hirsch**, whose Carolines on Broadway comedy club will remain open on the floor below the street-level Ruby Foo's, will stay on as a limited partner in the new restaurant.

Additional reporting by Ken Frydman and Jared White.

CUTTING-EDGE TINA'S TWENTY-YEAR-OLD NAME

For all the talk about *Talk,* no one's yet mentioned the fact that **Tina Brown**'s much-hyped new magazine is borrowing an old title. An ill-fated *"Talk"* magazine was published in 1979–80; eerily, **Caroline Kennedy**—with the cover line THE "KENNEDY CURSE": IS IT STRIKING THE KIDS?—appeared on the January 1980 cover. Donovan Communications was behind this general-interest women's magazine. "They thought they were going to make a quick buck," explains one source who worked there. Instead, they ran out of money and pulled the plug in August 1980. The last issue was edited by **Charla Krupp**, now *Glamour's* beauty director. "I don't even think it ever hit the newsstand," says Krupp, who was then in her twenties. "I was going to send this issue to Tina Brown, saying, 'I hope your *Talk* does better than mine.' " Brown and her Miramax partner **Harvey Weinstein** got a letter last October from a former publisher of the long-quiet *"Talk."* Their lawyer wrote back explaining that the trademark had been abandoned, silencing the publisher yet again.


"TALK"
THE "KENNEDY CURSE"
IS IT STRIKING THE KIDS?
PULLING STRINGS
HOW TO USE CONNECTIONS TO LAND A JOB
10 EXERCISES TO BANISH BACKACHES
DIVORCE:
SURVIVING THE FIRST 12 MONTHS
JANE FONDA'S NEW CRUSADE:
WOMEN WORKERS UNITE!
CUT FOOD BILLS

Photographs: top, Phil Loftus/Capital Pictures/Retna; bottom, Arnaldo Magnani/Liaison Agency.

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GOTHAM

Post Haste

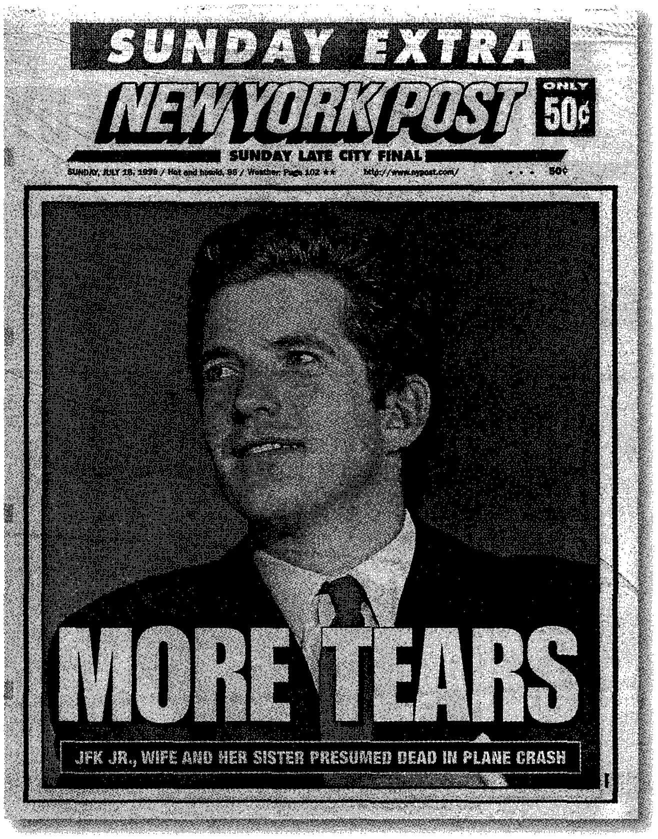
How did the tabloids crank out instant coverage of the Kennedy crash?

NEW YORK *POST* POLICE reporter Larry Celona got the first tip at 5:40 A.M. on Saturday, July 17: *Search on for plane carrying Kennedy.* Celona called Saturday city editor Steve Marsh, who called Stu Marques, the managing editor of news. Fourteen hours later, 26 pages about the death of John F. Kennedy Jr. would roll off the *Post*'s presses at 210 South Street.

Saturdays are staffed by a skeleton crew, with most of the Sunday paper already laid out, but by 9 A.M., editor Ken Chandler, deputy editor Xana Antunes, managing editors Marc Kalech and Joe Robinowitz, photo editor Gretchen Viehmann, and Marques had decided, via conference calls, to ditch the preplanned layout and bump the Sunday paper up from 112 pages to 128 pages. As editors rolled in, all-hands-on-deck calls went out to copy editors, photographers, columnists, media reporter Keith Kelly, Jeane MacIntosh of "Page Six," and a five-person rewrite team including yours truly.

I was in the city room on the tenth floor of 1211 Sixth Avenue by 9:20 A.M. Saturday assignment editor Faye Penn was already studying the six televisions above the city desk, and Marsh, while taking phone calls from other editors, was hammering out "the List"—a framework of stories needed for the new edition. I asked him how he thought this would all turn out. "He's dead," Marsh answered.

Marques, shouting "Spare no expense," had already authorized reporters to head to the Vineyard and Hyannis Port. Adam Miller got a flight from Newark and arrived at the Vineyard by 2 P.M. He called 25 hotels and inns, found nothing available, and staggered into a real-estate agency, which took pity and found him an empty condo for $200 a night. Mark Stamey drove to the Vineyard, arriving after first-edition deadline, his trunk stocked, as always, with a bulletproof vest, a rubber raft, and scuba gear.


SUNDAY EXTRA

NEW YORK POST

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MORE TEARS

JFK JR., WIFE AND HER SISTER PRESUMED DEAD IN PLANE CRASH

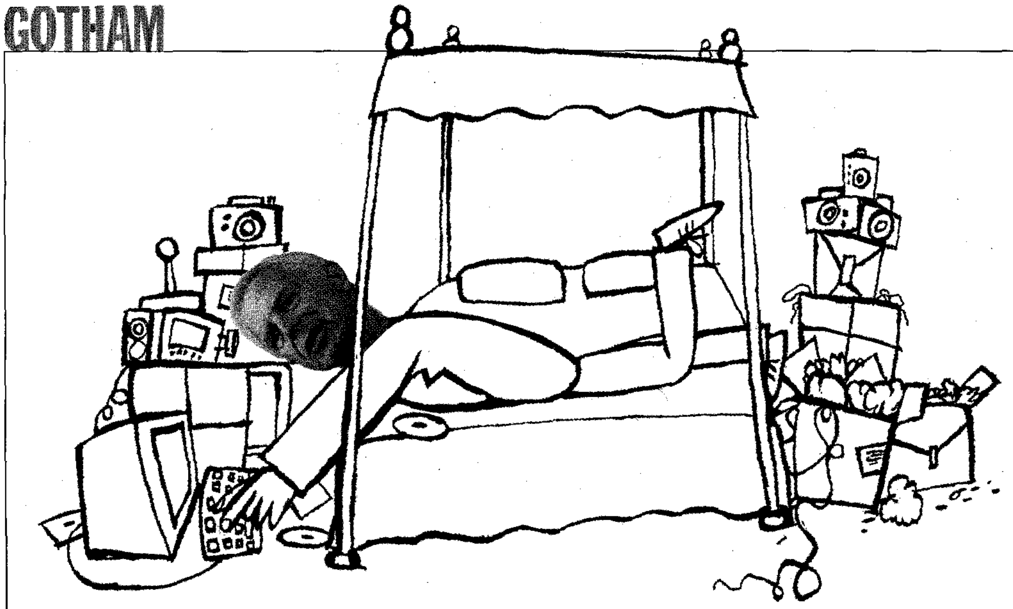
General-assignment reporters fanned out to the Essex County airport, the TriBeCa apartment, *George* headquarters, the Bessette-Freeman house in Greenwich—anywhere we might find someone who knew about the flight or the people on it. Someone on television said Kennedy had flight-trained in Florida. Seconds later, a beep went out to correspondent Malcolm Balfour in Palm Beach with orders to track down anyone who had trained, flown with, or seen Kennedy down there. A D.C. reporter gathered official reaction. A TV reporter tuned in at home, ready to critique the tube's coverage.

At 10:30 A.M., Marsh, reading from the List, told me, "You're writing the main, and a 'curse of the Kennedys' or list-of-tragedies thing, and a separate on air disasters involving Kennedys." I called for clips from the library. The folders filed under "Kennedy Jr., John F." included "Bar Exam," "England—Princess Diana," "Frisbee," "Gorbachev, Mikhail," "Gym," "Hair," "Hannah, Daryl," "Madonna," "Sexiest Man," "Tattoo," "Trip to Cuba," and "Wedding." Photos were pulled and librarian Bruce Furman culled the databases—Nexis for stories about Jackie O's Vineyard house, Infotek for anything on Lauren Bessette.

A gang of staff members' children noisily ran down the halls. At noon, Jack Newfield, who was at the Ambassador Hotel the night RFK was shot, came in to write a piece calling John Jr. "the sweet prince of this Irish tribe." Filing from home, columnist Andrea Peyser, who had written for *George,* praised John's down-to-earth warmth; Steve Dunleavy, who once wrote a book called *The Wild, Wild Kennedy Boys,* gave a quick family tour; and Cindy Adams recalled encounters with John and Carolyn out on the town.

At 3 P.M., the editors huddled to figure out which stories to put where, what the headlines should be—and what "the wood" on the front page should say. Should the main story say Kennedy was "presumed dead" or just "missing"? The *Daily News*'s first-edition deadline is 2 P.M.; ours is 6 P.M. They went with LOST on the front page and didn't put "presumed dead" in the story. By 6 P.M., it was apparent that Kennedy and his passengers were not likely to be found alive—although a miracle was still possible—so we went with "presumed dead." But there was still one more thing. Headlines went back and forth. OH NO and NOT AGAIN were front-runners. But finally, decisively: MORE TEARS.

ALLEN SALKIN



Insider Trading

How does the chairman of the SEC spend his spare minutes? One word: eBay.

ARTHUR LEVITT, THE 68-year-old chairman of the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission, has a lot to worry about these days. The ripe bull market is tempting hordes of novice investors in need of his protection. Online trading has spawned a new generation of securities scams, and day traders are pushing Internet stocks to prices that often confound seasoned observers. And then there's all that junk in the attic.

So after a long day of policing the stock and bond markets, Levitt tries his hand at a different kind of trading—on eBay, the Internet auction site. About his online shopping hobby, Levitt will say only that "the Internet is a wonderful tool, but there is no button that sorts the real from the fake. If people use it to buy things or do research, they must use caution and do their homework," adding that he would prefer to keep his online alias under wraps. A survey of his eBay trading partners suggests that he does a modest sideline business trafficking in camera equipment, antique furniture, computer paraphernalia and games, postage stamps, fancy appliances, and miscellaneous other goods.

Some eBay traders know Levitt only through e-mail. "I sold something to Arthur Levitt? Don't tell me he's into Leica cameras!" exclaims Michael Leckstein, a 56-year-old lawyer in Monmouth, New Jersey, before turning away from the phone to shout, "Hey, son, guess who I sold something to!" The name Arthur Levitt means nothing to others, like Harold Babb, a retired South Carolina nuclear-power-plant manager who sold Levitt some philatelic material. But Larry Baker, an executive in the software department of the San Francisco brokerage company Round Hill Securities, thought a friend was putting him on when he heard Arthur Levitt was on the line; he answered the phone with appropriate jocularity, to Levitt's consternation. When Baker realized his error, he was "flabbergasted," he says. Later, he boasted to his firm's president, "I've got an in with the chairman of the SEC!" But when he tried to build on the relationship—inquiring what Levitt thought of eBay's stratospheric stock price in an e-mail to arrange the delivery of a Thomas Moser four-poster bed—Levitt responded with curt instructions about where to send the check.

Levitt's prominent role in those *other* markets can also cause some confusion. Meg Whitman, eBay's chief executive, recently told the Western Association of Venture Capitalists that she reacted with trepidation when Levitt called her office; fortunately, he was calling just to check in and say he enjoyed eBay.

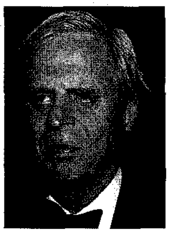
To discourage rip-offs, eBay lets customers and sellers rate each other's reliability. In his online persona, Levitt has already developed quite a reputation. "Complicated transaction was handled exceptionally! Patient, honest, A+++++++," gushed one customer. The 21 other comments are similar: "Extraordinary communication, packaging and speed of shipping"; "Very HONEST. A lot of INTEGRITY. A credit to eBay"; and "The guy is great . . . I should know, he is my father." James Murray, a 32-year-old pilot in Winston-Salem, N.C., says Levitt sent him a used cellular phone even before receiving the $500 payment. "He was lucky it was me. Some people rip you off." Like many eBay users, Murray trades stocks online, too. "It's way more dangerous," he says.

SEC-watchers say they aren't surprised by Levitt's off-hours track record. "He's just doing for furniture what he has done for equities," says Joseph Grundfest, a Stanford University law professor and former SEC commissioner. "But I don't think the SEC is going to start asserting jurisdiction over Furbys-trading anytime soon."

DAVID D. KIRKPATRICK

Give Me Liberty! Tina Crashes *Paris Review* Party

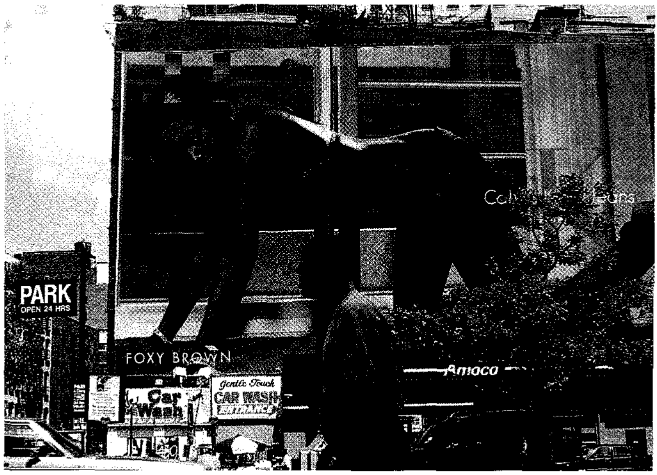
***Talk* editor Tina Brown may be in a celebrity death-match with *Vanity Fair*'s Graydon Carter, but she's also found the time to challenge the folks at *The Paris Review.* It seems the literary journal had long planned on holding its forty-fifth-anniversary bash at Liberty Island—the same spot Tina has now chosen to celebrate the August 2 *Talk* launch. "I don't know anything about a *Paris Review* party," says *Talk* spokeswoman Hillary Bass. "But I'm terribly upset I haven't been invited." *Paris Review* editor George Plimpton, who wrote a piece for *Talk*'s first issue, says he sent around a memo to Brown and Harvey Weinstein back in May looking for sponsorship for *TPR*'s early-September festivities. "We asked them to help us with our party, you know, by buying a picnic blanket or something," says Plimpton. Instead, when *Talk*'s plans for the Brooklyn Navy Yard fell through, Tina helped herself to the entire *Paris Review* party—and we mean *everything*—right down to the Glorious Food caterers and the Grucci fireworks. "We don't quite know what to do," sighs Plimpton. "The bloom may be off the rose with Liberty Island. Maybe we won't do anything at all," he says. "Or maybe we'll go to the Brooklyn Navy Yard."**



SARAH BERNARD

Poster Boy

Calvin Klein proves once again that it pays to have friends in high places.



It's always heartening to see evidence that friendship can still persevere over commerce. Even evidence in the unlikeliest of places—a billboard-size advertisement, for example, like the by-now-infamous Calvin Klein one on the side of 620 Broadway. Facing Houston Street, the ad, which currently features Foxy Brown striking a catlike pose and staring seductively toward SoHo, covers five stories, from roof to first floor, and blocks all the building's south-facing windows—all except two. Like little winking eyes, the two upper left windows remain uncovered.

In the ad's previous incarnations, Kate Moss and then a Ricky Martin look-alike left plenty of space for these very selective holes. Now, however, the cutout windows have partially lobotomized Foxy. As for the building's sole room with a view, passersby can't help wondering who—obviously someone with serious juice—is behind those shades.

Mr. Special turns out to be Marc Balet, whose advertising agency fills the sixth-floor loft. It seems that Balet, art director at *Interview* during the Warhol days, has known Calvin Klein for years. So after Kate went up, a quick letter was apparently dashed off requesting that Balet's south-facing view be preserved. Complaining to the city wouldn't have worked because zoning ordinances offer no help: The car wash in the lot below owns access to the building's south-facing windows, since originally they did not exist. Noblesse oblige prevailed over an entire marketing department, and the request has been honored not once but three times now, leaving the rest of us with a splendid view of true friendship in action. Or what looks like it, at any rate: "It's not true," Balet says firmly—but offers no other explanation for his singular treatment.

Carly Berwick

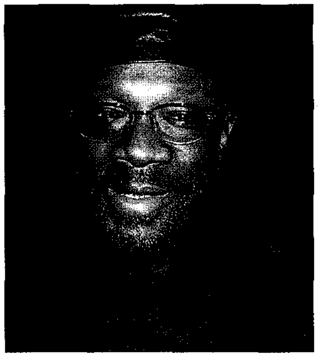
Vox Populi

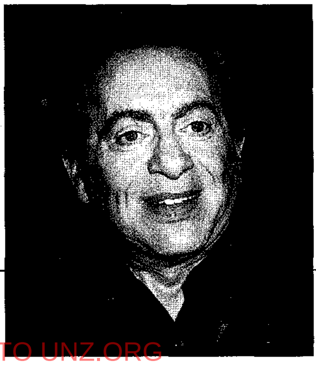
What do those taxi recordings say about us?

Before the space probe *Voyager I* was sent hurtling off into the cosmos, NASA officials loaded it with a few select audio recordings: a Bach partita, some bird calls, a whale song, a Jimmy Carter speech—sonic synecdoches meant to explain our civilization to an alien intelligence. While none of the sound bites advised listeners to buckle up or reminded them to collect their personal belongings, they laid the groundwork for a similar project now entering its third phase on our city streets.

As of July 26, all 12,187 of New York City's taxicabs will have officially switched over to their newest wave of microchip-borne public-service announcements. Like the *Voyager*'s sonic mosaic, these ten-second bursts of celebrity advice offer a strange but specific vision of our society. (Or at least a glimpse into the marketing strategies of its city-funded P.R. team.)

Nicole Miller, Dennis Franz, Vinny Testaverde, Beverly Sills, Isaac Hayes, Al Franken, Joe Franklin, Jackie Mason. One searches for a paradigm, some clear organizing principle. Audio engineers call the compressed sound of electronic media "presence," recognizing that acoustic profile often trumps semantic content. But while earlier casts adhered to this rule—with the eerie frisson of Mr. Moviephone and the glottal wonder of Eartha Kitt—the new group is less acoustically compelling. Nicole Miller, flat and monochromatic, could be anyone. Dennis Franz—*NYPD Blue,* sure, but isn't that a Chicago accent? Isaac Hayes is a merry, basso exception—and, like Paul Sorvino, he's an actor, singer, and (thanks to *South Park*) chef. But Hayes is an emissary of Memphis soul, hardly quintessential New York.





It's the other voices that are most illuminating. Testaverde, Sills, "Mr. Nostalgia," and the encoring Jackie Mason—all somehow bespeak the stratum of New York society that actually takes taxis. This demographic is sub–Town Car and supra-subway. It skews to 45-and-older. Its allegiances run to Broadway, AM radio, pro sports, network TV. Above all, it is midtown—Don Imus, not Terry Gross; Dan Ingram, not Jerry Springer. With light traffic and a Merlot buzz, these voices may evoke the warm glow of Radio City and the Public Library. With gridlock and a migraine, they can conjure the fluorescent mobs outside the *Today* show.

Final judgment rests with the cabbies themselves, the only ones in a position to give these cultural artifacts the careful, repetitive study they deserve. We'll see if, as in the first two rounds, the message devices still turn up at inspections disabled.

Chris Norris

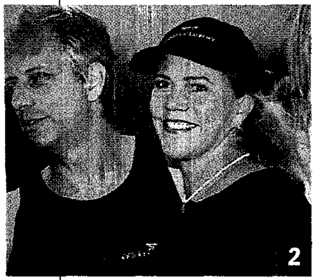
Photographs: top to bottom; Philip Greenberg; Bob Riha/Liaison Agency; Henry McGee/Globe Photos (2).

THE SCENE

Animal Attraction

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

AT A CERTAIN POINT IN THE SUMMER, EVERYONE IN THE HAMPtons crowd turns equestrian enthusiast. On July 17, the hordes donned wide-brimmed hats and massed at the Bridgehampton Polo Club to witness the Mercedes-Benz polo team's match with Peter Brant's White Birch players. Stephanie Seymour, Brant's wife and one of the co-hosts, welcomed ladies in spaghetti-strap dresses and men in short sleeves (polo attire in record-breaking temperatures) to this benefit for Hale House. A very fair-skinned Julianne Moore brought her 2-year-old son, Cal, along for a pony ride, although he seemed more interested in watching the Thoroughbreds get doused with buckets of water on the sidelines. Russell Simmons and wife Kimora Lee, arriving after the second match, appeared to be more intrigued by the horsepower capabilities of the new Mercedes ML 2000 CL500 coupe displayed near the entrance. And Billy Baldwin, representing the Fraternal Order of Baldwins, was perhaps more charmed by the well-groomed fillies on the sidelines than by the ones trotting a few yards away. Actor Ben Gazzara, looking dapper in a pink polo shirt, was an exception, intently watching the White Birch team score the winning goal. Most guests, however, had their backs turned during the match, busily checking their cell-phone voice-mail messages and apparently more interested in sizing up the pedigrees beneath the party tent than those on the field. MAURA EGAN



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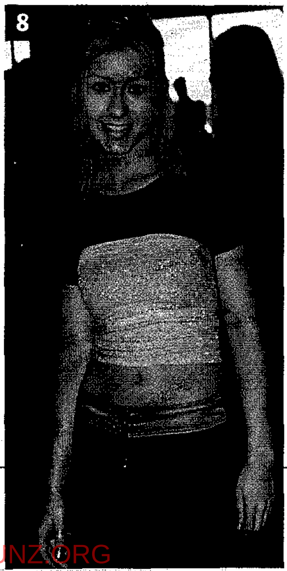
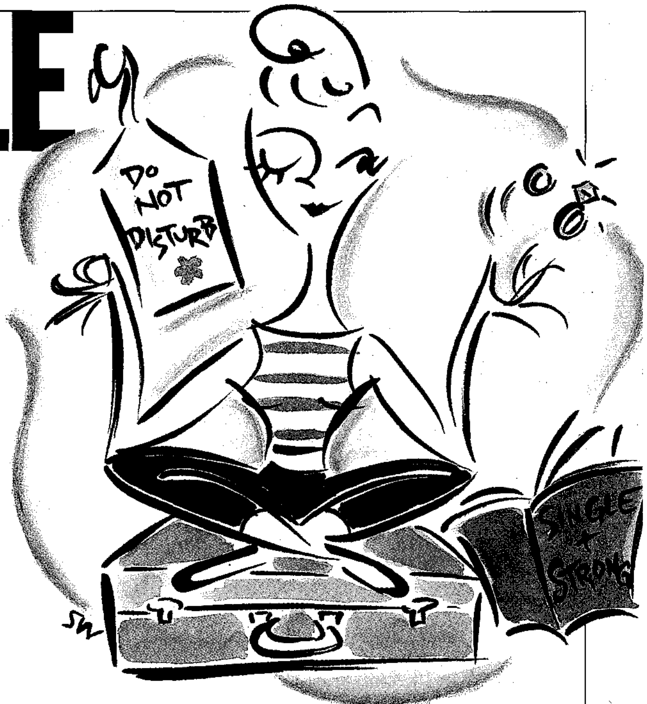


1. James King at Henri Bendel's celebration of her debut on the cover of the August *Cosmopolitan*. 2. Jay Weiss and wife Kathleen Turner at the DISHES summer beach games in Amagansett. 3. Neil Hirsch and Peter Brant at the Mercedes-Benz Polo Challenge to benefit Hale House at the Bridgehampton Polo Club. 4. Pat Morita and Rocky Aoki at the thirty-fifth anniversary of Aoki's Benihana restaurant. 5. Beth Rudin DeWoody, Perri Peltz, Deborah Bancroft, and Marisa Berenson at the Parrish Art Museum's Midsummer Gala in Southampton. 6. Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Lord David Puttnam, and Matthew Modine at a party for the premiere of *My Life So Far* at the Boxtree restaurant. 7. Mario Batali, Sara Moulton, Gina Sanders, and Bobby Flay at the *Gourmet* Global Tastings at the East Hampton airport. 8. Christina Aguilera at Target's fall-fashion preview at Milk Studios. 9. Jimmy Finkelstein, Pamela Gross, Michael Nouri, and Andrew Stein at the LuxuryFinder.com party at Le Cirque.

GOTHAMSTYLE

[illegible]

If wedded bliss has begun to fade and your once-fabled Park Avenue love nest has turned into a war zone, it may be time to check into the Envoy Club at 377 East 33rd Street for a solo retreat. The residential hotel for business travelers has introduced the "Suddenly Single" package, which provides future divorcées with a place to rest their weary heads while the court papers are finalized. The suites—which start at $4,800 per month—come complete with Frette linens, self-help tapes, and a list of the city's top ten divorce attorneys (for those looking for less expensive counsel, the concierge also offers a psychic hotline). The hotel requires a 30-day minimum stay, which should give you plenty of time to calculate those alimony checks. MAURA EGAN

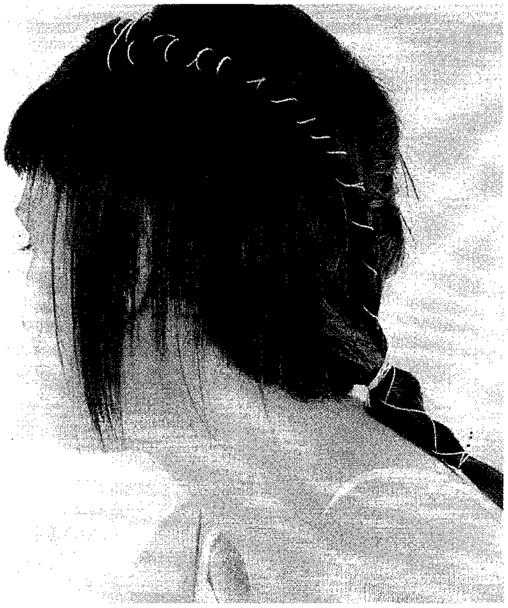


French Evolution

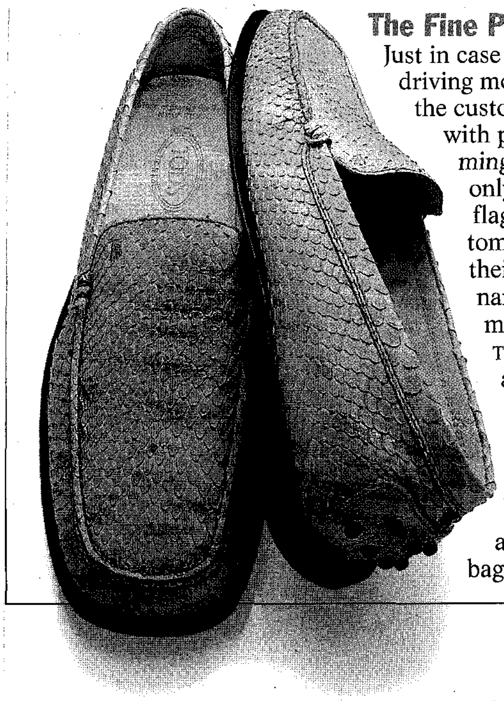
When Stella McCartney won the designer post at Chloe a few years ago, she lightened up the staid French fashion house with a surprising hit of London street chic. The ladies-who-lunch regulars were replaced with a younger starlet-and-society set, which made McCartney's frilly peasant tops and slinky dresses must-haves for glittery galas. And now a two-story flagship store has just opened on Madison Avenue, so East Side girls can pick up their *faux*-sheared-beaver vests and fuchsia velvet evening gowns without having to duck into a department store. The palatial space reflects the new house style, with white-leather-covered walls, brushed-aluminum fixtures, and huge Venetian crystal chandeliers, and on the racks, McCartney offers plenty of options for a night on the charity circuit—at prices that don't leave much for tax-deductible door fees. **SHYAMA PATEL**

Dream Weaver

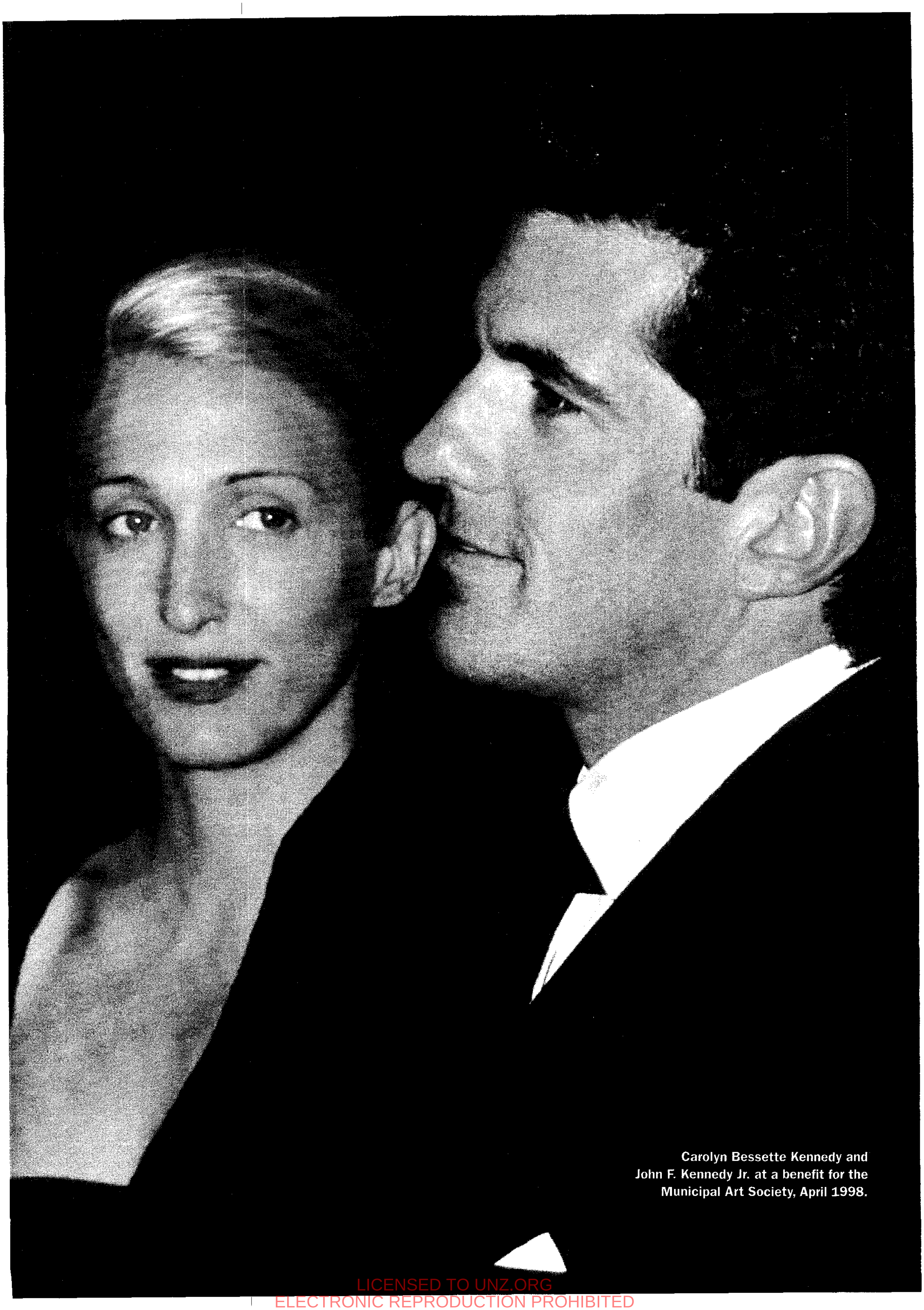
Now that this year's obsession with hair extensions has reached critical mass—every socialite, rock star, and budding actress has been photographed in iron-straight tresses that fall somewhere between Cher and Cousin It—stylists are searching for an antidote. Jill Matula of Arrojo Cutler salon thinks she's seen the future in a technique called stitching, which she spied on the runways and quickly adopted for clients in need of special-occasion dos. (Did someone say *bridesmaid*?) For $50, Matula creates a pattern in a client's hair with colored-elastic thread, holding back bangs or weaving the thread through loose long manes. "It's not an old-lady hairstyle. There are no pins, and it does not have to look 'done,' " says Matula, who notes one more difference from the typical shellacked chignon: "You can even get two days out of it." **SARAH BERNARD**



The Fine Print



Just in case you mix up your J.P. Tod's driving moccasins at the yoga studio, the custom-made shoes now come with personalized monogramming. The service is available only at the Madison Avenue flagship store, where customers can order the soles of their loafers printed with their name right below the statement MADE EXCLUSIVELY FOR TOD'S NEW YORK. Meg Ryan and Cindy Crawford are among the cautious clients who have had their shoes tagged with their notable I.D.'s. And pickpockets, take note: The company also engraves its leather bags and wallets. M.E.



Carolyn Bessette Kennedy and
John F. Kennedy Jr. at a benefit for the
Municipal Art Society, April 1998.

Prince *of* The City

His romances, his wedding, his bar exam, his career, were national news. Living here in Manhattan, though, he was anything but a prisoner of his fame (sometimes, he even enjoyed it). Friends, neighbors, and colleagues remember the man they knew. Edited by Maer Roshan

CHRISTINA HAAG
Actress and friend

John and I met when we were 15. We knew each other as friends, and as housemates at Brown, and in many ways we grew up together. Ten years later, in 1985, we fell in love while we were both acting in a Brian Friel play called *Winners* at the Irish Arts Center. During the play, we began a romance that lasted until 1991.

John always had a grace and ease about him and, as I discovered, a tremendous ear for accents. When we did the play, I was in my last year at Juilliard and very pleased with myself in the area of dialects, and John usually deferred to me. However, at one point in rehearsal, we strongly disagreed over the Irish pronunciation of the word *God;* I was sure I was right and he was sure he was right. But it was confirmed by the director, who was Irish, that John was right. After that, I took my pointers from John. If he had pursued a career as an actor, he would have had a lot of opportunities.

JOHN PERRY BARLOW
Friend

I remember in 1977, when John showed up at my ranch in Wyoming for a summer job, he was so wide-eyed and energetic that he was like a giant Labrador-retriever puppy. Lots of energy, little focus. But he was amenable to being focused. The first thing I did was to tell him to go dig some post holes, and he just went at it like he was killing snakes. I was putting up a new corral fence, and he was digging through gravel and rock. He did it without complaining and with a ravenous intensity. It was the first time he'd ever done anything for money in his life—not that he was getting paid a hell of a lot. But at least he had a job. This

Photograph by Ron Galella/Galella Ltd.

wasn't something that his mother was paying for; it was something that he was doing on his own, and he was just delighted. He wasn't a particularly great horseman, but he was perfectly patient with being given the drag, riding on the tail end of the herd and pushing along the laggardly cows and calves. Pretty boring work, really. There's little romance to it. But he did it uncomplainingly, as he did everything.

BARRY CLIFFORD
Friend and diving companion

The first time we went out on the *Vast Explorer,* in the early eighties, the captain of the ship was a guy nicknamed Stretch—six ten, 325 pounds, a real rough-and-tumble fisherman. The boat was going out on a treasure hunt, and John really wanted to go. I said, "Look, I've been diving with this guy for years, and he's good. He's a good diver and a helluva athlete, and you can depend on him, believe me." But Stretch gave John the dirtiest jobs on the boat—he wouldn't admit this today, but he tried to make Kennedy quit. His first job was cleaning out the lazarette, part of the rudder mechanism on the back, and it's just filthy. The bilge makes a cesspool smell. John spent a week in there without a word of complaint. And when John came out of the bilge, in Stretch's mind he had made the team.

Another time, there were three of us—me, Kennedy, and this guy John Beyer—on a dive into a big World War I freight vessel that had sunk off of Martha's Vineyard. There were World War I motorcycles onboard that they were bringing to Europe. And we were inside the ship once—I mean, way down into the bowels of the ship. And then John Beyer's regulator broke and he couldn't breathe. Kennedy immediately gave Beyer his regulator and they buddy-breathed. But it wasn't just a simple buddy-breathing where you had to get to the surface. We had to go through these passageways that were falling down—like going through a maze—to get out of the ship. But John didn't even blink. There was no panic. It was just cool, calm, collected, business as usual.

SHAAZ ALI
Former colleague in the Office of Economic Development

When he started working here in 1985, he was like a really big kid, only 24 or 25 at the time. We had offices on different floors, and when he was walking through the stairs from one floor to another, he would yell out loud just to hear his echo. He used to chew the tops of pens, so all of us used to hide our pens from him. I issued him his very first paycheck, because I worked in payroll then. But he lost it. It was sent to the cleaners in his pants, so we had to issue him another one. He worked with us just about a year. After he left us, he went to law school.

MERRILL HOLTZMAN
Co-founder and former artistic director of Naked Angels

In 1987, I met him at a party in New York and we just started talking, and I remember a friend of mine said, "Hey, he really likes you," and I said, "Yeah, but he's John Kennedy. I'll never see him again." But then we started hanging out—boxing matches, basketball games, the theater. We went to the [Andrew] Golota match in Atlantic City, and he did this funny thing: We were on the floor, but the tickets were midway back. So Donald Trump called us to sit ringside. We looked at each other, shrugged, and decided to do it. I found myself sitting between him and Evander Holyfield. And all of a sudden the crush began. Photographers, all kinds of people. It was a madhouse. There was a waitress who was carrying a whole tray of drinks—she was dressed in a Caesar's outfit—and they spilled all over her, and all over us. And he said, "You know, let's get out of here and go back to the other seats."

Earning his spurs: Clockwise from above, John Kennedy graduates from Andover in 1979; with Jackie in Boston in 1993; besieged on his first day of work at the Manhattan district attorney's office.

MICHAEL CHERKASKY
Former chief of investigations in
the Manhattan D.A.'s office

I was his boss in the D.A.'s office. The first day he came to work, there were 100 reporters outside. A paralegal who was making $15,000 a year was offered $10,000 to take a picture of John at his desk. In the elevator, cops would ask for his autograph. He'd work quietly all day, and then we would see him at night on television giving an address at the Kennedy Center. His first year, he was assigned intake duty. Citizens would come in with a complaint, and John's job was to interview them. It was funny to see the way they'd react. Having this legend sit down and scribble down your complaint has got to be a little strange.

Photographs: clockwise from top, Ron Galella/Galella Ltd.; Mottern/Popperfoto/Archive Photos; David Cantor/AP/Wide World.

PAUL SHECHTMAN

Former counsel to the Manhattan D.A.

That first day, Mike Pearl called from the *Post* and said he knew the whole first class had gone to lunch at a Chinese restaurant, and could I tell him what John F. Kennedy Jr. had for lunch. And I said, "The whole idea is to let him settle in and give him privacy." And he said he understood perfectly. And the next day I read in the *Post* that John F. Kennedy Jr. had moo shoo pork for lunch. I called Mike and said, "Why did you write 'moo shoo pork'?" And Mike's response was "That's what I would've had for lunch." It gave me in one short day some sense of what it must be like to be John F. Kennedy Jr.

OWEN B. CARRAGHER JR.

JFK's officemate for two years in the Manhattan D.A.'s office

We were on top of each other. Our desks were four feet apart. You couldn't help but be constantly interacting. We were two Irishmen who like to argue a lot—in a good-natured way, though sometimes it could get pretty heated. It would be about movies or bands or clubs. We argued about Leona Helmsley's being prosecuted by the Feds. We argued about whatever was in the news. Sometimes we'd disagree on purpose just to have something to talk about. He'd say I'm some crazy right-wing Republican, and I'd call him a bleeding-heart liberal. At my wedding, my aunt from Ireland came up to me and said, "I've been very good, but I can't take it any longer. Would you please introduce me to John?" So I went up to him, and he didn't even wait. He said, "Tell me where she is," and went right over. He talked to her the way one of my best friends from college would have talked to her. She talks about it to this day.

ED KOCH

When he failed his bar exam, I wrote him a note. I told him, "Don't feel badly. I failed my bar exam, too, and it didn't stop me from becoming mayor." He wrote back: "It was very kind what you wrote, but I'm still going to have a lousy summer."

JILL KONVISER

Former Manhattan assistant district attorney

We started on the same day. We were both fish out of water. We had adjoining offices, and I sat about a foot and a half from him. Every two weeks, he and I would get assigned to what's called the complaint room, where people who got arrested would meet with prosecutors. This place was the great equalizer, a dungeon where you would be working through the night. It's three o'clock in the morning and you haven't eaten and you are exhausted. You are getting paid $35,000. It doesn't matter if you're John Kennedy or Jill Konviser or anybody else. You're wrecked. And I think John appreciated that. Everywhere else he was the son of a president. Here it was disgusting, it was filthy. You had to steal a chair if you wanted to sit down. You are sitting there interviewing a defendant who is handcuffed to a chair. And it stinks, and people scream at you. We *all* complained; he never did.

VENARD GARVIN

Convicted of drug possession in 1992 and sentenced to
two to six years; his prosecutor was John Kennedy

I talked to him in the courtroom. Even though his job was to put me away, I liked the guy. It was something seeing him—I'll never forget it. My lawyer said, "We might have a chance. He flunked his test twice." I remember the judge saying, "Everybody is staring at this man, a famous man, a Kennedy. But this is my court. I'm the boss." It was something. At the recess, I spoke to him. I remember I said, "It's the job—it's not you." Even though he was a D.A., he didn't have the killing instinct.

PAUL SHECHTMAN

When Bob Morgenthau turned 75, Barbara Jones, the federal judge, and I asked John if he would participate in a videotape tribute. The pretext was it was the year 2000 and Bob had stepped down as D.A., and his son Josh was taking over. And Josh's first task was to pick an assistant, and he picked his sister. His sister, Morgenthau's daughter, was only 4 or 5 at the time. And so in the scene, Bob's daughter doesn't want to do it, and John comes in to persuade her. She sat down on John's lap, and he started singing to her. They sang, "I love you, you love me, everybody loves Morgy." And then he said, "Will you take the job?" And she said, "Yes." He was irresistible.

KEN SUNSHINE

Public-relations consultant

He would kid me mercilessly about my celebrity clients and the problems they were having with the paparazzi. He would call me up and do a killer imitation of Barbra Streisand or Leonardo DiCaprio. The Streisand imitation would include a chorus of "People." As Barbra, he would yell at me because the press wasn't treating her fairly. He'd kvetch about something, and then start singing "People." His imitation was actually really good, though perhaps a bit too ethnic. It was a bit more Brooklyn than she really was. But he really could sing. If it was Leo, he'd say, "They're hounding me! They won't leave me alone! Why can't I just be a regular guy going to a nightclub?" And then he'd launch into a routine from *Titanic*—like "I'm the king of the world!" He had a mischievous streak.

JILL KONVISER

People used to tease him a lot. Other lawyers would want to take an extra day off for Thanksgiving. He'd ask for a day off to speak at the Democratic National Convention. He had a secretary whose sole job it was to answer all his mail, because he had a slew of it every day. There were love letters, invitations to parties, lots of pictures of naked girls. The other idiots in my office would fight over them.

JILL BROOKE

CNN correspondent and friend

He was always playing practical jokes. Once, when I was starting out, there was a story breaking and I was trying to get an interview with a network president. Suddenly I get a call, and this woman says, "Hold on for Grant Tinker." I was so nervous that I started babbling. I thought I was talking to the president of NBC. There was silence on the line, and all of a sudden, John started cracking up. "Got ya," he said. Once, I said to him, "Sometimes it must be hard being you," and he smiled and said, "Actually, I highly recommend it."

MERRILL HOLTZMAN

I was putting together a board of directors for Naked Angels—this is ten years ago—and I was asking everyone I knew who to help in one way or another. And I knew I had to ask him, but I figured he could be involved with any cultural institution he wanted, and we were a little band of nobodies, so I didn't expect him to say yes. But he did—he said, "Count me in." And he was a great board member. He loved to stir the pot. He'd throw pencils at people in the middle of meetings. It was a very casual environment.

John loved the theater. We saw everything from Broadway to things in storefronts in the East Village. He'd always call me to ask if I'd like to see so-and-so and then pause, because of course he'd picked something that I'd never heard of—he'd picked something that no one had ever heard of. And then he'd complain to me, "You are so out of it! I can't believe how out of it you are!"

JOHN MOSLEY

Notre Dame football star and longtime friend

One night, John and I went to the Ritz to see George Clinton and the P-Funk All-Stars. There was a line all the way around the block, and he could have gone up to the front and they would have let him right in, but he said, "We're going to wait on line like everyone else." We waited on that line an hour and a half. *To see P-Funk!*

JOE ARMSTRONG

Senior vice-president and group publisher, *Worth, Civilization, Equity*

When John knew he was ready to leave the D.A.'s office, Jackie asked me to meet with him, to talk to him about what he might do next. Jackie admired the fact that he was so open to things, so curious, that he loved adventures. She identified with John—he was full of life and good humor, a constant spark—but she worried about him, too. She knew he had leadership potential, but he was so charmingly casual all the time. He needed to go out and do things on his own, but she was always working behind the scenes, totally vigilant, trying to subtly make things happen, come up with options and ideas.

KEN SUNSHINE

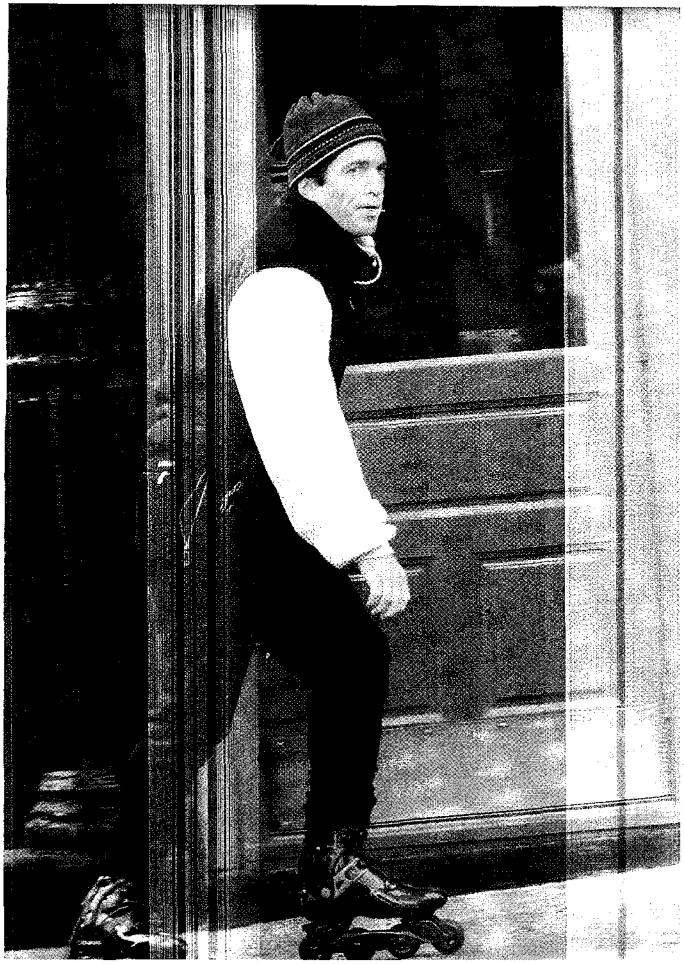
He campaigned for David Dinkins for one long day in 1993. And where else would we go but Zabar's? We purposely didn't announce it until that morning. We didn't let the cameras in until he got a chance to talk with people. But as soon as we got there, John was absolutely attacked by a crowd of mostly over-70-year-old women. Now, I represent Leonardo DiCaprio, and I've never seen anything like this. They were climbing over the lox counter to get to him. Dinkins got separated from him. John never traveled with security, and Dinkins was the only one with a phalanx of security. So it was just John and this army of screaming septuagenarians.

BILL EBENSTEIN

Executive director, Reaching Up

John thought the key to providing better health care and human services was to focus on the caregivers for people with

Photographs: clockwise from above, New York News Service/Sygma; Lawrence Schwartwald/Sygma; New York News Service/Sygma.



Man-about-town: Clockwise from above, Kennedy Rollerblades back to his TriBeCa loft in 1997; negotiates the city streets with a broken leg last month; and walks to work earlier this year.

disabilities, the people working for low wages. He formed Reaching Up, to give people scholarships and mentorships to CUNY, about a decade ago. Now it has about 1,000 people who take classes and over 400 Kennedy fellows who get extra scholarship money and career mentoring, and each one of them has met John. He knew almost all of our Kennedy fellows by name; he'd known them for years. He talked to them about their work, their kids, their school, their life—did they get their new house, had their kid graduated school.

ROGER BLACK
Design consultant

Around 1994, a friend of mine bumped into him at the gym. She asked him out to a Bruce Springsteen concert at the Meadowlands and he came. I rented this big limo to take us all out there, and we had these excellent seats in the tenth row. Literally every girl in the ten rows in front of us was completely ignoring Springsteen and had turned around to watch John. You know how Springsteen fans used to do that thing with holding up their index finger back then? John did that, too! I think everyone was careful not to offer him any drugs.

JOHN PERRY BARLOW

[The first time he told me about Carolyn] was a night at Tramps in early '94. John was still going with Daryl. And he said that there was a woman that he'd met who was having a heavy effect on him. He wasn't going to pursue it, because he was loyal to Daryl. But it was hard for him, because he couldn't get his mind off her. And I said, "Well, who is she?" And he said, "Well, she's not really anybody. She's some functionary of Calvin Klein's. She's an ordinary person." Which of course was not so, she was anything but an ordinary person, but as far as the rest of the world knew, she was. And he maintained a platonic relationship with her until after he and Daryl had broken up.

CHRIS CUOMO
Friend

One day, we were at Martha's Vineyard, and he decided that we would swim from the shore to someone's boat. We swam several hundred yards, which completely wrecked me, but he wasn't even winded. On the way out, he asked me who I was dating, and I started complaining how hard it was to find anyone special. It was right before John married Carolyn, and he told me not to worry. He said that he played the field for a long time and worried about never meeting anyone, and then one day he met Carolyn and from the first minute he knew that she'd be the one. He said it all comes down to keeping yourself open: that you meet all these people who don't work out for different reasons, and then one day, someone pops up and really grabs your heart, and suddenly what happens to them is as important as what happens to you.

JOHN PERRY BARLOW

I didn't meet Carolyn until the fall of '94, by which time he and Daryl had broken up. Carolyn was as charismatic as John was. *Charisma,* you know, was once a theological term meaning "grace." And she had that. I was also impressed with the fact that she was a bit eccentric. She was not conventional in any sense. Carolyn seemed a lot like John's mother in her quirkiness and also in her unbelievable capacity to engage one's attention. Jackie could be talking to six people at one time and make everyone feel like the only one in the room. Carolyn had the same ability. It was based on genuine interest. Having a beautiful woman want to know all about you is not such a bad thing, you know [*laughs*].

DAVID PECKER
Former CEO of Hachette Fillipachi Magazines

I first met John in 1994, over lunch at an Italian restaurant on East 60th Street. He arrived on his bike, with his briefcase slung over his shoulder. At the time, I was head of Hachette, and John wanted us to invest in this idea he had. He told me he wanted to start a magazine that would combine politics and pop culture. He said he wanted it to be "prime time for public life." I was skeptical. I told him that magazines about politics and religion don't sell. Why should I invest Hachette's money in this? He said he'd put celebrities on the cover—commercialize the covers. He handed me the results of a direct-mail campaign, which he had paid for himself—it cost him hundreds of thousands of dollars. That's how confident he was, and it was reassuring to me that he was willing to put his own money at risk.

He said that after his father got out of the White House, he had planned to go back to be a reporter or an editor for a newspaper, and his mother worked for Doubleday, so publishing was in his blood. He could make a career for himself.

JOE ARMSTRONG

John and his partner Michael Berman and I talked about the magazine for six months when it was still top secret. When they began, they didn't know anything about publishing—they didn't have any idea they were doing the absolutely hardest thing in publishing, to start a magazine from scratch. But John wasn't intimidated by what he didn't know. So I worked with them on magazine basics—editorial structure, design, circulation, direct mail, advertising, creating a business plan. He read other magazines and looked for the kinds of stories he wanted in *George,* the kinds of writers. He came up with the magazine's name when he was on vacation in Vietnam.

MARYJANE FAHEY

Art director

He came to us to do the protype for *George.* He'd come into the office, and every woman and gay guy would immediately have to show me the layouts for *Esquire Gentleman* or some other project. One time John asked to see some of our other work, so I tried to find a copy of *Out,* which we had designed. I couldn't find it, so I said, "Well, you can certainly get a copy on the newsstand." And he laughed and said, "Can you imagine what would happen if I bought a copy of *Out* on the newsstand?"

SUSANNA HOWE

George's first hire

Right after I graduated from Barnard, in 1994, I went to the career-services office and there was a listing that said "Start-up political magazine," with a phone number. I called and spoke to Michael Berman, and I went in for an interview. Michael and I spoke for a while, and he said, "Well, do you want the job?" I said yes.

For the next five months, it was me, John Kennedy, and Michael in a conference room, trying to figure out the magazine. There was one other employee, RoseMarie Trenzio. She's really funny and she was around for a long time. She became really, really close to both John and Carolyn. She originally did P.R. for Michael, but after Berman quit, she kept working for John up until . . . now.

John and I had lunches with the most amazing array of media people. He brought me along because he didn't want to go alone. We would just go and have all these "advice lunches," where people would pontificate on their luminous career in publishing and tell John how hard they worked.

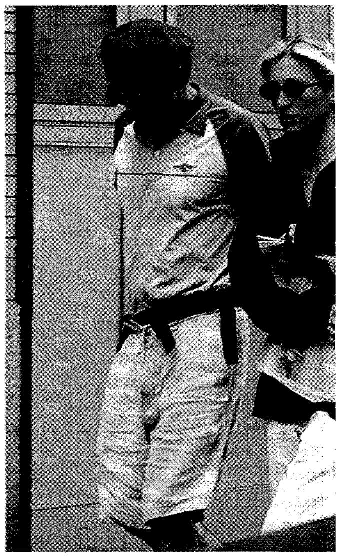
JOE ARMSTRONG

In September 1995, I sat in the front row at the unveiling of the inaugural issue of *George* and listened to John speak with authority and conviction about the magazine and its potential. I thought of Jackie, who had died the year before: John had tried very hard to convince her that this was a smart magazine idea, and though she hadn't been quite persuaded, I know she would have been very proud that he got this done. He created something from scratch that he felt had a potential to make a difference, and he did it his way.

ROGER BLACK

I must say that of all of the publishers that I've worked with as an art director, he was in the top rank. He wasn't acting the part. He admitted that he was a complete amateur and said that he didn't know anything—but let's go from there. Of course he got everyone to work for him for nothing. The fact that it leaked to "Page Six" that he was hanging around my offices was payment enough for me.

Happy together: Clockwise from above, John and Carolyn arriving at the theater in December 1997; walking their dog Friday that same year; Sunday-morning-strolling in the spring of 1996.



DAVID PECKER

When we finalized the deal to finance *George* in February 1995, we had a dinner at Rao's, at 114th Street and Pleasant Avenue in East Harlem. After dinner, he just walked over to his bicycle and put his cap on. As he was going down 114th Street in the middle of the night, the photographers were all chasing him.

SUSANNA HOWE

One time he showed up at work in the afternoon and he had this huge German shepherd named Sam—Sam Shepherd. He was like, "Hey, I got a dog!" And then this dog proceeded to bite everybody. It bit me on the nose. It bit everyone in the park every time he went to the park. It finally had to be put down. He got a new dog and named it Friday.

Photographs: clockwise from top, AP/Wide World; Laura Cavanaugh/Globe Photos (2).

LISA DEPAULO
Writer

I handed in my first story for *George*, and he said, "Come up. I want to talk to you." Meeting him—this thing hangs over you, that he's John Kennedy. Of course, he knew that everybody he met had this anxiety, and he was good at defusing it. He asked me, "Where are you from?" I said, "Scranton, Pennsylvania," and he said, "Oh, that's a very special place to me, because my father's last stop [before the 1960 election] was Scranton." So he managed to take that big elephant out of the room.

PETER HERBST
Editor-in-chief, *Family Life*

At Hachette, *George* was down the corridor from us on the forty-first floor. John really did edit the magazine. He was very much a hands-on boss. *George* was the focus of his life. Nobody ever said no to him, so he did things his own way. I'd tell him that the magazine should be more confrontational, that they should do investigative articles, they should do articles with a greater edge—I don't mean nasty, but that they call politicians into account in no uncertain terms. He agreed, but he was reluctant because he really empathized with what it was like on the other side. He laughed about it; he understood that this was a limitation on his part. And he'd say, "Look, I can't do it. I can't come down hard on somebody." It's just not something he could do.

LISA DEPAULO

Late one night, I was going home after handing in another story. I'm sort of in a fog on the subway, and I remember saying to myself, "That guy over there looks like John." He's reading the New York *Post* on the subway. Nobody noticed him, because nobody would think he'd be there. I inched over and whispered, "John," and he had that reaction, like, *"Oh, no."* Then he saw me and said, "Hey, sit down. I just read your piece." He didn't think I'd been tough enough on my subject—and in that particular case, he was right. He had great instincts. I always counted on him in the most important stage of the writer-editor relationship, which is before you write, when you need to think and talk and thrash it out.

IAIN CALDER
Former editor-in-chief of *The National Enquirer*

One of my secretaries comes rushing in and says, "John F. Kennedy on the line." He said, '*Mr.* Calder?' He was very polite. I said, 'Well, this is a little bit of a change of modus operandi, *you* to be calling me." He laughed and said, "Yeah, that's the very point of this. Your people usually are running after me. I'd like to interview *you*. It's like turning the tables." A few months later, I went to his office [for the interview].

I didn't know *what* to expect—I thought he might be just a pretty face. But I was pleasantly surprised. The whole thing took about five hours, and he really listened. A few weeks later he called me and said, "I now have an advance copy of the magazine. Would you like me to send it to you?" And I told him, "We already have one." He said, "How did you get it?" And I answered, "You forget, we're *The National Enquirer*."

LARRY FLYNT
Publisher, *Hustler*

He invited me as his personal guest to the White House correspondents' dinner in May. A couple days later, he called me because some of the East Coast press had taken a swipe at him for bringing me along—as you know, there's no upside for a public figure to have Larry Flynt as a friend. So he tells me, "I'm getting a lot of heat, you know, for inviting you." And I said, "I'm really sorry," and he says, "Oh, no, no, I'm loving every minute of it!"

I had first met him at a party for *George* magazine. I got an invitation out of the blue to a party he was throwing in New York. He and Carolyn spent almost the entire night talking with me, mostly about publishing. After that, we talked every once in a while on the telephone. I'm amazed that we never did have a discussion about his mother. You can understand why it would not be appropriate for *me* to bring it up, but *he* didn't, either. There was a person, once, who attempted to sabotage our friendship, asking him how he could be friends with the man who published nude photographs of his mother in *Hustler* in 1975. His response was "I'm a Kennedy. I'm thick-skinned."

ANN LOUISE BARDACH
Writer

I was writing this story for *George* about Mary Bono, and John told me that she had waged this campaign to kill it. He'd been at an event in Washington a couple of weeks before, and she had come over to him. He said, "I'm sitting there, and I have this broken foot in a cast, this helpless person, and this woman comes over. She's towering over me and starts in, 'Is your writer out to ruin me? What is your magazine doing? How could she ask me these questions?' " And John said to her, "You're complaining about the press to the wrong person."

PAUL BEIRNE
Principal, Sanford Bernstein & Co.

Last year, John and I were talking at the Municipal Art Society dinner, and Ashton Hawkins, who was a great friend of Mrs. Onassis, came up. John said, "Hello, Mr. Hawkins," in a very formal manner, and after a pause, everyone started laughing, because this was a holdover from how his mother told him to address his elders and he was acknowledging it and laughing about it. Twenty years of training really had taken their toll.

SUSANNA HOWE

One night, we were working late—Gary Ginsberg and John and I—and we decided to go to the U.S. Open. Gary was like, "Let's go! Let's go!" So we all jumped in John's car and drove out there. We didn't have tickets, so we scalped them, and they turned out to be really good seats. It was one of those really beautiful late-summer nights—I think Michael Chang was playing.

At one point, John and I went to buy ice cream, and somebody took a picture of the two of us. It ran the next day in the *Post*! It was a really big picture—really blurry, because the photographer had been really far away—and it said something stupid like COURTING IN FLUSHING MEADOWS. Which was completely erroneous. We laughed about it—it was absolutely no big deal. It was obviously much weirder for me than it was for him.

LISA DEPAULO

Last summer, my mother was diagnosed with terminal cancer. John said, "You have no deadlines. Go home, be with her." He also gave me the best advice in the world, which was, "While you're frantically searching for a cure, remember that this is precious time. You're going to have conversations with her that'll sustain you for the rest of your life." He helped me through the hardest time in my life. He would call while I was at the hospital, and I'd tell my mother, "John called," and she'd light up and say, "I'm so glad you're working for him." I can still see my mother's face lighting up at the time when she was most sick because he was on the phone.

DONATELLA VERSACE

Designer

When John was starting *George*, he was coming to Milan a lot and stopped in Gianni's office very often. But I first met Carolyn about four years ago, when she came to Milan with John and spent time with me and Gianni on Lake Como. She was very similar to my brother, both entertainers. Gianni would usually go to bed very early, but Carolyn kept him up. Of course, I was a little envious of her, too—who wouldn't be? She said, "I'm never going to give up my friends, but at the same time, I will be the best wife for John." She said John had a completely open mind about her fashion friends, who were different from his friends. He adored her personality, her outlook on life.

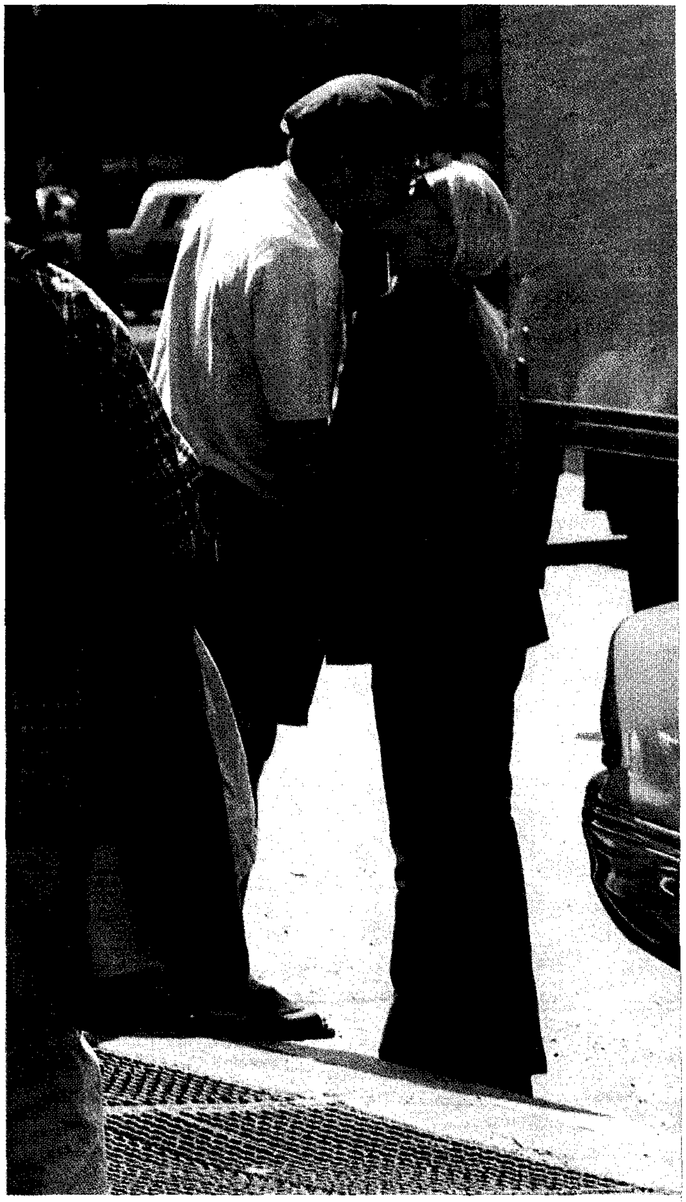
Any entrance Carolyn made, she made a statement. Apart from the clothes she wore, she had a way of moving her head and smiling, and her eyes were so expressive, she would always seem to be looking right at you. I thought that if anyone could take the place of his mother in the family, it could be her. After Gianni died, we went to a beautiful dinner at the home of Countess Crespi. You couldn't smoke inside it, so Carolyn and I went upstairs and smoked in the balcony outside, and then we couldn't get back in. The door had locked. John finally came by looking for her and he let us out.

Recently, I saw her in my shop on Fifth Avenue. I said, "Carolyn, what are you doing here?" I never saw her more happy. She was full of projects. I was making fun of her, saying, "What do you do all day, sit at home just waiting for the next party? That's not you." She said, "You just wait and see."

KENNETH COLE

Designer

John came to my show last year. We told him we'd send over a car, but he turned us down—he insisted on arranging his own transportation. The morning of the show, my people were waiting for him outside, and suddenly, right before the show, they see this guy, all dressed up, pedaling over on a bicycle. It was John. He got on his knees, locked his bike to a post, and just walked in.



DOMINICK BOTTE JR.

Owner, New York's Finest French Cleaners & Tailors

He always brought in his dry cleaning himself, always on his Rollerblades. There was one time I remember very well. When he was still living on Hudson Street and working for the D.A., he called me looking for a Giorgio Armani suit that had been specially designed and tailored for him. He was terrified that it had been lost, because it was missing from his closet and he wanted to wear it to an event that evening. Usually, he picked up his dry cleaning at the end of every week, so it was unlikely that we still had anything of his. But he begged me: "Do me a favor, just look for it."

Photographs: clockwise from above, Laura Cavanaugh/Globe Photos (2); Patrick McMullan.

Close contact: Clockwise from above, holding Friday on the stoop at N. Moore Street; with his sister, Caroline, at a benefit in 1998 for one of his mother's charities; a romantic kiss after breakfast in 1997.

And when I did, I discovered his suit in the back of the store. He came running through the rain to pick it up, and by the time he arrived, he was completely soaked. But he couldn't have been more gracious. He was grateful that I had found it for him.

PETER ALSON

Writer

In Thanksgiving 1995, I went to Honduras with a group of twelve people that included John Kennedy and Carolyn Bessette. We stayed together for ten days at a secluded resort in Guanaja. One morning, I found myself alone with him at breakfast. I said, "So if you weren't spending Thanksgiving here, where would you be right now?" For a moment he stared at me without saying anything; then he looked down, and I saw tears in his eyes. I hadn't been thinking. The date was November 22, the anniversary of his father's assassination, and a year and a half since Jackie had died. He was turning 35 in a couple of days, and it would be one of the first Thanksgivings he would spend without her. The fact that I, an almost-stranger, knew all these things about him, made me understand his need for the self-protective force field he always seemed to have. I felt bad that my thoughtless question had upset him, but moved, too, that he could, even for a moment, be so vulnerable.

QUINCY JONES

Music producer and founder of *Vibe* magazine

I've known the Kennedys for the past 40 years, since I campaigned for Jack, and I watched John grow up to be a man. The last time I saw him was at Nobu, and we kidded around about our magazines. Like him, I had decided to start a magazine, and we made fun of the fact that we were both outsiders to this business. At Nobu, he leaned over and whispered in my ear if I knew what a wet test was. I laughed. Turns out it's some circulation thing, but I told him it was a treatment for venereal disease. What was most impressive about him was that he didn't have the swagger, the limos, the whole celebrity trip he could have had. I know people who've had a No. 13 record who've had more attitude than he did.

WICKHAM BOYLE

Friend and neighbor

He lived here a long time—he didn't just show up when we got a dry cleaner, and that counts for a lot in TriBeCa. In 1986, I wandered into a small café called Bubby's on Hudson and N. Moore, and I saw somebody else, facing away from me, who had a big bike chain, and I said, "Wow, you got a big chain there," and he turned around and I was so embarrassed that he thought I was coming on to him. But we bonded over who had the better chain and whose bike had been stolen more times. We ended up meeting often there, locking our bikes to the same pole, getting the same blueberry muffins.

The last time I saw him was last week as I was coming back from yoga class. I literally ran into him. He spilled his newspapers and *George;* I spilled my magazines, including my magazine, *Code.* We exchanged magazines. I said, "What did you do to your leg?" He said, "I did it parasailing." I said, "Okay, I'll bite—what can you bump into parasailing?" He said, "A tree," and we laughed. I said, "So, hey, what's the deal with the daredevil thing?" and he said, "Wait a second. You just came tearing the wrong way down a one-way street crashing into me, and *you* weren't wearing a helmet."

DON SCHUCK

Neighbor

One night, my son and I were standing in front of John's building shooting the breeze with someone who lived in the building. And suddenly, John came back from a run and he stood outside his place stretching, and my son pointed as he leaned over and reached for his keys from a hiding place under the stoop and went inside. And he said, "Dad, that's so cool! I can't believe he just leaves his keys there!" After that, it was his little secret that he knew where John kept his keys: right there under his stoop. I actually checked this morning. The keys are gone now. ■

Reported by Sarah Bernard, Maura Egan, Ken Frydman, Jeremy Gerard, Vanessa Grigoriadis, Neil Hirschfeld, Beth Landman Keil, David D. Kirkpatrick, Robert Kolker, Marion Maneker, Deborah Mitchell, Jennifer Senior, Sally Singer, Ethan Smith, Eric Todrys, Michael Tomasky, and Jared White.

Kennedy With Tears

John Kennedy seemed to be breaking the family mold. But in our grief, we are discovering what 40 years of public fascination with the Kennedy clan was really all about.

By Michael Wolff

◆

I AM 8 YEARS OLD AND 9 YEARS OLD AND 10 YEARS OLD. During these summers, I am on my father's shoulders every Friday evening in August on the tarmac of Otis Air Force Base in Cape Cod as the young president and his family descend from Air Force One. I remember everything. But these are not good memories. They are painful ones. The young president is dead. His young wife is dead. Now the son in his arms is dead. My father is dead, too.

How would you reasonably explain the nature of this grief—40 years' worth of recurring public sorrow bound up in one's own private losses?

The youth, the loyal family, the carefreeness, the beauty, the presidency itself are lost illusions. None of the Kennedys is particularly young anymore (and in Teddy Kennedy, you see what an old Kennedy becomes); the family is at least as dysfunctional as most; we understand that the carefreeness is largely about living under different rules (or without rules); as for beauty, in general, the Kennedys turn out to be a fairly homely bunch—even JFK Jr., the theoretical hunk, had a certain gold-chain Philly-sound look; and obviously, the presidency is hardly a job description to get all choked up about anymore. So what is it we're dwelling on? What are we grieving for?

Why after 40 years is the connection to this family so powerful?

There are other rich, patrician families in politics in whom we once took an interest and now don't. On television, commentators credit our continuing interest in the Kennedys to the family's great tradition of public service. Oh, sure, we all believe that.

It is undoubtedly a media thing: They sell magazines; they raise ratings; they fill column inches. Every national newspaper or magazine or television news show has its Kennedy specialist. There are journalists whose principal asset is their connection to the Kennedy family. And there are journalists who have become famous themselves because of their opinions about the Kennedys (and there are journalists now trying to grab that mantle—writing this, perhaps I become one, too). The Kennedy discipline here is only slightly less formalized than the U.K. journalists whose specialty is the royals. However, the first call I got about the downed plane was not from the editors at this magazine (which has surely done its part in promoting this Kennedy) but from my mother. Nobody except the Kennedys' most inveterate political foes would claim it is only the media's obsessive attention that has sustained this story for 40 years (the media, in fact, has a notoriously short attention span). No, this is a much different order of phenomenon.

HE WAS A LIKABLE, APPARENTLY EAGER-TO-PLEASE, untested fellow. Indeed, one of the interesting and attractive things about him was how much he diverged from the past 30 years of Kennedy troubles. There wasn't the public agony and arrogance of the cousins. He maintained control. No drugs, no overturned cars, no ice-cream-cone incidents, no courtroom appearances. No familial claim on seats in Congress (this sudden presumption about his Senate prospects is clearly more ours than his). This balance was, the legend goes, the Jackie influence, under which John and his older sister, Caroline, become something like counter-Kennedys: John, a striving (albeit suave) media entrepreneur; Caroline, an exceedingly respectable Upper East Side lawyer (with two books to her credit) and mother. Both achievers, professionals—as much New Yorkers as they are Kennedys.

They aren't normal, but in New York, they aren't abnormal either.

There was a Kennedy-Manhattan equilibrium. The Frisbee, the Rollerblades, the fights in the park. Kennedy lived here, openly, easily. There are investment bankers who are more protected, remote, limo'd-up. He didn't hinder the quality of life, either; his presence even made the neighborhoods he lived in slightly more interesting. There are many

Handholding: John F. Kennedy escorts his son out of the White House in 1963.

celebrities you'd prefer not to have in close proximity. They make you feel smaller. But some actually make you feel better, larger. They don't at all disrupt the ecology. (I'm reminded of John Lennon, who in the few years before he died became a fixture on the Upper West Side—if you lived in the West Seventies, you'd likely bump into him a few times a week buying a paper or ice cream or lingering over vegetables.) JFK Jr. will emerge forever from a doormanless building into a chauffeurless car.

You have to hand this to him. He stood out, and he fit in—for whatever that's worth.

Once, on Broadway, he stopped my wife and daughter, then 8, pointing at her school T-shirt. "My niece goes there," he said. "Maybe you know her."

Another time, I watched him dance a little jig with a panhandler on the subway stairs. They seemed, JFK Jr. and the panhandler, to be on a first-name basis.

For a time, my office was at 1633 Broadway, the media tower (Showtime, Paramount, MTV) and headquarters of Hachette Filipacchi, the publisher of *George*. Kennedy's presence in the building improved just about everybody's day. A JFK Jr. sighting was . . . well . . . a JFK Jr. sighting. You wouldn't turn that down. It was a freebie. Plus, he was doing what everybody in this media-heavy building (in this media-obsessed town) was doing: struggling to figure out how to say something in such a way and with such a marketing spin that he might carve out an acceptable profit. And he was doing it at a fairly basic level: in a perilously financed start-up enterprise. While he could be accused of starting at the top, it was the deepest bottom of the top. His offices were ones I'd rejected before he moved into them—too cramped.

And this *was* his magazine. He actually ran it. He may be the first Kennedy in two generations—other than his mother—to have had a real job (one he could lose; one in which he was as accountable as any of us). He was all over the place, too. It got to be that writers and editors could mention that they'd taken a meeting with him and not even change their inflection: "I was up talking to Kennedy . . ."

Indeed, *George*, which at first was wildly successful, a seemingly brilliant bit of merchandising of the family franchise, soon became a rather more complicated business proposition. He fought with his partner. His editors left. Advertisers pulled out. At his death, he was in tense negotiations with his backers. (If they'd initially been awed by who he was, they evidently weren't now.) He was shuttling between investment bankers and possible new partners—and getting the brush-off. His problems were the problems of anyone who has ever tried to start a magazine (which is not a small population of people in Manhattan). I know the sons-of-bitches he had to deal with. He was paying serious dues.

Photograph from Liaison Agency.

While he seemed, if possible, to be a happy guy, to be enjoying himself, it wasn't a cakewalk.

His accomplishment, in other words, was to be halfway normal.

That accomplishment, however, that half, was not what anyone was interested in. It was the other half, the inconceivable and unknowable half, the totally weird part, that was the point and the obsession. That's what you wanted to glimpse when you saw him—that's what you *did* see. Not Mr. Frisbee but Mr. Un-fucking-imaginable. Twilight zone. Or Kennedy zone. When he wasn't meeting your eye, you just knew he was looking at something you couldn't see—a world not accessible to an ordinary, non-Kennedy person. Even the people who knew him well, or claimed to know him well—you don't really think for a single second that they weren't trying to suss it out, too?

What do they—the Kennedys—feel, know, think? What is it like on their side—the other side?

If you could get close, if you could get inside, around those defenses, into . . . there'd be answers. Surely, there are answers. Confide in me. Unravel the riddle. You know what this has all been about? You're a Kennedy—the Kennedy—you know the secrets.

Which now have died with you.

IN *NOTTING HILL*, A MOVIE OTHERWISE uninformative about celebrity, there is one scene where Julia Roberts, the face, the star of incomparable proportions, goes to dinner with an especially ragtag bunch of nobodies, and the ordinary sister of the Hugh Grant character says, dreamily, *I always knew we could be best friends.*

That, pitifully, is what this is about: the illusion and fantasy of a personal relationship. I have a completely developed, finely nuanced relationship with you, even though you don't know me. But if you did, you'd really like me. If you knew me, we would get on. We could trade clothes. There would be no secrets.

Frankly, this sort of craving may only be sated by the celebrity's death and the ensuing media frenzy (if you had gone down and hung around the TriBeCa stoop when they were alive, you'd have been arrested as a stalker).

Postmortem, we no longer have to deal with the wound of knowing that we never will be the celebrity's friend. In addition, the whole world is suddenly obsessing on the same subject. The obsession, in other words, becomes quite acceptable.

In their prime: Politically ascendant, the Kennedy brothers—John, Bobby, and Ted (top)—pose in Hyannis Port, 1960; JFK Jr. (bottom) contemplates his magazine, *George*, in 1996.

This is sick, but still, it's a perfect media moment. What's more, the media has the attention of the world and doesn't have to perform at anything like a high order—it doesn't have to say anything smart or fancy or expensive or entertaining even. Nobody can get enough. Friends who were hardly friends, experts who became expert overnight, gawkers who are now that honest man on the street, and journalists, of course, who speak for the Zeitgeist, or the social scene, or practically any old bullshit—just get them in front of the camera. (Occasionally, in the sheer vacuum of having nothing whatsoever to say, someone on TV will say something interesting. "What is a compound, exactly?" I finally heard a correspondent in Hyannis Port ask, after all these years. A compound, apparently, is a street.)

What happens in all this, of course, is that reality is firmly displaced. This whole media thing becomes the thing.

You can't remember Di before death. You can't locate what she was. That Di doesn't exist anymore.

There's a whole pack of celebrities—Elvis, Di, John Lennon, Grace Kelly, Kurt Cobain, Selena, Gianni Versace, pick your favorites, as well as the Kennedys—who have become separated at death from their actual existence.

That's the real function of the celebrity death beat, to repackage these lives. Grief is the ultimate fan magazine.

This is not mourning; it's idolatry.

ONE PRIMARY WINTER, ASSUMING that anyone named Kennedy would know something worth knowing about being a Kennedy, I took a two-hour car ride across Iowa with a Kennedy cousin. But he was hopelessly tongue-tied about it all (and in fact about everything else). I crisscrossed Alabama with another Kennedy cousin—an articulate one—who sat up all night reading Arthur Schlesinger Jr.'s books. I presume he was looking for the secret as well.

Once, by the weird turns of being a reporter, I found myself, during a political evening, in Rose Kennedy's New York apartment on Central Park South, trying, in the furniture, in the décor, which was some perfectly preserved Florida-modern moment (on an end table, a photo of JFK and Jackie touched up with oil paints), to fathom an explanation for the frisson of personal connection we—generations of us now—feel to these people. (While I may

Photographs: top, Sygma; Lawrence Schwartzwald/Sygma.

have a Kennedy obsession, what is not clear to me is why people too young to remember the origin of this stuff—most of the people in this magazine's office, for instance—should be obsessed, too.)

I've asked everyone. I have logged all the explanations. My father left me all the books.

The one explanation that makes some sense to me is that the story itself is the opposite of what we—or the people on television—say it is. This is the game we play with ourselves. It's not about nobility. It is not an uplifting saga. We all know it is the opposite of those things and its appeal is exactly that it resists sanitization and deification. That it's about the darker urges. It is our most vivid picture of wealth and power, and its very coarseness redeems it. It is epic. For every noble moment, there are a hundred down-and-dirty ones—and the fact that we know what they are is something. Something like truth.

That said, though, it seems also clear that what was attractive about JFK Jr. was the possibility that he had purged the darkness. He was a sanitized version of JFK. He wasn't saddled with those horrible, unloving, absent parents, or with those unreconstructed Irish Catholic resentments, or with having to compete to be heard at the dinner table. He appeared to have self-control, to live within at least the societal rules of Manhattan. He seemed, as one woman on the street put it to a network interviewer, "like his father—I mean the good parts." We finally seemed to have cleaned up this story, in other words.

Indeed, we knew him and accepted him for what he was: a well-dressed man-about-town with good manners and a lot of political capital that he might or might not have been able to use effectively. Nothing more; nothing less. It is, of course, infinitely sad that he and his wife and her sister died this young.

But this other thing is happening, too: In dying, quite apart from anything in life, he is, right now, being transformed into our future and our hope—or our lost future and lost hope.

This, I'm afraid, is the pull. This is why the Kennedy-family thing is so powerful and has persisted so long.

The Kennedy-family business isn't politics; it's death, and the fantasies that death allows. We are ennobled by the grief we share with the Kennedys, and by the better, more interesting lives we've all lost without their sons.

Apparently, we need this. ▬

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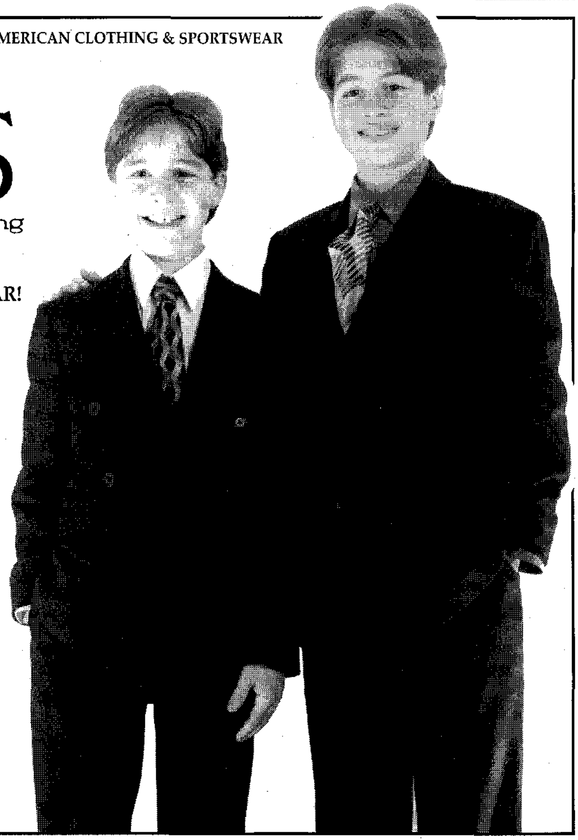

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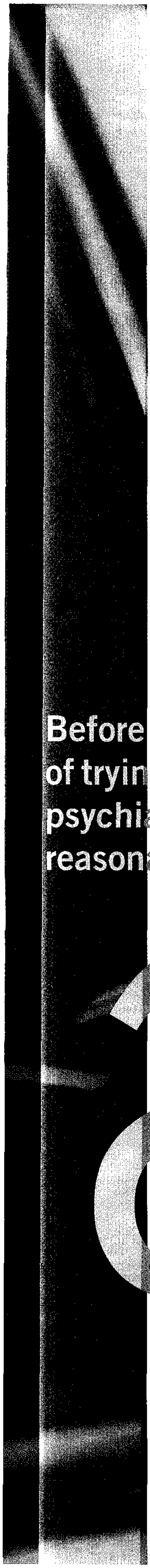


crazy as he wants to be

Before Abe Hirschfeld's trial for tax evasion (he's also accused of trying to hire a hit man to go after a business partner), a psychiatrist found him legally sane—an opinion about which reasonable people may disagree. **BY CHRIS SMITH**

AT LEAST TODAY HE'S WEARING PANTS. A FEW MONTHS AGO, AS HIS CURRENT BIZARRE episode began, the freshly arrested Abe Hirschfeld, 79, was refusing to wear more than a pair of underwear for his ride to jail. "Briefs," clarifies a cop who was part of the strange post-midnight scene in Hirschfeld's Fifth Avenue apartment. "It was not a pretty picture." • The charge that put Hirschfeld in handcuffs was equally outlandish: He is alleged to have attempted to hire a hit man to kill his business partner of 40 years, Stanley Stahl. At Hirschfeld's bail hearing, the tableau grew more peculiar: His retinue included Susan Carpenter-McMillan, the extravagantly blonde conservative activist behind Paula Jones. Hirschfeld wanted to enlist Carpenter-McMillan as his spokeswoman. Her presence didn't help get his bond reduced from $1 million. • But even Carpenter-McMillan has long since dropped Hirschfeld, so on this July morning there's no entourage as the parking-garage magnate, serial spitter, and perennial political candidate shuffles into a tenth-floor courtroom at 111 Centre Street. Hirschfeld is clad in a subdued dark-blue suit—tastefully highlighting a Hirschfeld-designed bright-red crossword-puzzle necktie—befitting his role as the

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID BARRY

defendant in a 123-count indictment for tax evasion and financial fraud. He's also the co-defense lawyer, after having gone through six lawyers in the past year. Judge Bruce Allen, who either is heavily medicated or possesses the patience of Job, ordered that Hirschfeld be examined by a psychiatrist and a psychologist before allowing the trial to start in early July (the doctors declared him "somewhat grandiose" but legally sane). This morning, Hirschfeld berates his co-counsel, Myrna Ocasio, in open court, and she threatens to quit, too, until Judge Allen talks her down. "Bring in the jury before the next atomic bomb drops," Allen tells a bailiff.

Now a crucial prosecution witness takes the stand. Rosemary Singer was Hirschfeld's secretary for 32 years, but in the summer of 1997, she wore a wire to inform on her boss for the Manhattan D.A.'s office. When Hirschfeld stands to begin questioning her, Singer flinches like a beaten spouse.

Hirschfeld scores some surprising points, getting the matronly Singer to admit that the D.A.'s office is waiting until after her testimony to decide if they'll prosecute Singer for her own tax irregularities. Then Hirschfeld, a Polish immigrant by way of Israel, begins asking about the timing of Singer's spying.

"When you wore this thing," Hirschfeld croaks in his Yiddish-accented English, "this bug, on your lapel, did you come and tell me?"

Singer has long experience in trying to interpret Hirschfeld's ramblings, but she appears completely baffled and doesn't answer. You can see her mind working: *Uh, I was an informant. Of course I didn't tell you.*

"All this time, when you were making this deal with the district attorney," Hirschfeld says, "were you being paid by the Hirschfeld organization?"

"Yes," Singer says simply.

Hirschfeld isn't worried about his payroll. His questioning isn't about any logical defense strategy. Never mind whatever nastiness Singer may have put up with from Hirschfeld over the years. The point is that he now has her betrayal on the record.

As Hirschfeld stands behind the defense table, the look on his face changes from one of satisfaction at obtaining the answer he wanted to one of deep hurt. It's then I notice that Abe's side of the spectator gallery is empty except for his wife. He's made millions, put up buildings, funded charitable causes, produced Broadway shows, donated to politicians from Robert Kennedy to Rudy Giuliani, and still he gets no respect. The man is utterly lonely, and for that he can blame only himself. He doesn't care about taxes. What Abe Hirschfeld has always wanted is love.

Publicity as pathology: Clockwise from above, former New York *Post* publisher Hirschfeld with former editor Pete Hamill (left); with Paula Jones in an unsuccessful attempt to settle her lawsuit against Bill Clinton; and promoting his now-defunct newspaper *Open Air PM* at Penn Station in May 1996.

"As people and the press got to know him better, they

GADFLIES AND PUBLICITY HOUNDS ARE a New York specialty; even the most obnoxious, like Donald Trump, usually end up becoming civic mascots, achieving a measure of *wink-wink, only-in-New York* affection. Yet even cherished-jester status has eluded Hirschfeld.

He's run for senator, lieutenant governor, Manhattan borough president; Hirschfeld's only victory was in a 1989 race for city commissioner in Miami Beach. He distinguished himself in that office by spitting on a newspaper reporter, a salivary tactic he'd debuted years earlier against New York Democratic leader Stanley Steingut.

Episodes like Hirschfeld's recent charade with Paula Jones, where he played cash-it-if-you-can with a $1 million check, have been grotesquely amusing. According to Hirschfeld, his offer to buy Jones's silence saved the republic by inducing Bill Clinton to settle with his accuser. The White House won't comment.

But Hirschfeld always seems to balance harmless antics with bumbling, shameless statements, like his claim last week that John Kennedy Jr. sought him out for advice "on how to save *Gregory.*" Excuse me? "Ahhh—*George*. He wanted me to save his magazine the way I saved the New York *Post.*"

Hirschfeld "saved" the *Post* in 1993 by so infuriating its staff that they went running into the loving arms of Rupert Murdoch. Pete Hamill, the *Post's* editor at the time, had watched Hirschfeld at a distance for years before Hirschfeld's wild sixteen-day reign as his *Post* boss. "Early on," Hamill says, "going back to his first association with Bobby Kennedy, the Kennedy guys massaged Abe's ego and got dough out of him. But at the beginning, it was like shtick: Here comes Abe with this old Yiddish theater accent, and he was a semi-comic figure for a while. But he did not turn into the beloved character who might sit in the Carnegie Deli and make remarks. As people got to know him better, they began to see what was going on, that the shtick had some anger behind it."

Hirschfeld has pleaded not guilty to tax evasion and to "criminal solicitation," legalese for trying to pay someone to rub out your enemy. The Manhattan D.A.'s office claims that the partnership agreement between Hirschfeld and Stanley Stahl contains a "survivor takes all" clause, giving Hirschfeld a motive to want to get rid of a man responsible for putting millions of dollars in Abe's pocket. For decades, people have wished that Hirschfeld, the city's longest-running public nuisance, would just go away. And after annoying dozens of politicians and the public at large, it may happen partly because Hirschfeld couldn't get along with his most valuable friend.

BEHIND ALL HIS LEGAL TROUBLES, Hirschfeld sees the nefarious hand of Stahl, his business partner of more than four decades. "That's ludicrous," says Stahl's lawyer, David Rosenberg. "Stanley Stahl is clearly the victim of all of Abe's shenanigans. These charges are based on testimony given by Abe's own employees. Stahl has nothing to do with instigating them." Still, Stahl's aides are happy to provide a fat dossier of newspaper and video clips about Hirschfeld, and

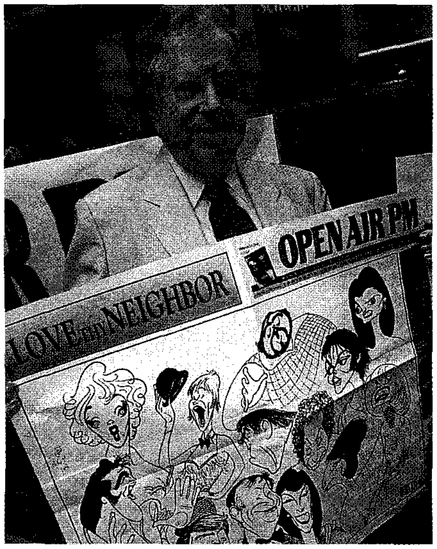
Photograph by Alex Brandon/AP/Wide World.

an to see that the shtick had some **anger** behind it.”

Rosenberg has dropped in to monitor Hirschfeld's tax trial.

Stahl, 75, is nearly as tough as Hirschfeld is eccentric. Ask one man who's done extensive business with Stahl to suggest some sources sympathetic to the developer, and he says, “I guess even Hitler had a couple of friends.”

Stahl, the publicity-phobic owner of Apple Bank and part owner of the Ansonia, is revered in real-estate circles for building a pioneering office tower at 277 Park Avenue and for assembling the Madison Avenue site that became the landmark notch-topped headquarters of AT&T. Yet he pursues adversaries through long legal fights, backed up until recently by the legendary litigator Milton Gould.



Colleagues are scared to talk about Stahl; they're embarrassed to see their names connected with Hirschfeld's. The few who know them both are mystified that the two men crossed paths, let alone have been partners in residential and commercial buildings since 1957. “They're like chalk and cheese,” says James Austrian, one of the city's top real-estate consultants. “They just don't go together at all. It's hard to imagine them in the same room. It's hard to imagine what they'd talk about.”

Stahl does, in fact, have open admirers. Yet they practically sweat through the phone when discussing the man. In 1996, Robert Gladstone, developing a Planet Hollywood Hotel in Times Square, negotiated with Stahl for the air rights to the adjoining Lunt-Fontanne Theater, which Stahl co-owns with the Nederlander Organization. “We made the deal on a handshake,” Gladstone says hurriedly. “In real estate, nobody does business on a handshake, and we did. That speaks volumes about Stanley. I always admired and liked him. He's a nice guy. I really have nothing else to say.”

A former longtime colleague, once friendly enough to dine socially with Stahl, has an indelible image of the developer. “For all the years I knew him, the number of times I met with him—I never, ever saw the guy smile,” says the executive. “Never. No sense of humor. No sense of live-and-let-live. He's just a very, very unhappy guy.”

AT THE FRIARS CLUB, PEOPLE REGULARLY discuss killing. Billy Crystal, Robert Klein, Shecky Greene, they use the word in its comedic slang form, as in slaying an audience with jokes. Today, though, beneath the framed leer of Jerry Lewis, as he heaps sauerkraut onto his kosher franks-and-beans, Friar Abe Hirschfeld is talking about the real thing. And his lunch buddies are laughing it off.

Homicide, schmomicide. “Scared of Abe? Because of some indictment? Come on!” Bob Glenn says with a chuckle. Bob, a taut, natty silk-sweatered gent, is a retired carbon-paper mogul. He's been pals with Abe for a very long time, since the days when secretaries actually used carbon paper. “People tell you Abe's crazy—don't listen to that shit! He's crazy as a fox.”

On Abe's right sits Frank Gordon, just back from the Florida Keys and with the tan to prove it. Bob, Frank, and Abe play gin almost every Saturday, have for years. The silver-haired Frank is a brassiere-fabric manufacturer. “His girlfriends—you cannot imagine how beautiful the girls are!” Abe gasps. “Believe me, Paula Jones or Monica Lewinsky wouldn't be used as a maid in his house.” Frank smiles, though he appears somewhat stumped by the compliment. He, too, testifies to Abe's gentleness, sagacity, and civic importance. “I was at Abe's 75th-birthday party,” Frank says, “and Pataki was there. Pataki said to me, ‘Without this man, I would not be the governor of the state of New York. He made me.’ Because Abe spent a fortune against Cuomo.”

“You waited until now to tell me this?” Abe says gruffly.

Frank looks puzzled. “What do you mean?” he says.

“This story, what Pataki said—you never told me this before,” Abe says.

“Abe, you were standing right next to the man,” Frank says. “You heard him say it.”

An awkward silence. Abe shrugs and turns back to his forkful of hot dog.

Crude and irrational he may be, but at least Hirschfeld is consistent. Whether running for Miami Beach city commissioner in the eighties or Manhattan borough president in 1997, battling for ownership of the *Post* in 1993 or publishing, for five months, a newspaper called *Open Air PM* that was supposed to support itself by selling space for obituaries, he craves not simply publicity but also approval. “Abe thinks he's getting popular acceptance by running for office. He takes it as a validation,” says Jerry Skurnick, a consultant on Hirschfeld's 1986 run for lieutenant governor. “And a lot of people, because Abe is willing to pay them money, play along and indulge him. I'm somewhat guilty of it myself. I still do business with him, selling him mailing labels for campaigns.”

Hirschfeld made a fortune building 40 innovative open-air parking garages, but the last one went up around twenty years ago, and the structures never bought him the esteem that accrues to builders of office complexes or even shopping centers. A call to John Tishman, the veteran New York construction executive, yields a typical reaction: “Mr. Tishman socializes with people like Ace Greenberg,” sniffs a spokesman. “He travels in different circles than Abe Hirschfeld.” An aide on another of Hirschfeld's political campaigns says the snubs were frequent. “I remember going to one event, a cocktail party with a bunch of real-estate people, and they'd nod their heads at Abe, but not one

Photographs: top, Epix/Liaison Agency; bottom, Richard B. Levine.

of them came over to talk to him," says the consultant. "They just ignored him."

The only time Hirschfeld's jovial demeanor crumbles, though, is when his children are mentioned. His 49-year-old son, Elie, has built a thriving real-estate business of his own from a start in his father's company, yet Elie refuses to talk about Abe. His 52-year-old daughter, Rachel, is suing him, saying Abe cheated her out of millions of dollars. "It's painful," he says. "Very painful. And I just looked up the record—I gave her, from 1990 to '97, over two and a half million dollars. So Stanley had to give her more to have her go against me." He looks down at the table. "She writes me letters, 'I love you . . .' But I don't know." (Rachel, in a brief, tense conversation, says Stahl isn't paying her, and claims it was her father who started the fight six years ago: "That's incorrect, that I decided to sue him. *He* sued *me,* and I'm just answering it. No one is aware of that. I'm just going to say good-bye." Then she hangs up.)

Hirschfeld says the criminal-solicitation charge has it bac

Abe claims that Rachel is just one of an expanding group of people who've been bribed to bring him down: His secretary, Rosemary Singer, one of his ex-lawyers, even Robert Morgenthau. The mastermind of the conspiracy? Stanley Stahl. Hirschfeld says the criminal-solicitation charge has it all backward. "In reality," he says, "Stanley wanted to kill me."

HIRSCHFELD SAYS HE MET STAHL, THE ursine son of a Brooklyn butcher, for the first time in 1957. In what became a recurrent pattern, Abe gained the rights to a valuable piece of property but didn't have the capital to do anything with the land. The first site was on the east side of Park Avenue, between 47th and 48th Streets. The New York Central Railroad owned the ground under a gracious low-rise apartment complex, home to Joseph P. Kennedy, among others; the railroad was having financial troubles and wanted to sell. Hirschfeld made the winning bid, then couldn't meet the payments. He was introduced to Stanley Stahl, who was beginning a career in real estate. For $25,000, Stahl bought out Hirschfeld, and in 1962 he gambled his entire business on constructing a new 50-story office tower at 277 Park Avenue (today, the building is headquarters to Stahl's Apple Bank). "Now that site is probably worth, on a low estimate, $600 million," Hirschfeld says, sounding as if he feels cheated. "No, I'm happy," he says. "I'm happy that Stanley made money and I made money. For me, at that time, $25,000 was a lot of money."

The pair formed Hirstan Associates in 1969 and bought three Sutton Place apartment houses. But Hirschfeld's primary business became unglamorous parking garages, while Stahl, who lunches at Le Périgord, sought out prestige properties. In 1982, Stahl became a real-estate legend. Through a series of savvy maneuvers, he secretly assembled property rights for the new AT&T headquarters on Madison between 55th and 56th Streets.

"I always thought Stanley was on a slightly different frequency than everyone else," says James Austrian, a consultant on AT&T's side of the deal who remains in awe of Stahl's talents. "I'd see him in a restaurant and say hello, and he always seemed distracted, like he was thinking about something else. He's complicated and extremely intelligent. At the end of the AT&T assignment, when the deal closed, Stanley gave me a gift, which was appropriate under the circumstances. It was a magnificent box, and inside was what looked like a magnificent watch. I thought to myself, *This is going to be a treasure.* So I took it and started showing it to people. They all said, 'That's crap.' I thought, *Stanley gave this to me, it can't be a piece of junk*—it had a French name, the box was fancy, it was gold. It turned out to be a $48 watch, a really cheap piece of crap." Austrian laughs fondly. "Stanley? He dresses in Italian silks."

Along the way, Stahl had two unhappy brushes with publicity: In 1961, the tabloids had a field day with his messy divorce from his first wife. In 1977, Stahl was convicted of bribing an IRS agent to lower the valuation on his father's estate. Milton Gould won the appeal and Stahl's conviction was thrown out. By 1990, Stahl was wealthy enough to buy his own bank, leading a hostile takeover of Apple.

Stahl and Hirschfeld tolerated each other until 1992, when Hirschfeld tried to dissolve the partnership—because he disagreed with Stahl's management tactics, Hirschfeld says; because Hirschfeld needed cash, says Stahl's lawyer. Then Stahl accused Hirschfeld of failing to distribute profits from their holdings. Hirschfeld responded by accusing Stahl of discriminating against minority tenants in Sutton Place buildings owned by the partnership. Then Stahl sued Hirschfeld over expenditures for asbestos removal at a parking garage and restaurant they co-owned. Lawyers have been hurling briefs back and forth ever since, but it all seemed fairly mundane until last year. "They're an odd couple," says Theodore Kupferman, a longtime Hirschfeld lawyer. "But the odd couple doesn't try to kill each other. They just keep arguing."

To a man who came to know Stahl during the battle for Apple, the angry breakup was inevitable. Stahl, though younger, came to see Hirschfeld as the embarrassing, unrefined little brother he'd outgrown. "Stanley thought himself smart enough to make use of Abe and then be through with him," says the banker. "These weren't guys that met each other on a mountaintop and decided they were

The great unkempt: Hirschfeld emerging from 100 Centre Street after spending a night in jail on charges of criminal solicitation.

Photograph by Frances M. Roberts.

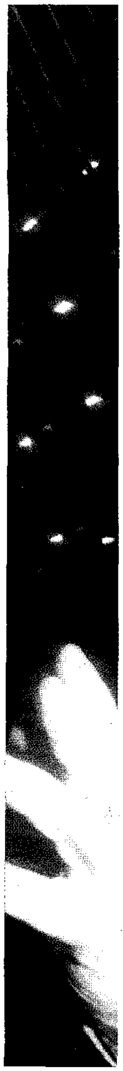
gonna save the world. The common bond between them was greed. That was it."

vard. "In reality," he says, "Stanley wanted to **kill me.**"

THE PRETRIAL HEARING IN FEBRUARY IS supposed to be perfunctory. But Judge Carol Berkman is quickly annoyed as former deputy mayor Randy Mastro, Hirschfeld's third lawyer in three months, argues that Hirschfeld's grand-jury testimony should remain sealed. "I'm not sure what you're trying to accomplish," she says sharply to Mastro. "I get the feeling that I'm being dragged into a political quagmire that I want absolutely no part of."

Two hours later, in his midtown office, Hirschfeld walks over to a conference table. He picks up a stack of papers and hands them to me. It's his grand-jury testimony.

No wonder Hirschfeld doesn't care about legal strategy (he and Mastro will part company weeks later, Abe complaining in court that the lawyer is ripping him off). The grand-jury testimony is one of his finest performances. Hirschfeld attempts to sweet-talk Gilda Mariani, the assistant D.A., but ends up sounding like a dirty old man. At one point, in an exchange worthy of Abbott and Costello, he so befuddles Mariani that she has to pause and collect her thoughts. Hirschfeld pleads that he never graduated from sixth grade. He denies outright that he ever attempted to hire a hit man. Then Hirschfeld says yes, that's his voice on the tape agreeing with Singer that he wanted Stahl murdered—but that he thought she was joking, and anyway, it was all Singer's idea.



Nearly every defense lawyer with a pulse tells clients not to appear before a grand jury. But Hirschfeld didn't listen when Charles Haydon gave him that advice. Not that Haydon holds any grudge; Hirschfeld fired him only to rehire him to work on a real-estate matter. "Is Abe eccentric?" Haydon says. "Depends on who's talking about it. To my great-grandfather, who used to climb trees to smoke a pipe, he wouldn't be eccentric. To me, he's an ordinary guy who's built himself up from nothing and has got a real big view of himself."

What will be harder for any lawyer to explain are Abe's intentions when he gave $75,000 in cash to his construction manager, Joseph Veltri. With Hirschfeld involved, even supposed homicide plots turn into low comedy: After giving Veltri the $75,000 as a down payment on the hit man, the D.A.'s office claims, Hirschfeld changed his mind and asked for a refund. The hit man wasn't pleased, and allegedly beat up Veltri for asking.

In front of the grand jury, Abe alternately claimed the money was a bonus for exemplary work; that it was to help Veltri through a difficult divorce; and that Rosemary Singer made him do it. The fact that Abe hired a private investigator to photograph Stahl, then gave the pictures to Veltri to help him find Stahl, doesn't seem to bolster Hirschfeld's claims of innocence. The tapes Singer made of her conversations with Hirschfeld will likely decide his fate, but Hirschfeld won't have much trouble getting a jury to believe he never concocted any coherent plan.

"Anyway, $75,000 is a lot of money to get somebody killed these days," says a prosecution source. "You can do it for a lot cheaper. Abe's supposed to be such a smart businessman—he shoulda done better than that."

THE NARROW HALLWAY LEADING TO small-claims court in lower Manhattan is mobbed. Adding to the sense of low-rent claustrophobia is the reek of wet wool; everyone here tonight arrived through a drenching rain. It's a cranky crowd, but they step back to give Abe Hirschfeld a wide berth. "Uh, Mr. Hirschfeld," stammers a corporate lawyer who knows him from another case. "I never expected to see you here."

Abe smiles whimsically. "This will be the novelty of novelties!" he says. "I have found a way to sue the press and make them respond in person! No one else has ever thought of it: Take them to small-claims court! You cannot be represented by a lawyer; you must appear yourself. So Cindy Adams will be here to answer for her lies!"

Six weeks earlier, Adams, in the *Post*, mischaracterized the charges against Abe in the hit man case. But what really angered him was Adams's derisive reference to Abe's having owned the tabloid "for twenty minutes."

Accompanying Hirschfeld is his wife of 56 years, Zipora. She says Abe didn't tell her where they were going this evening, and the way she's dressed, that sounds true. Zipora is decked out in a black gown studded with dozens of rhinestones and carries a dazzling rhinestone purse. Also in tow is grandson Marc Goldin, 28. He's the son of Abe's estranged daughter, Rachel, yet he acts as Abe's all-purpose whipping boy and publicist. Clad in a Def Jam leather jacket, Marc is dialing up newsrooms on his cell phone: Why didn't reporters show up for Abe's press conference condemning tonight's Barbara Walters–Monica Lewinsky interview? Do they want Abe now for a quick phone interview?

Once inside the courtroom, Abe and company sit through two hours of petty cases: passengers whose luggage was damaged by airlines, neighbors fighting over a barking dog, uncomprehending immigrants bilked out of their meager earnings by restaurant owners. Abe grins amiably through it all. Zipora looks mystified. As Abe wanders off with his grandson, she sits, weary and forlorn, trying to chat with two bewildered Mexican women seated behind her. Marc returns and cracks to his grandmother that he'll be getting overtime for his efforts tonight. "Always with the money! This is the first thing out of his mouth!" she rasps.

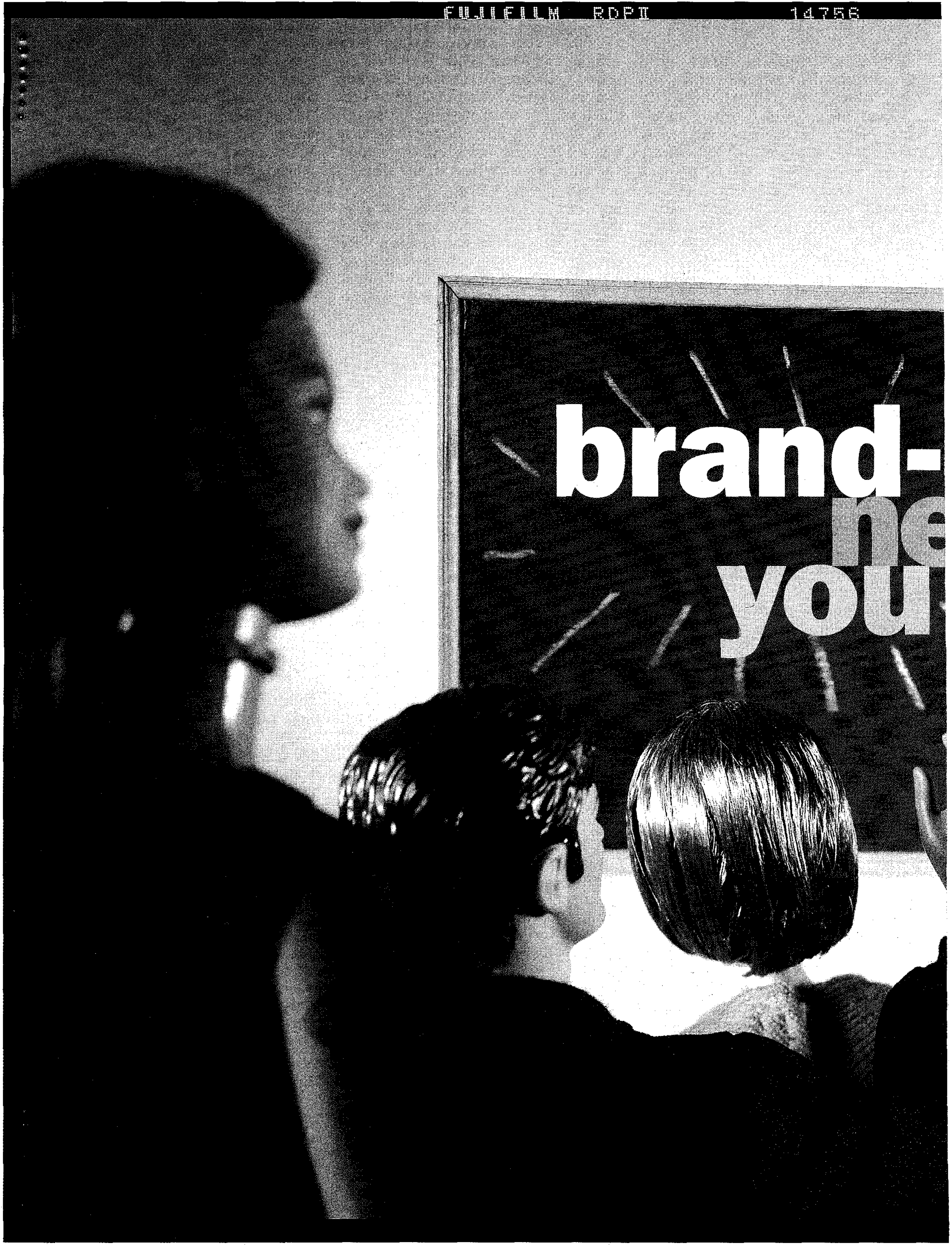
"Grandmother, I'm joking," he says. "You know I'm joking, right?" She doesn't answer. She doesn't even look at him.

At 8:30, after nearly three hours in the courtroom, Abe is called to the bench. Cindy Adams is nowhere in sight. A smartly suited young lawyer from Squadron & Ellenoff, the firm that represents the *Post* (and *New York*), appears on Adams's behived behalf. Turns out Abe was wrong: Lawyers *are* allowed in small-claims court.

Everywhere he goes these days, Abe brandishes a sheaf of reprints from *Time*. Because the cover carries the words BUSINESS GENIUSES OF THE CENTURY, Abe is delighted: This means he's a certified genius! Never mind that his only appearance in the issue comes in a small story headlined CRAZY AND IN CHARGE, about millionaire wackos like Howard Hughes. *Time* never explicitly names him a genius.

The judge and the lawyer roll their eyes as Abe hands them copies of the story. He tells a few moldy one-liners, lays out his theory of Cindy Adams's offense against him, and is told the case is recessed.

Is he defeated? Hardly. On the way out of court, Abe Hirschfeld is ecstatic: Before he left the bench, the judge and the lawyer asked him for his autograph. His worth is renewed, in some small way, which is the only verdict he has ever really cared about. "You see?" he says. "I rarely can be crazy." ▬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CONGRATULATIONS! YOU'RE A BRAND. IN CASE YOU haven't been reading about the new economy and your place in it, here's the news: Careers are out; entrepreneurship is in. You are no longer a worker. You're a brand. ■ To make it in this brand-new world, you need (a) visibility and (b) the capacity to take on new skills. Most of all, the experts will tell you, you need *mindshare.* Mindshare is that distinctive set of attributes everyone thinks about when they think about you. Mindshare is the heart of your personal brand. Mindshare communicates who you are . . . and what you can become. ■ Don't believe it? Let's look at some people at the top of their game. ■ Who doesn't know that former Treasury secretary Robert Rubin is a fly-fisherman? His brand is *patience, contemplation, and sagacity*. (It's no accident that he shares this public hobby with Tom Brokaw and the New York *Times'* Howell Raines.) Want to be known for something brainier? Try becoming an expert chef in your spare time, like Microsoft's Nathan Myhrvold. (Nothing will tell people you can master complex details better than a command of food and wine.) If you prefer to be known for something more expressive, be like Tony Bennett, and paint. Too reflective? Well, it hasn't hurt Ronald Perelman's wild-man-financier image that he plays the drums. ■ You get to choose how to create your personal brand—and taking the classes offered by these fine institutions of higher learning is one way—but however you do it, remember that hobbies are skills. So if this brand-saturated new economy ever comes crashing down, your brand/hobby/mindshare will come in handy: Welcome to your new career.

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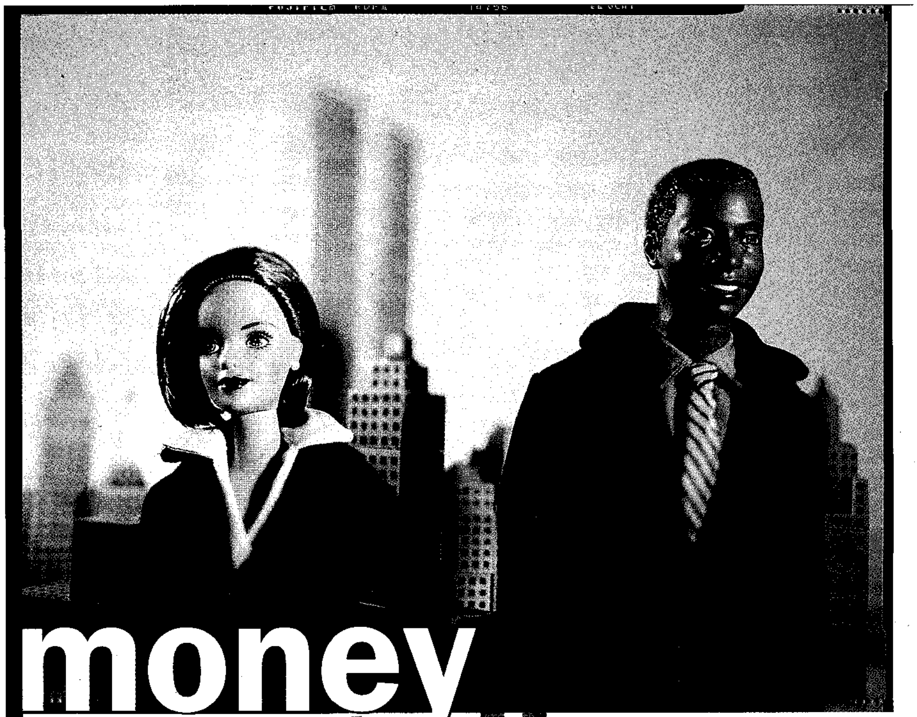


money talk

Never felt financially savvy? Wait till everyone hears you've chucked it all to become a day trader. Or a Realtor.

estate of mind

One way of making the runaway real-estate market seem less outrageous is to get in on the action. For 28 years, Milton Pachter's one-day seminar **What Everyone Should Know About Real Estate**, at NYU's Real Estate Institute, has been giving people the lowdown on mortgages, appraisals, and—*yes!*—ad valorem tax policies. "I have couples come in rather than going to the theater. I tell 'em, 'Let's sit back, have some fun, and learn a *lot*.' And do we ever!" says Pachter, who also tag-team-teaches the school's six-day accelerated salesperson's pre-licensing courses.

"There are a lot of motivational sales courses," says veteran broker JoAnne Kennedy of Coldwell Banker Hunt Kennedy. "But I'm not a Tony Robbins person—in sales, you either have it or you don't." This said, if you've got it and want to take the next step—become a broker—there's a state broker's exam every month. To prep, Kennedy recommends the "detailed, not to mention cost-effective" classes at the Real Estate Board of New York, where Eileen Spinola recruits and trains top-notch real-estate instructors for the **broker's licensing course**. The board also offers seminars in commercial and residential realty. "This subject matter isn't mesmerizing," admits Spinola, "but in all modesty, one thing people tell me all the time is that they *really* enjoy it, because we engage people—we make it more than just palatable."

"What Everyone Should Know About Real Estate," Saturday, October 23, 9:30 A.M.–4 P.M., $145; "Accelerated New York Real Estate Salesperson's Course": six sessions, beginning September 17, 9 A.M.–5:30 P.M., $520. The Real Estate Institute, 11 West 42nd Street (790-1346).

"Broker's Qualifying Licensing Course," September 17 to November 18, 5:30 P.M.; $325. Real Estate Board of New York, 570 Lexington Avenue, at 51st Street (532-3100).

be accountable

Okay, one certainty in life *is* death. But **taxes**? It's hardly a sure thing that we will all file our taxes on time. Or legally. Or, better yet, promptly and legally with that shrewd, Machiavellian guile that enables us to deduct more from life than . . . death. On the other hand, it *is* utterly certain that mortals will reward handsomely a wizard who can do just this. Wanna join the guild? How 'bout the firm? Tax behemoth H&R Block offers some of the most comprehensive, up-to-date professional classes in New York. They'll take you on an exciting tour of state and federal deductions, withholdings, and forms. The wild ride rocks you through 66 class hours over eleven weeks, for $149 including textbooks. H&R Block's West Side district manager, Saul Klein, says they train thousands each year. Better yet, Klein adds, "we offer interviews to all of our top students." If you're accepted, should your personal clients suddenly learn how to file their taxes online, you can fall back on 18 million paying customers! Now, that's certainty.

H&R Block, various locations; 800-TAX-2000.

trader kicks

Combine the two biggest booms of the decade—the Internet and the stock market—and you have, depending on whom you talk to, either the long-overdue deliverance of direct market access to the man on the street (that's you) or yet another way for compulsive gamblers to hang themselves (must be talking about somebody else). Either way, **day trading** has completed the transition from bull-market fad to viable career choice, and companies that offer real-time trading to nonprofessionals continue to pop up. Three of the most established are All-Tech Training Group, tradersedge, and Legend Trading. All teach essentially the same thing—the ability to trade your own account on their software—but there are major differences in the software, the atmosphere of the trading rooms, and the length and cost of the seminars.

All-Tech, after ten years in business, is the granddaddy of day-trading firms. And they're still pioneers at heart. "We've told the brokers, 'I can learn to read the same screen you do,' " says instructor Immanuel Aponte. All-Tech's training is a mix of lecture and simulated trading. There are people at the main office who will deny you a trade if you move too slowly—a common real-life occurrence. Would-be wealth builders with no experience should consider that All-Tech's four-week seminar is the longest, most in-depth one available.

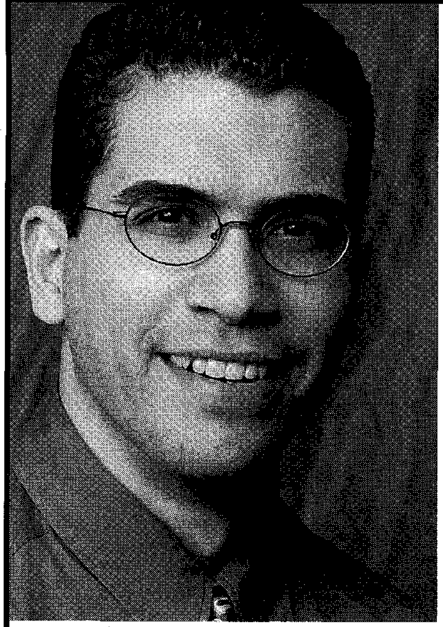
Fans of the best-selling book *The Electronic Day Trader,* by Marc Friedfertig and George West, will also approve of the weeklong training seminar at tradersedge. Students watch the market all day and do simulated trades on paper. In the evening, they listen to day traders discuss the day's market and sit through a lecture that covers techniques as well as the psychology of loss, goal-setting, and other less-than-obvious (but practical) lessons. Fear of Friedfertig's Socratic question-and-answer session will keep you from dozing.

Legend Trading offers a quieter, more comfortable learning atmosphere. Before the bell rings, students listen in on a market call in which Harbor Securities founder Warren Sulmasy highlights trends as well as particular stocks. During market hours, each student's eyes remain glued to a computer just as they would if he or she were actually trading. The instructor provides a running commentary on the markets. After hours, there's a wrap-up of the day's events and pupils discuss their mistakes. Legend's curriculum relies heavily on technical analysis, the belief that market trends can be discerned and plotted.

All-Tech Training Group: Classes start every other Monday; $5,000. 160 Summit Avenue, Montvale, New Jersey, a half-hour ride from the Port Authority Bus Terminal (201-782-0110).

tradersedge: Class starts September 13; $1,695. 50 Broad Street (378-4000).

Legend Trading: Next beginner class, five sessions, beginning September 13; $2,895. 5 Hanover Square (825-9700).



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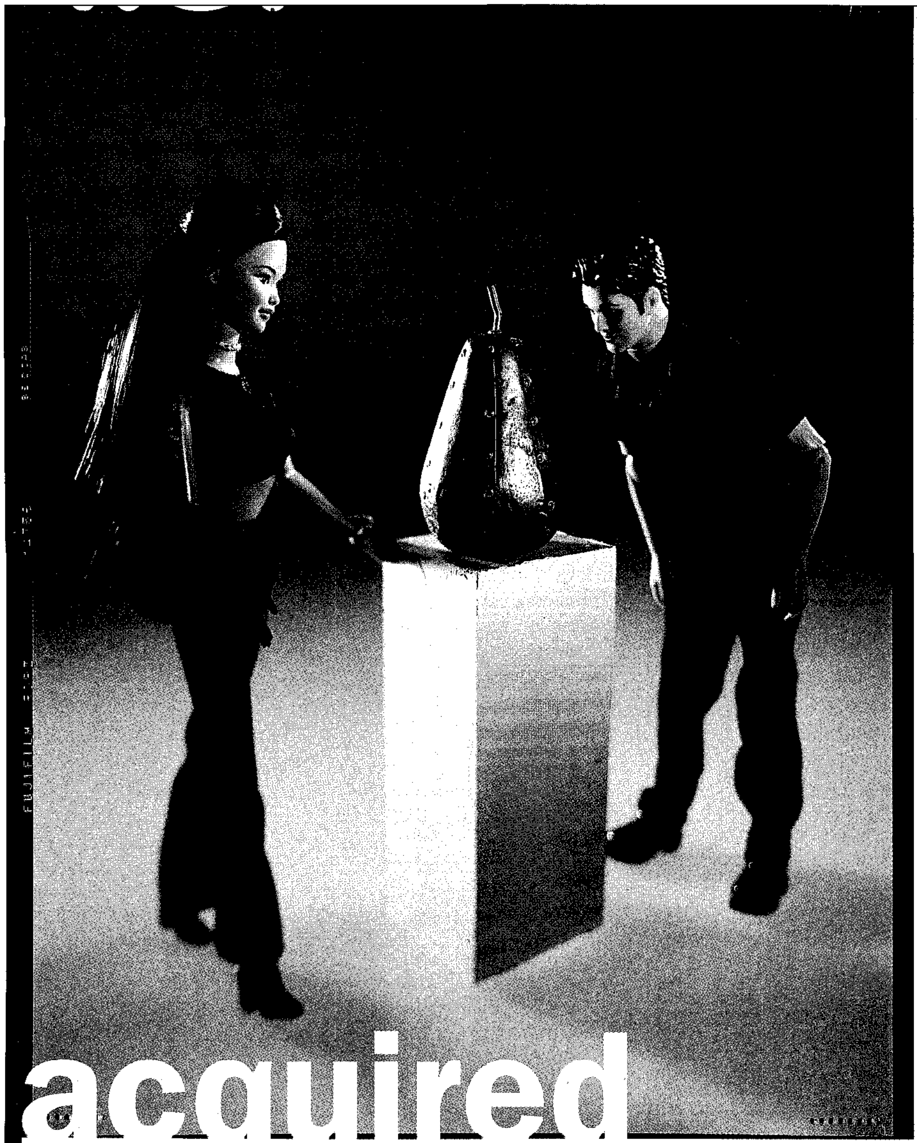


acquired taste

Get familiar with the fine arts of choosing wine, perusing antiques, making dessert, and . . . selling fine art.

art and commerce

When Elizabeth Burke and Abby Messitte opened Clementine Gallery on West 26th Street back in 1996, they knew the odds were against them—but they managed to write a business plan and find creative funding for their $60,000 enterprise. Then they decided to pass on what they learned to others with **Strategies for Starting Up and Operating a Gallery,** at the New School. Students will visit artists' studios and learn what artists are looking for in dealers. And they'll draw up business contracts. "Art law," groans Burke, remembering her own learning curve. "There are so many legal issues involved." Still: One recent grad has opened a gallery right down the street.

Six sessions, Wednesdays 6:30–8 P.M., starting September 22; $185; for location call 229-5615.

the lees you can do

In order to win points on the social-sophistication scale, you'll need to cultivate a sharper appreciation for **wine** than "I like red." To become a pro in a hurry, enroll in the Wine for Bartenders and Waiters class at Peter Kump's cooking school, where Ron Ciavolino will introduce you to the world's most popular varietals and pass on the received wisdom on food-and-wine pairing. For more thorough immersion, the Windows on the World Wine School, with Kevin Zraly, is the unparalleled choice. "It's a great class for businesspeople," says David Lynch, senior editor of *Wine & Spirits*. "It will make you feel like you're well grounded in wine."

Peter Kump's Wine for Bartenders and Waiters, two sessions, Wednesday and Thursday, August 25 and 26, 12:30–2:30 P.M.; $110. 50 West 23rd St. (847-0700).

Windows on the World Wine School, eight sessions, Mondays beginning September 27, 6:30–8:30 P.M.; $695. One World Trade Center, 107th floor (914-255-1456)

smartest bidder

If the intimidating world of antiques has prevented you from ever raising a paddle at Sotheby's, Elizabeth Boudreau's **Antique Marketplace** can help. Boudreau has worked for countless dealers and will advise you on maintaining your precious objects and on asking intelligent questions. She'll even give you up to $500,000 of play money so you can "purchase" a few pieces at one of the tonier antiques shops. "The dealers used to dread this exercise," she says, "but as my students get better, they now get a big kick out of it."

Twelve sessions, beginning September 21, Tuesdays 6–8:30 P.M.; $382. Parsons School of Design, 560 Seventh Avenue (229-8933).

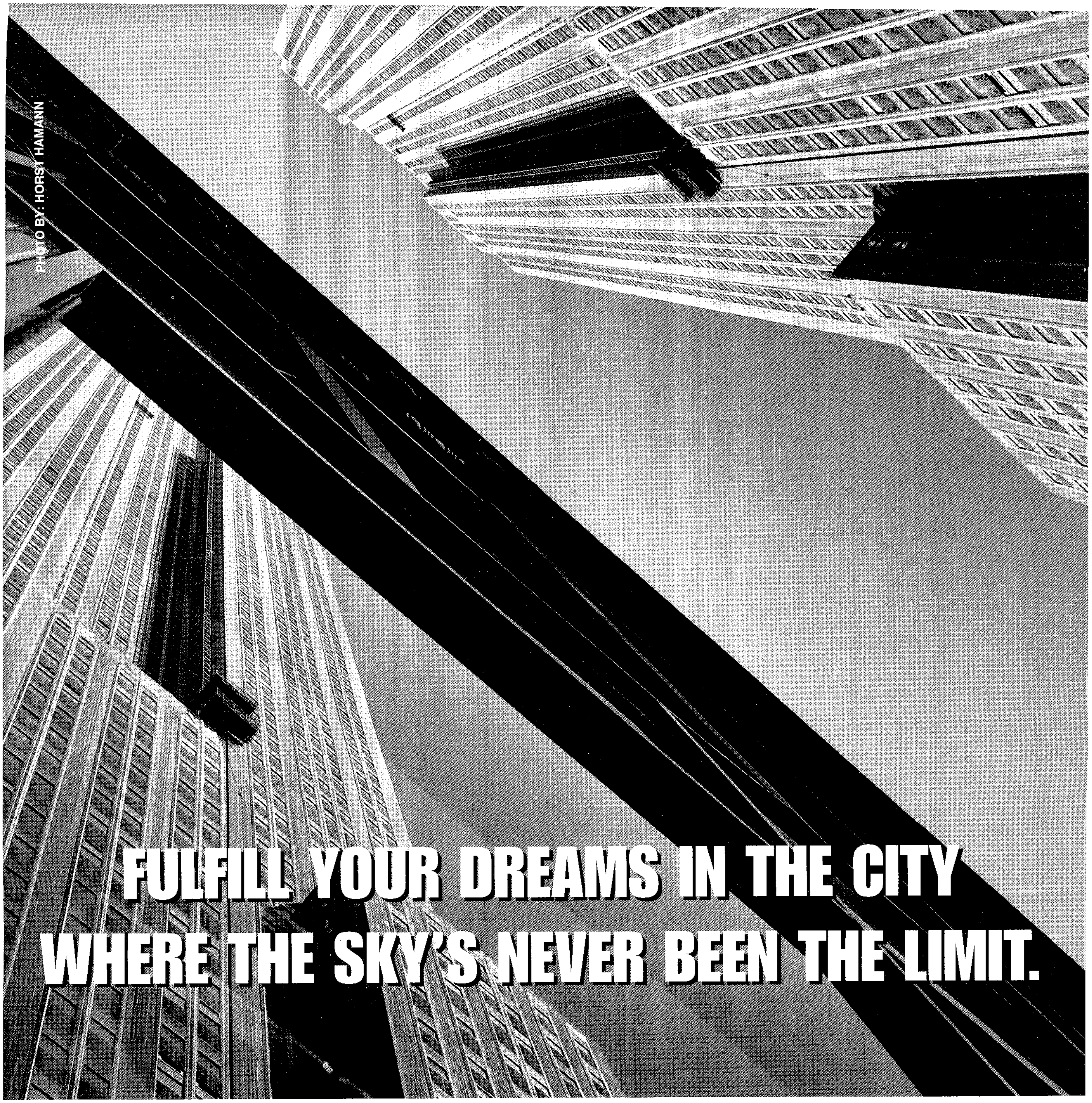
baking whoopee

Wanted in New York restaurants: qualified pastry chefs. That's according to the heads of the **pastry programs** at three New York culinary schools. Students at the French Culinary Institute work under Jacques Torres, dean of pastry at the school and chef-pâtissier at Le Cirque. The New York Restaurant School and Peter Kump's New York Cooking School require students to participate in six- or twelve-week externships, and all the schools have contacts at the city's finest kitchens—Chanterelle, Payard, Jean Georges, Le Bernardin. But restaurant work isn't a cakewalk, and you'll probably be taking a pay cut: Entry-level salaries start at around $22,000. "This is not a business to get into because of the perks or the pay," says Nick Malgieri, head of the baking-and-pastry program at Peter Kump. "You go into it because you love it."

FCI: nine-month (part-time) and six-month (full-time) programs; next sessions start August 30 and September 21, $22,760. 462 Broadway (219-8890).

Peter Kump's New York Cooking School: 40-, 29-, and 20-week programs, next sessions start September 13 and November 14 (29-week), October 4 (20-week), and January 29 (40-week); $11,950–$14,500. 50 West 23rd Street (847-0700).

New York Restaurant School: part-time 48-week program, starts in November; $10,130. 75 Varick Street (226-5500).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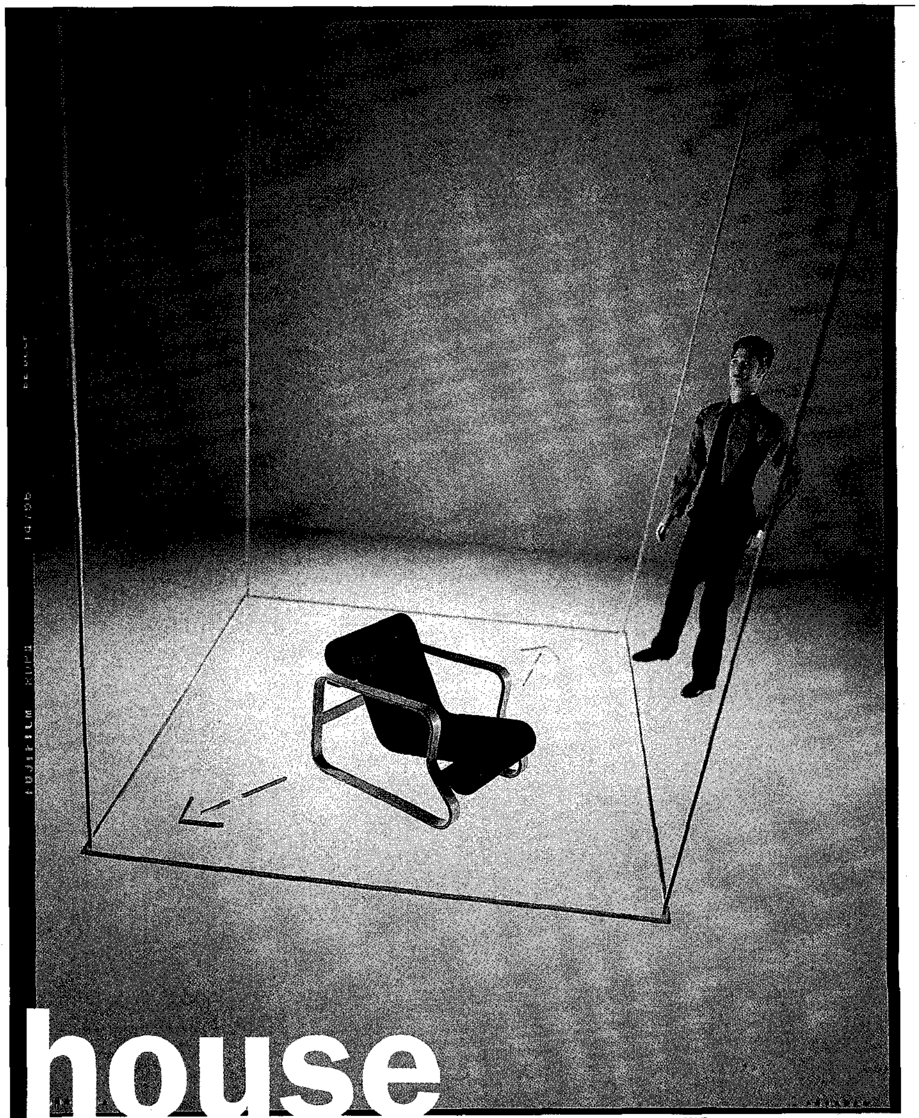

house bound

You faux-marbled your best friend's bedroom. She said you had a gift. Now all your friends are inviting you to dinner.

landscape, ho!

Whether they specialize in urban gardens or suburban masterpieces, **landscape architects** have their hands full these days. The mad rush to transform Hamptons potato fields into weekend Xanadus has design diva Edwina von Gal busy working on more than fifteen projects and designer Helmut Lang calling in landscape architects to add dune-shaped hills before the checks cleared on his $15 million abode. To join the ranks of green-thumb masters like von Gal and Signe Nielsen—or simply learn how to make your bland front lawn a bit more like a blooming country garden—start with an Introduction to Landscape Design from the New York Botanical Garden, which has more than 600 classes a year. Carol Chamberlin explores the principles of symmetry, balance, and scale in one or more simple design projects. There is a class devoted to texture and color, and one on how to run your own business. "A lot of people confuse landscape design with garden design," says Chamberlin. "Garden design is just a portion of the landscape. It's the icing on the cake, the décor."

"Introduction to Landscape Design," three sessions, Mondays beginning September 13, 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; $66. New York Botanical Garden, Bronx (718-817-8747).

good morning, glass

Glass is no longer the poor man's crystal, given the likes of Tiffany designer Elsa Peretti and Dale Chihuly, whose glass chandeliers can go for $1 million. If your artistic ambitions run this way, UrbanGlass offers classes to get novices accustomed to working with the material and basic vessels before embarking on more personal and creative techniques. "**Glassblowing** involves working with a partner, and one of the most important things to learn is working and communicating with that partner," says instructor and sculptor Michael Krumrine, who adds that glass is experiencing a renaissance, especially since the modern furnace allows people to work in their studios. UrbanGlass also offers classes in stained-glass-window design and goblet-making.

"Beginning Glassblowing Part I," twelve sessions, Saturdays beginning September 25, 6 to 9 P.M.; $625 plus $50 registration fee. Other class days and times available. UrbanGlass, 647 Fulton Street, Brooklyn (718-625-3685, extension 237).

brushing up

The distressed look is appearing on everything from boutique walls to reproduction country furniture. And it doesn't require talent at wielding a brush, says Inez Foose, instructor of the New School's **decorative painting** class. "Even if you're only good at finger painting, you can do this." Foose structures her hands-on workshop so that students get a sampling of various surface finishes, from crackling and faux (wood, stone, marble) to stenciling and gilding. You'll walk away with sample boards, with which you can start a portfolio, and seven different decorative techniques, which you can apply to anything that catches your eye.

"Decorative Painting," seven sessions, Wednesdays beginning September 29, 6:30 to 9:30 P.M.; $210, plus about $100 for materials. The New School, 66 West 12th Street (229-5690).

interior life

Fine, you want to be the next Adam Tihany. But before you can design modern triumphs like the Time Hotel or Jean Georges, you'll need some training. In Parsons's introductory **interior design** course, you'll learn scale-drawing, problem solving, and color theory while completing a project from conceptualization to presentation. And don't be deterred if you can't draw. "I've had lawyers, bankers, all sorts who had no drawing skills at all," says instructor and architect James Collins. The final project, a room designed by the student, can be presented when applying to certification programs or for a job, Collins points out. "One of my students got a job from his neighbor after showing him his board."

If your idea of fun is looking at fabulous digs, enroll in NYU's Interior Design: Manhattan Style to discover how New York's top interior designers approach lighting, furniture, storage, kitchen, and bath design in everything from small spaces with no views to high-rises where the view is everything. In the past, the class has visited apartments by Juan Montoya, Noel Jeffrey, and Clodagh.

For a private look at some eye-catching restaurants, the Bard Graduate Center is holding a one-day dining and design class that includes a tour of Ruby Foo's, with impresario David Rockwell; Tabla and 11 Madison Park, with owner Danny Meyer and designer Peter Benta; and Henry Meer's City Hall, with designer Peter Bogdanow.

"The Making of Interiors: An Introduction," twelve sessions, Sundays beginning September 26, 1 to 3:30 P.M.; $382. Parsons School of Design, 2 West 13th Street (229-8933).

"Interior Design: Manhattan Style," four sessions, Wednesdays beginning September 22, 6:10 to 8:10 P.M.; $190. New York University (998-7130).

"Designs for Dining," Friday, October 29, 12:30 to 5:45 P.M.; $150. The Bard Graduate Center, 18 West 86th Street (501-3013).

handy crafts

Chic television cabinets like Chinese wedding boxes are the furniture item du jour, but getting a 35-inch monitor to actually fit in one is nearly impossible. To make your own custom version—and don't count on recreating an Empire look just yet—register for the Craft Students League beginners' **woodworking** class. Bill Gundling will teach you how to safely work with stationary and portable machinery, hand tools, and adhesives. His workshop, geared towards furniture- and cabinet-making, incorporates traditional and contemporary approaches that teach you everything from distinguishing wood qualities to joint-making techniques. "You may not be ready to redesign a kitchen, but you'll have the basics," says Gundling. For aesthetic touches, opt for CSL's Natural Forms Workshop, taught by sculptor and furniture-maker Daniel Mack, whose work is displayed in several museums. He will guide you through designing and building with branches, saplings, and other natural materials.

"Woodworking I," twelve sessions, Tuesdays beginning September 28, 6 to 9 P.M.; $345 plus about $20 for materials. Additional class days and times available.

"Natural Forms Workshop," Saturday, May 6, 2000, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; $115. Craft Students League, 610 Lexington Avenue, at 53rd Street (735-9731).

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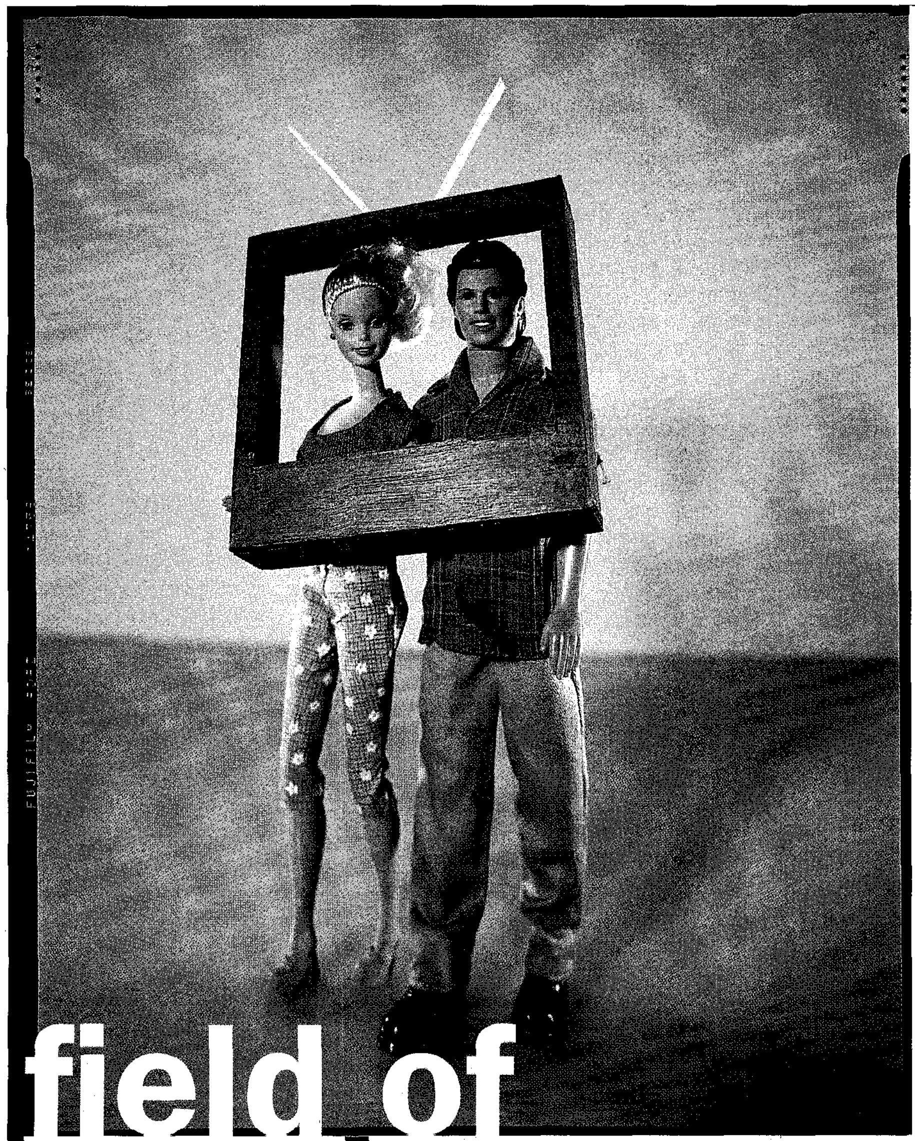

field of dreams

You don't *have* to be the star to be in the show. Every medium is made up of masses of different talents.

go digital

Of all the starving artists protesting the mayor's policies, aspiring filmmakers have the least to complain about. Jump-starting film production in the city is part of Giuliani's pro-business manifesto, which is why his office has publicly praised a collaboration between NYU's Center for Advanced Digital Applications and Industrial Light & Magic special-effects wizard Corey Rosen (*The Lost World, Twister, The Phantom Menace*). Rosen is consulting on a series of intensive **digital-production** courses CADA director Peter Bardazzi calls The Making of… Come fall, they will launch "The Making of a Digital Commercial," which Bardazzi expects to be very popular because, well, there's a lot of money in TV ads—particularly groundbreaking ones. Rosen himself taught the inaugural class, "The Making of a Digital Movie," to twelve students handpicked for their professional commitment to using digital film once they graduate. (There will be fifteen students in a repeat course next spring.) Students play in a lab lined with advanced Silicon Graphics workstations. The movie course culminates in a shot to be included in a new film. This time around the shot will be a computer-created swarm of bees for the forthcoming horror spoof *I Know What You Screamed Last Summer.*

"The Making of a Digital Commercial," fifteen daily sessions starting in October, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; "The Making of a Digital Movie," starting in February, same schedule; $3,500. New York University Center for Advanced Digital Applications; 11 West 42nd Street (790-1370).

you are the d.j.

Clubland veterans in search of a little extra cash (or cred) get behind the turntables and start spinning. For tips in the art of **turntablism**, D.J. videos are a great place to begin. Disco Mix Club's D.J. battle videos feature the best D.J.'s from around the world scratching their way to the championship. "Just from watching the D.J.'s hands in a well-recorded video, you can learn a lot," says Christie Z-Pabon, DMC events coordinator. The best of the best are featured in *Summit*, which showcases six world champions. DMC's *Turntablists Trix & Technics* starts with the basics: Q-Bert (former DMC world champion, now of the Invisibl Skratch Piklz) breaks down chirps, flares, and crabs. If battles aren't for you, check out the *Turntable Mechanics Workshop* video by the Invisibl Skratch Piklz or get bi-monthly updates on their *Turntable TV* videos.

Check out the 1999 DMC D.J. World Championships on September 17 and 18 at the Hammerstein Ballroom. For DMC info, call 714-7180; buy videos at www.turntablelab.com or www.skratchpiklz.com.

the voice is familiar

If you love the sound of your own voice (and who doesn't?) more than you love your current day job, you've probably indulged the voice-over fantasy: a few hours of work and thousands of dollars in the bank. "The fact is, though, that the people with the smooth, golden voices, with the best diction in the world, often have the most trouble getting work," says David Fulford, who teaches an introductory course in **voice-overs** at the New School. "It's the people with distinctive voices who get agents right away." This is a magic moment in the voice-over business, Fulford says, with "more opportunity now than at any time in the last 30 years." Most of the new work is in videos. "Even medical companies need voice-over actors for the videotapes they send doctors to sell new medicines. The perfume counter at Macy's has a video playing. Someone did a voice-over for that." The twelve-session class includes instruction in animation voice-overs, audio-book work, narration, making sample tapes, and marketing.

"Introduction to Voice-overs," twelve sessions starting September 21, Tuesdays from 1:30 to 3:00 P.M., limited to twelve students; $470. The New School, 66 West 12th Street (229-5690).

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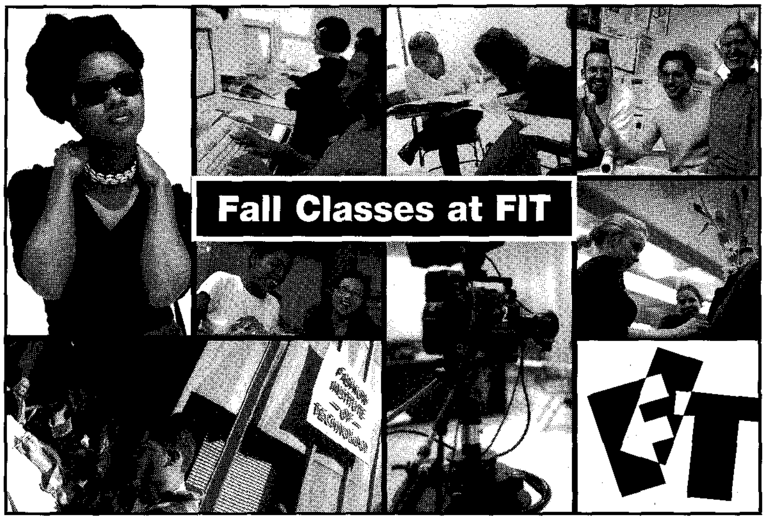

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making movies

Even if you've always known deep down that the words A FILM BY... should precede your name, a career in **film or TV production** takes more than a night class or two; for the truly committed, a short but intensive program—like Jerry Sherlock's eight-year-old New York Film Academy—may be the only serious option. Graduate Andrew Wilkinson decided to take two months off from an advertising job in London when he stumbled upon the film academy's Website. After taking the eight-week version of "Total Immersion," a crash course in all technical and creative facets of filmmaking that results in four short films per student, Wilkinson returned to London to "resign my flashy car and my flashy salary," and signed up for the advanced workshop. Through contacts at the school, he says, "I've been given and offered work that will keep me busy for the next two or three months."

Four-, six-, and eight-week sessions begin every month; $3,500 to $4,000, plus about $1,250 to $2,000 for materials. New York Film Academy, 100 East 17th Street (674-4300).

this just in

If watching **TV newsreaders** makes you think, *I can do that,* Nancy Reardon can teach you how. Reardon has been coaching aspiring TV anchors and reporters for eighteen years—beginners at the New School, more advanced students at her studio. She teaches students "nuts and bolts"—how to keep their heads from moving, what colors to wear on-air (red is her favorite). Techniques include wearing pieces of tape to keep eyebrows immobile and gesturing just out of camera range to subtly add expression to the voice. Reardon's students, who currently include a lawyer, a model, and an advertiser, are predominantly female, something which she attributes to the fact that many "bright, talented" women in business and law are hitting the glass ceiling and beginning to think about Court TV.

"On Camera," twelve sessions starting September 23, Thursdays from 7:45 to 9:30 P.M., limited to sixteen students; $470. The New School (229-5690).

laughter in concert

Back in the day, the Eddie Murphys of *Saturday Night Live* went directly to **stand-up** stardom. Today, *SNL* grads have only bad movies to look forward to, while Ben Stiller's group skits and the Kids in the Hall are considered seminal. A new generation of comics have become stars by playing well with others. The four members of the Upright Citizens Brigade have been spreading the wealth for three years in perhaps the city's best improv workshop. Four course levels, now taught in the group's theater, indoctrinate comics of all skill levels in long-form improvisation—what workshop veteran Robert Corddry of Naked Babies calls "the thinking man's improv." Corddry credits the Brigade with making him bolder and smarter. "I've learned to base my sketches in some sort of reality," he says. "It's funnier when it's true." The workshop doubles as a farm team, as students are cast in the theater's shows. "At some point, they become not just students but part of our theater," says the Brigade's Matt Besser, who teaches the fourth level. The first level is open to anyone, but even experienced comics must take the courses in order.

Eight weekly sessions beginning mid-October, weekends from 9 A.M. to noon or Mondays from 7 to 10 P.M.; $300 per level. Upright Citizens Brigade Theater, 161 W. 22nd Street (366-9176).

millennial mozart

So you wanna be a rock-and-roll star—without leaving home? A thousand bucks buys a bare-bones recording system for a personal computer, and for about two grand you can get your CD pressed. MP3 allows anyone to sell music at its site, and Amazon.com Advantage is now accepting indie records. Zealous autodidacts should check out the proliferation of information on the Web (www.virtualstudio.org and www.harmonycentral.com are good places to start). The New School offers classes in MIDI, synthesizers, and home recording. Fred Winston, director of the Guitar Study Center, recommends **Making Music With Computers** and **Making the Most of MIDI** as "user and buyer guides for project studio people." The Institute of Audio Research's alums include Oscar winner Roma Baran and Jack Douglas, producer for the Beatles and Aerosmith. With an 87 percent placement rate for graduates, IAR apparently delivers a skill set that can actually land you a job. The 600-hour **Recording Engineering and Production Program** can be completed full-time (days) in six months or part-time (evenings) in nine months and offers an internship program in New York recording studios.

"Making Music With Computers," four sessions beginning September 29, Wednesdays from 7:30 to 9:30 P.M.; $250; "Making the Most of MIDI," twelve sessions beginning September 28, Tuesdays from 6:30 to 7:30 P.M.; $370. The New School (229-5690).

Institute of Audio Research, 64 University Place (777-8550).

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Christine Ford is a recent graduate from Pace University with a M.S. in Publishing.

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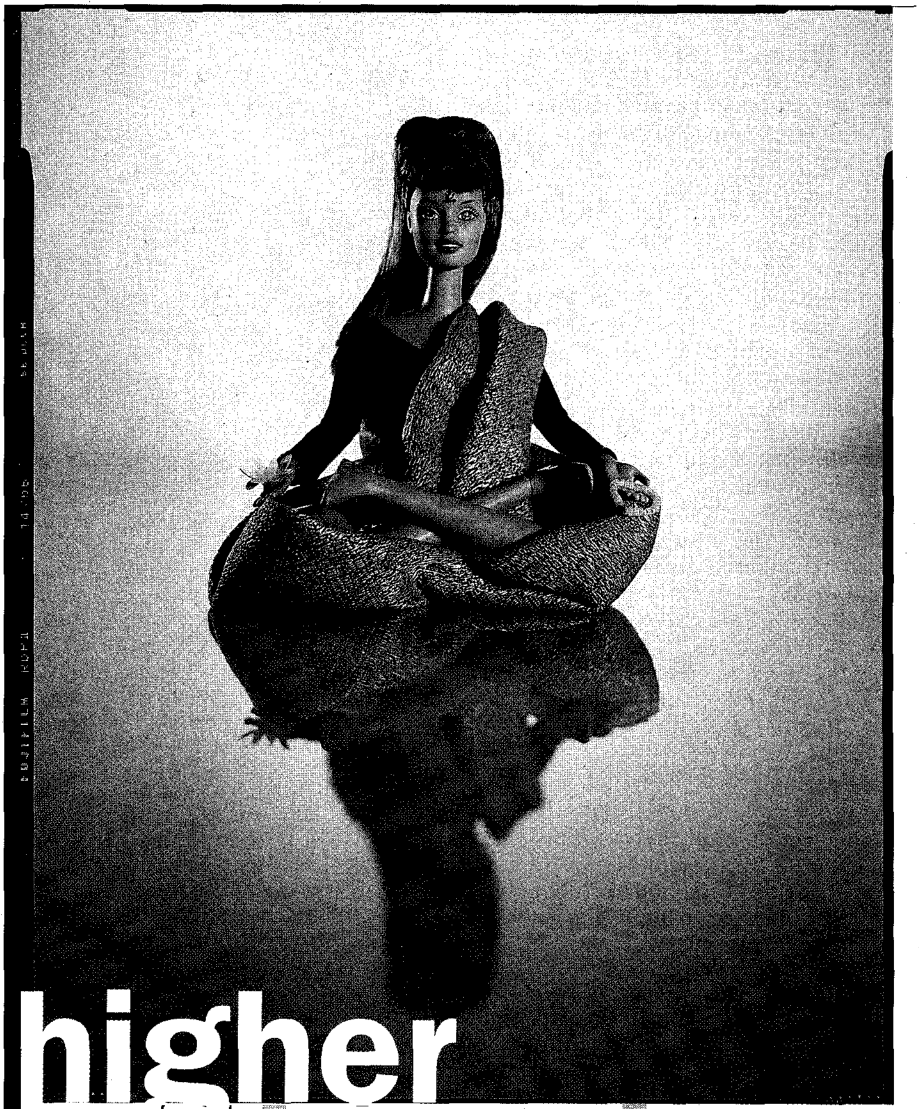


higher learning

Anyone can answer the question *What do you do?* The tough question is, *Why do you do what you do?*

the spiritual aside

Since we're all about the relentless pursuit of our own perfection, why limit it to the material world alone? Beyond hobbies and marketable skills lie deeper, more complicated questions. Not the "How do I make wicker furniture?" questions but the "Having learned how to make wicker furniture, how do I find *even greater* meaning and purpose in my life?" questions. In spite of the city's overarching mercantile themes, there are a number of places to cultivate your spiritual side as well.

The 92nd Street Y is offering a bit of amnesty for those who've made themselves scarce around the synagogue—with no questions asked about where you've been since the days of haftarahs and fountain pens. Rabbi David Woznica, the director of the Y's Bronfman Center for Jewish Life, teaches a course whose title sums up what many lapsed Jews are already thinking. **Why Lead a Jewish Life?** is a class about not how to live according to the Jewish tradition but rather the need for such a tradition at all. By looking at such texts as the Ten Commandments, the story of Cain and Abel, and the Torah, Rabbi Woznica hopes to reach "those coming to the tentative conclusion that the secular world may not be able to respond to the deeper questions in life." And what of those who remain skeptical and unsure of the teachings? Doesn't the subject matter lead to some heated debate? "I love it," comments Rabbi Woznica. "I want it. If you walk out of my class saying merely, 'Hey, that was interesting,' I've failed."

If you're finding the New Testament a little, well, old, Dr. Gregory S. Cootsona at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church's Center for Christian Studies will be more than happy to freshen it up for you in his class **Theology Through the Creed: Bringing Belief to Life**. For Cootsona, the best way to give an overview of Christian faith is by using the Apostles' Creed as a lens through which belief can be examined. "The threefold breakdown [Father, Son, and Holy Spirit] is probably the most widely used in theology, primarily because it offers a clear structure," he notes. "Each part of the Trinity acts as a magnet for certain issues." The result is not confined merely to the classroom, or the church. "It's the kind of thing that would inform one's life in a total sense," says Cootsona. "What we're trying to learn is how to connect what happens on Sunday with what happens on Monday."

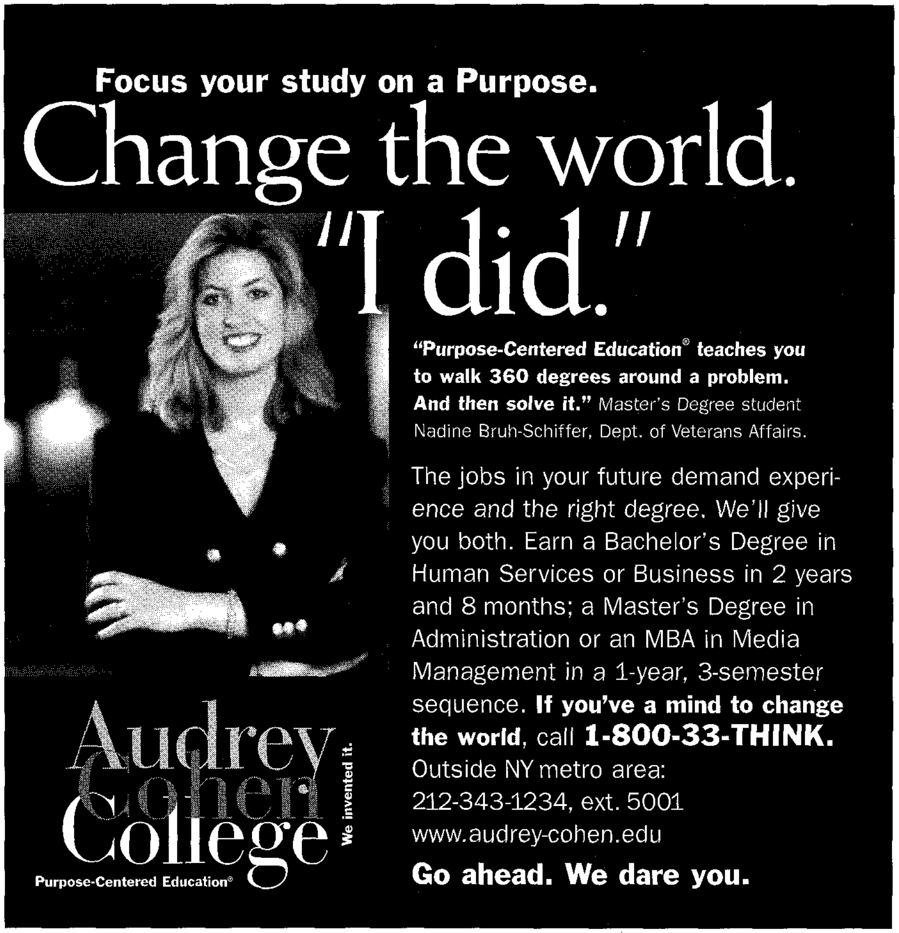
Stress and anxiety are such regular parts of New Yorkers' lives that many of us simply inure ourselves to them. All of which is fine—if you're into constant feelings of bitterness and distrust, not to mention ulcers. If you're not, you really should visit Thomas Amelio at the New York Open Center. Amelio's class, **Self-Inquiry Meditation: Uncovering Your Real Nature**, is a bit different from the standard repertoire of chants and breathing exercises that often characterize meditation. "Meditation doesn't necessarily get underneath the idea of who you are," notes Amelio. "Self-inquiry asks, 'Who are you?' If you're feeling fear, who's afraid?" Amelio notes that such an approach is particularly well suited for city residents. "New Yorkers are so sharp-minded and inquisitive that self-inquiry is a very good fit for them. You're meditating, but the mind is being used to look at its own self. It's like using a thief to catch a thief."

"Why Lead a Jewish Life? The Unique Values of Judaism," nine sessions, Mondays beginning October 11, 6:15 to 7:30 P.M.; $75. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Avenue (996-1100).

"Theology Through the Creed: Bringing Belief to Life," five sessions, Sundays beginning November 7, 9:30 to 10:30 A.M.; $15. Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, 7 West 55th Street (247-0490).

"Self-Inquiry Meditation: Uncovering Your Real Nature," six sessions, Wednesdays beginning April 7, 6 to 7:30 P.M.; $135. New York Open Center, 83 Spring Street (219-2527).

Written by Maura Egan, Sam Grobart, Logan Hill, Tim Hodler, Boris Kachka, Brett Kelly, Erika Kinetz, Nick Meyer, Anna Rachmansky, and Michael Steele.



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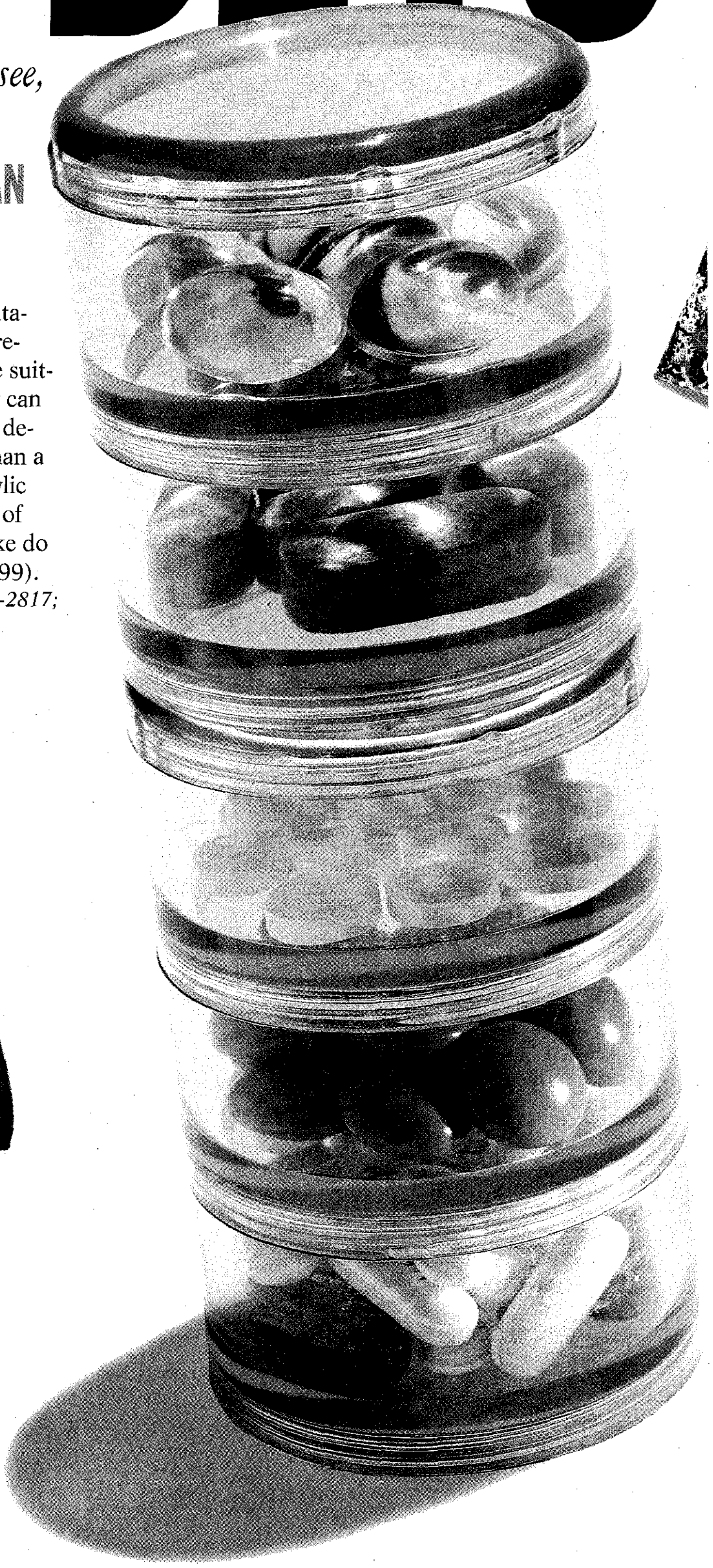
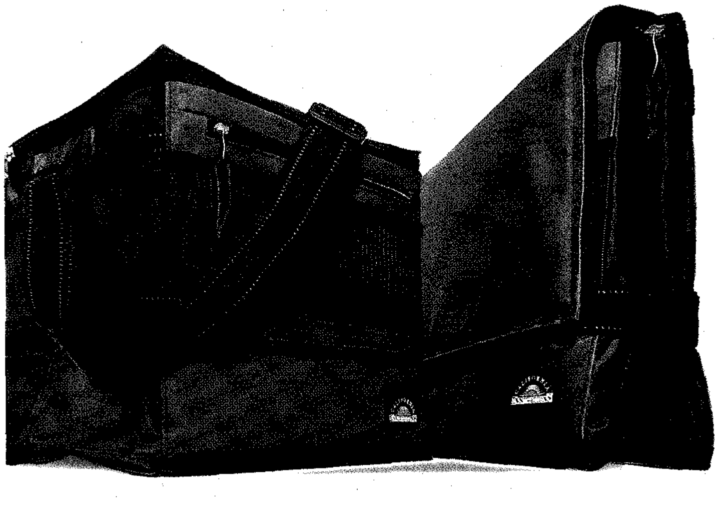
BY CORKY POLLAN

So A-Pill-ing

Those who travel with assorted medications and vitamins know the problem: The containers take up precious space and they wind up scattered all over the suitcase, yet stashing them all together in a plastic bag can be confusing *and* dangerous. Now VitaMinder has devised The Pill Case Stacker. It's not much bigger than a tube of sunscreen, yet each of the interlocking acrylic boxes can hold 20 capsules. The hypochondriacal, of course, will use all five; the less obsessive may make do with one or two of the self-contained sections ($5.99).
WILNER CHEMISTS/*100 Park Avenue, at 41st Street/682-2817; and 253 Broadway, at Murray Street/791-0505*





A Cool Disappearing Act

Each summer there's the search for the perfect picnic cooler: one that keeps foods icy cold (or piping hot), is easy to carry (but holds a lot), and disappears when summer's over. The Thermalwhiz qualifies on all points. With high-density foam insulation, things stay cold for hours; the nylon carrying strap has a shoulder pad; the smaller cooler holds 36 cans, the larger 72; and since it's collapsible—Velcro straps keep it flat—at summer's end it can be stashed away in a drawer ($23.99 and $29.99).
TARGET/*135-05 Twentieth Avenue*
College Point, Queens/718-661-4346

Holes Everything

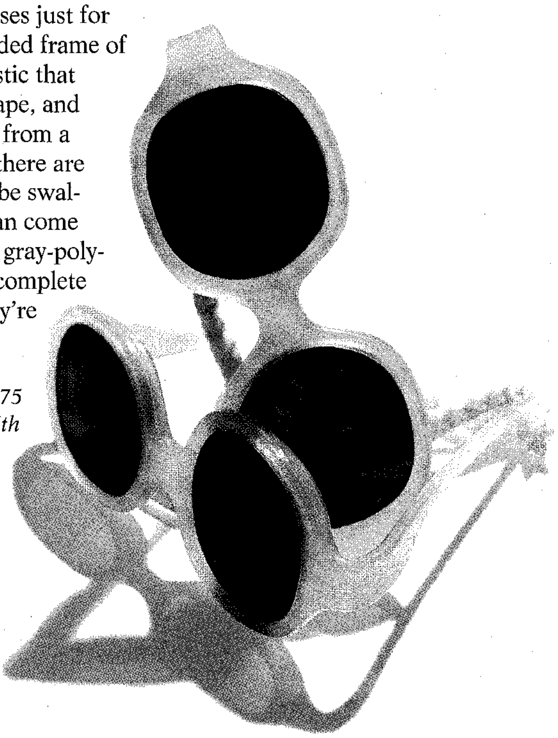
It was inspired by a child's watering can from the mid-sixties, but this Austrian millefleur plastic vessel has multiple grown-up uses. It folds flat and it folds small: Not only is it great for teeny New York apartments, but it can be slipped into a briefcase for spritzing office orchids or into a bulging suitcase for watering weekend-house zinnias. The can has a sprinkler spout and holds a gallon and a half of water ($30).

C.I.T.E. DESIGN/*100 Wooster Street/431-7272*

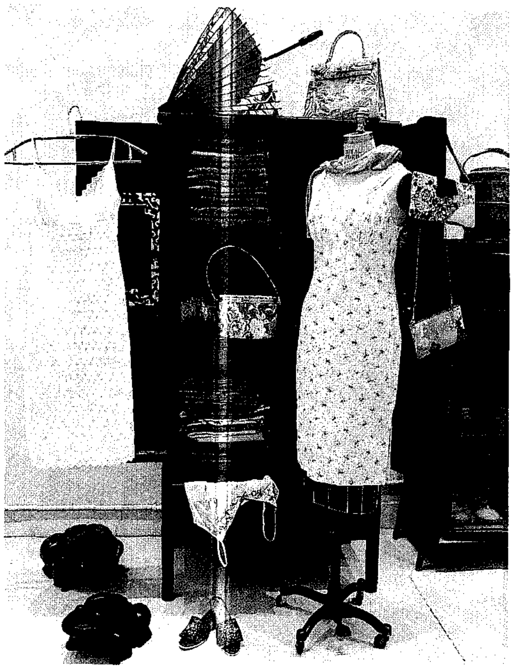
On the Marc

On the correct theory that it's never too early to begin protecting infants' and toddlers' eyes from the harmful rays of the sun, master optician Robert Marc has designed a line of sunglasses just for them. They have a molded frame of soft hypoallergenic plastic that won't stretch out of shape, and since they're fashioned from a single piece of plastic, there are no metal pins that can be swallowed, no stems that can come loose. The high-quality gray-polycarbonate lenses offer complete UV protection, and they're scratch- and shatterproof ($125).

ROBERT MARC OPTICIANS/*575 Madison Avenue, at 57th Street/319-2000; and 190 Columbus Avenue, near 68th Street/799-4600*



Send shopping queries to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.



Mai Oui?

Call her radical, but Suzan Azuma doesn't believe that all hip boutiques have to be located on Mott or Mulberry Street. She recently opened Mai, and though it's on 39th Street just off Sixth Avenue, the fashionistas have already flocked there. They come for Mexican leather sandals, Azuma's girly cotton-eyelet dresses, the antique obi bags designed by Kaos, delicate chemises, pashmina throws, and assorted one-of-a-kind oddments (tea sets, glasses, benches, wood tables) from China, Japan, Thailand, the Philippines, Korea, and the U.S. Azuma is no novice to the fashion trade—she's been an accessories stylist for Calvin Klein and a merchandise manager for top American designers (Ralph Lauren, Donna Karan, and Anna Sui) at Seibu, a Japanese department store. In her fusion shop, East meets West and old meets new in all manner of tempting ways. (From $8 for Chinese sandals to $198 for a floral dress to $12,000 for an antique Chinese wood screen.)

MAI/*48 West 39th Street/719-3888*

SMARTCITY

Instant Vacation

With their regionally focused wine lists, these restaurants offer a month in the country all in one meal. **By Tony Hendra**

Far from the ferment: Finding a delicious wine from Greece will transform a meal at Molyvos into a Mediterranean holiday (above). Sommelier and co-owner of I Coppi, John Brennan (right), takes his patrons on a whirlwind tour of Tuscany's most interesting wine-makers.

ANY WINE LOVER KNOWS THAT the best reason to hit the road in the summer is not to take in the sights but to sip the local vintage. From your perch in that Mediterranean villa, you can sample the best of the region's food and wine.

Regional focus is a crucial aspect of a good wine list, as is brevity, but it's rare to find both here in New York. The trend toward phone-book wine lists, with a little bit of something from all over (and a great deal too much from Bordeaux and Burgundy), may make sommeliers feel like they've arrived in the big leagues, but they're of very little use to the average, reasonably informed diner. More to the point, there are very few top-level chefs currently at stove in New York whose dishes will not be obliterated by the cult Californian grape soups that crowd those bulging lists.

If you are stuck here for the summer, you don't have to put up with the gouging wine list at the latest monument to culinary excess, where the mortgage drives 300 and 400 percent markups—a problem compounded by the ocean of dumb money gurgling through the city's arteries like LDL cholesterol. (The New York restaurateur's unwritten law remains: Make a living on the food and a killing on the wine.)

A good wine list, like a good vacation, should focus tightly on the strengths of a region. At these restaurants you can taste wine from some of the most interesting regions in Europe and still concentrate on the strengths of the chef and the provenance of the cuisine.

CUCINA TOSCANA IS A TOUGH ROW TO HOE in New York, a place well populated with super- and pseudo-Tuscans. **I Coppi** (432 East 9th Street) is pushing the limits of rustic authenticity, but the place is a hot ticket—its smoker-friendly garden just opened, further increasing its Tuscan authenticity—and the food gets better by the week. Chef Sara Jenkins, who, despite her name, grew up in Tuscany, has a gossamer touch.

I Coppi's list, put together with quiet passion by co-owner John Brennan, is exclusively Tuscan. (Caveat on price: Tuscan wines, especially those from the small, hot producers favored here, are not cheap. Nonetheless, Brennan keeps his markup around a fair 200 percent; your pleasure will be enhanced by knowing you're not being gypped.) His "Young Simple Tuscan" section presents a handful of delicious bottles at 30 bucks or under that are not chosen to shame you into buying something pricier. Two faves: Fattoria Ambra 1996 Carmignano ($30) and the yummy young Castello di Fonterutoli 1997 Badiola ($28), which is also the house pour. The list is organized clearly from "Chianti Classico Riserva" to "Super-Tuscans."

The Sangiovese grape, the heart of Tuscan wine, dominates in most of the wines here. Warm, dusty, and rich, it always evokes for me olive groves on a summer day. There are several vintages of ever-reliable Chianti Classico Riservas from Castello di Ama, Castello dei Rampolla, and Badia a Coltibuono (most $55–$85). I also like the Riserva from Geografico (warm and currant-y; $36) and especially the Berardenga from Fattoria di Felsina—a terra-cotta red of old-style Chianti, with a perfect traditional Sangiovese nose and beautifully layered mouth ($42).

Other quick hits: Fattoria Querciabella Chianti Normale 1997, young and aromatic ($35), and the 100 percent Sangiovese Grosso Castello di Gabbiano per Ania 1993, full, deep, an old friend ($48). Also from Castello di Fonterutoli, Siepi 1995 ($100), a rich, magnificent fifty-fifty Merlot-Sangiovese blend in the *internazionale* style; eat hearty with this—it will overpower delicate dishes.

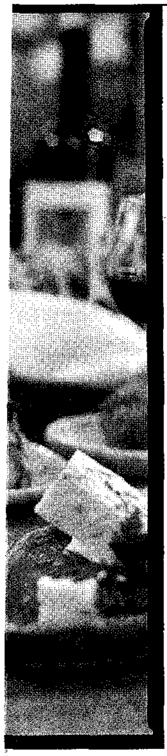
EXPERT TESTIMONY

High and Dry

After you've washed that man (or woman) right out of your hair, how are you going to dry it? Not, we hope, with that five-and-dime-bought hair dryer that seems to have only two settings: regular and extra-crispy. Stylist Paul Labrecque (Paul Labrecque Salon & Spa, 160 Columbus Avenue; 595-0099) prefers to dry the heads of customers like Natasha Richardson, Debra Winger, and Kyra Sedgwick with the Solano Gold hair dryer. "It has the most power, it dries the hair the quickest, and it's very easy to use—all good things," remarks Labrecque. Handcrafted in Europe, civilian-model Solanos may be found at your local drugstore, but the professional-line Gold (which retails for around $120) can be found at both Labrecque's salon and on the Web at Ball Beauty Supply (www.ballbeauty.com).

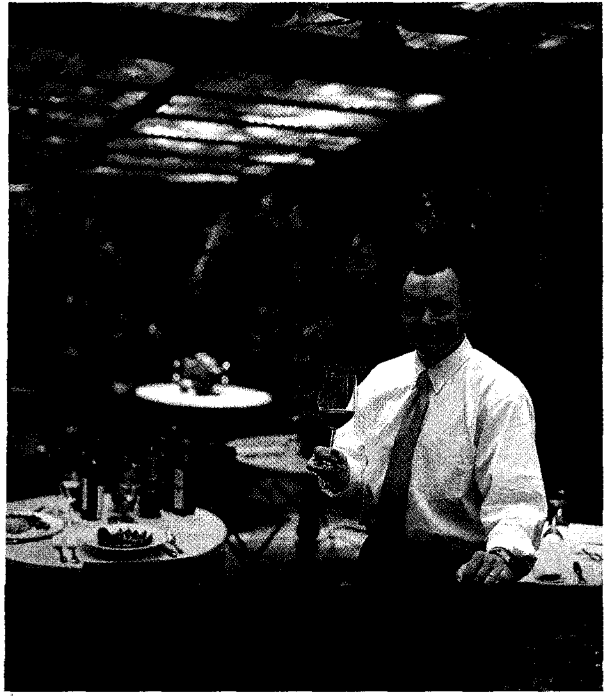
SAM GROBART

Photographs by Robert Wright (2).



Whites are not big in Tuscany: There are two crisp Vernaccias (di San Gimignano; $22 and $25) and the evocative Terre di Tufi 1997 from Fattoria Ponte a Rondolino ($35). If you want to splurge on super-Tuscans, they're well represented (at a certain depth): Sassicaia, Ornellaia, Tignanello, Solaia. There's also an unusual (and currently unlisted) selection of Vin Santo. (Ask.)

I LOVE GREEK FOOD, IN PART because food criterati tend to look down on it, but it's tough to find a place that doesn't serve it up with little other than Retsina—that frightful pine-cleanser plonk redolent of student days. **Molyvos** (871 Seventh Avenue, near 55th Street) is unique in having a readably short, well-chosen list that suits its hearty, sunny food. Ignore the usual thwacking great left-coast Chards and Cabs and dive into the unusual number of Greek wines (37). Like other formerly backward wine-producing nations (e.g., Portugal), Greece is coming on strong with producers like Skouras and Boutari (both well represented here) turning out quite unique wines from traditional Greek grape varieties. In whites, try Moschofilero from Tselepos ($24), crisp, citrusy, elegant; or the lovely Assyrtiko Thalassitis from Santorini ($29), lightly perfumed and slightly salty, like sunlight sparkling off the Mediterranean. The gorgeous Assyrtiko from hot guy Gerovassiliou ($30), by contrast, is deeper and rounder, like eating a peach on a sailboat. Somehow, all these sharp, clean whites evoke the sea. On wine's dark side, Boutari's Xynomavro (another traditional grape; $35) has an exotic nose and light, complex mouth unlike any red I've ever tasted; Boutari's Xynomavro/Merlot blend ($40), on the other hand, is quite Bordeaux-esque, evoking a fine cru bourgeois. Greek reds are distinguished by having only the most delicate hint of wood. Sommelier–wine manager John Pardalis, a charming Spartan (literally, from Sparta), also recommends the 1996 Refosco (red) from Domaine Mercouri. He promises new infusions of Greek bottles soon. Molyvos's list has some of the most deliciously new, palate-opening wines I've had in a long time.



A PIONEER IN TIGHT FOCUS WAS RUFINO Lopez, first at the long-lamented Alcala on Amsterdam and now at the well-established **Solera** (216 East 53rd Street). His blessedly brief, exclusively Spanish list has been updated. Standouts among the (underappreciated) Spanish whites: Organistrum Albariño ($45), full, round, but dryly elegant; crisp, fragrant Viña Godeval from Valdeorras ($38); the unpronounceable Txakoli of Txomin Etxaniz ($32), a lighthearted lunch companion from the Pais Vasco (Basque country). In the red column, it's hard to beat any Rioja—Crianza, Reserva, or Gran Reserva, from Cune or Muga; Vega Sindoa from Navarra ($30); new additions from Abadia Retuerta in Sardon del Deuro (hard by Ribera del Deuro); and the full-bodied 1996 Pasanau from the red-hot Priorat region ($56). If there's a hole in this list, considering the stylish Iberian fare, it's rosados, so popular amongst Iberians themselves. A fine substitute: the list's single biggest bargain, Juvé y Camps Reserva de la Familia, a fruity, yeasty cava (sparkling white) that dances with anything and will add a mere $30 to your check.

NAVIGATOR

Q: My dad has a birthday coming up, and I want to give him a copy of *Life* from the week he was born. Where do I get such a thing?

A: As long as the birthday boy is under 70 or so, you're in luck. "People recycled a lot of magazines during the Depression," says Kurt Westphal, owner of A&S Magazines (308 West 40th Street; 947-6313), so pre-1930 periodicals are comparatively scarce. Nevertheless, A&S still has them by the pile. His total stock, putting the Collyer brothers to shame, is about half a million magazines, "give or take 100,000." Specialties of the house include fashion and sports titles, as well as newsweeklies.

The owner of Jay Bee Magazines (150 West 28th Street, Room 601; 675-1600), Henry Greenbaum, claims an even larger back stock, in the millions. This 40-year-old business specializes in entertainment and weekly titles (*TV Guide, Life, Time, Newsweek, People*), and a typical mid-century issue goes for about $10. The only catch: You'd better hope that your dad wasn't born in his favorite magazine's inaugural week. Greenbaum just sold the highly collectible *Sports Illustrated* No. 1 for about $200; the first *Playboy,* with its famous Marilyn Monroe cover, goes for about $2,000. If, however, your gift recipient was born after 1968, both shops stock what we humbly declare to be the iconically, ultimately perfect present. Says Westphal: "*New York* Magazine? Sure—we sell them all the time."

CHRISTOPHER BONANOS

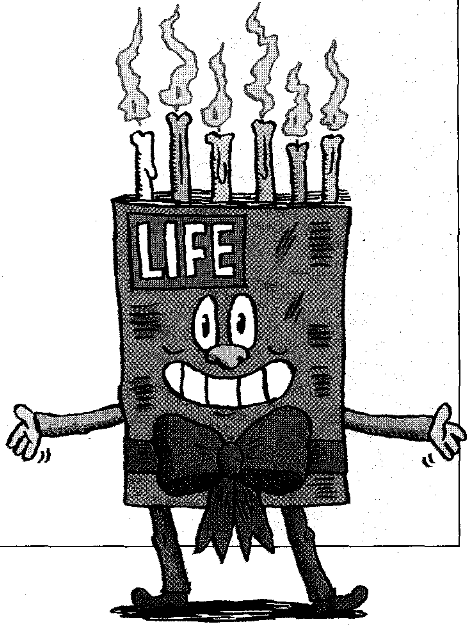
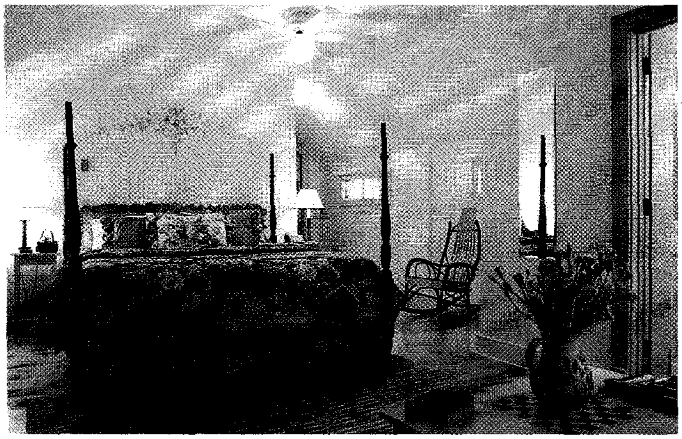


Illustration by Paul Corio.

SALES & BARGAINS **SHYAMA PATEL**

Upstate Downtime

Get into Columbia! *Columbia County, that is, just three hours up the Taconic and a world away from* **the city *and* the beach.**



IF YOU'VE LONG SINCE BEEN PRICED OUT of a Hamptons share, stop pining for a glam beach weekend. Instead, consider sunny, green Columbia County, where cherries don't cost $7 a quart and you don't have to book weeks ahead for dinner. About three hours north of the city, the area is bordered by the Hudson River and the Berkshires (meaning that there's great swimming and hiking). At night, drive to **Tanglewood** for outdoor performances by the Boston Symphony or to see a play at **Williamstown** (the hot ticket: Gwyneth Paltrow in *As You Like It*). If you want to see the leaves turn, book fast—fall's when this area heats up.

In the center of the historic Shaker community, tiny and resolutely unchic New Lebanon is only 25 minutes from the Berkshires. Stay at the **Inn at Shaker Mill**, a converted gristmill on 60 acres of farmland (24 rooms, all with private baths; $65 per person). Or, for one of the area's best deals, call the simple, rustic **Palmer House** (seven rooms, some with shared baths; $65–$95). But hurry—most of August is booked.

In nearby Canaan, **The Inn at Silver Maple Farm** (pictured, above left) is a picturesque, old-fashioned B&B on ten acres of rolling hills (nine rooms; $95–$155). About twenty miles north (closer to Williamstown), the antiques-filled **Sedgwick Inn** (pictured, above right) is near lots of hiking and swimming. (rooms are $105–$120 in the main house, $85 in the motel-style annex).

Tanglewood Music Festival (413-637-5165); Williamstown Theater Festival (413-597-3400); The Inn at Shaker Mill, 40 Cherry Lane, New Lebanon, N.Y. (518-794-9345); The Palmer House, Route 22, New Lebanon, N.Y. (518-794-9385); The Inn at Silver Maple Farm, Route 295, Canaan, N.Y. (518-781-3600); The Sedgwick Inn, Route 22, Berlin, N.Y. (518-658-2334).

Picks of the Week

Zitomer, the fancy uptown pharmacy, is taking 40 percent off August essentials, including all sunglasses (like Gucci and Ray-Ban), sunscreen (from Banana Boat to Clarins), hats (like Eric Javitz), and hairbrushes (from Goody to Mason Pearson). *969 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (737-5560); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 9–8, Sat. till 7, Sun. till 6; 7/26–8/6.*

Lederer de Paris is clearing out thousands of classic linen, leather, and microfiber handbags at $79.95 each (usually they're $159–$400). *457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (355-5515); A.E., M.C.,V.; Mon.–Sat. 9:30–6; 7/26–8/14.*

Warren Edwards is taking half off most summer shoes, including many women's loafers, sandals, and mules, and select men's loafers and lace-ups. Prices are $225–$395. *475 Park Ave., at 57th St. (752-4883); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 10:30–6; 7/26–8/9.*

Pumpkin Maternity's sweet summer gear is now 20 to 50 percent off, including gingham dresses, button-front shirts, and Capri pants. Everything's $20–$65. *67 E. 3rd St., Room B (674-7476); cash only; Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; 7/29–7/31.* ■

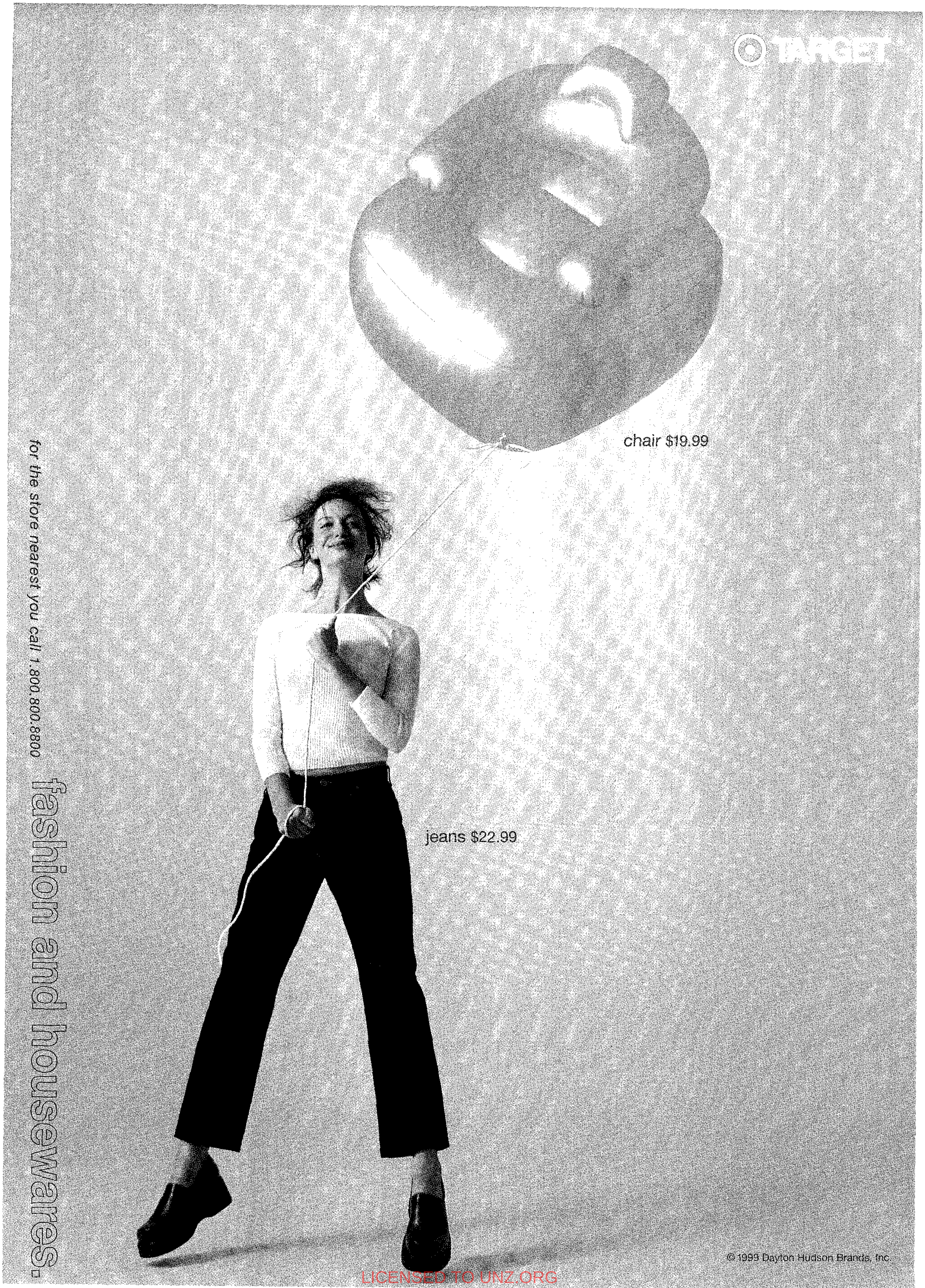
DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

ALWAYS A DEAL

The Remains of the Day

FOR COOL VINTAGE STUFF AT YARD-SALE PRICES, DON'T MISS UPSTATE AUCTIONS. On Saturday nights, **Meissner's Auction Service** sells everything from rickety old chairs to Shaker quilts. But for serious deals, visit one of their on-site auctions (call for dates); at the end, you might score a battered trunk, lamp, or even bed frame for as little as $5. If you can't tote it, they'll deliver for $200. *Route 20–22, New Lebanon, N.Y. (518-766-5002).*

Photographs: clockwise from top left, courtesy of the Inn at Silver Maple Farm; courtesy of the Sedgwick Inn; courtesy of Warren Edwards.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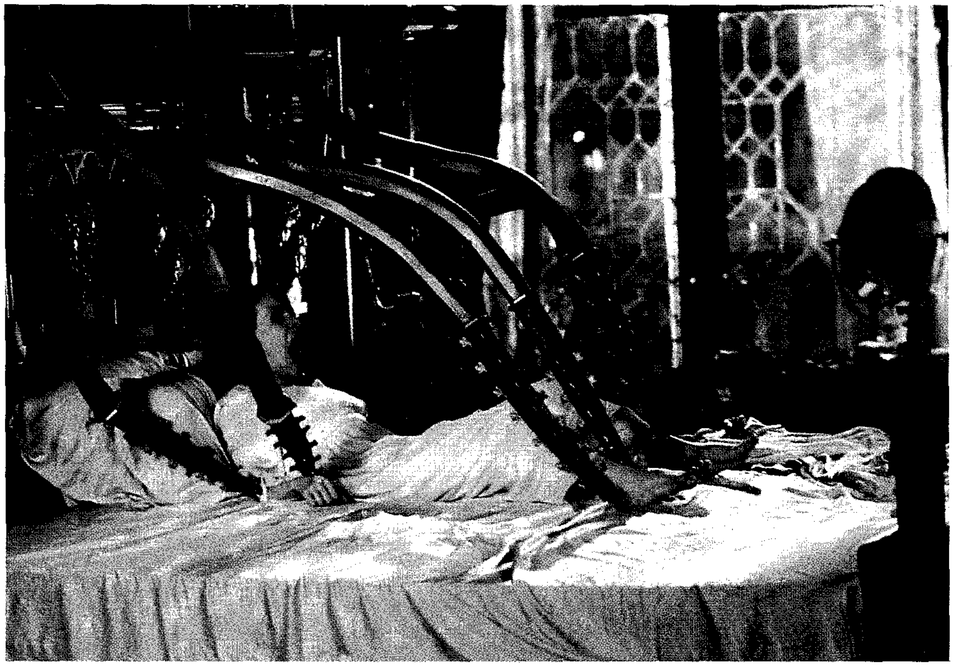
MOVIES PETER RAINER

Scream Cheese

In his remake of 'The Haunting,' action-flick director Jan De Bont throws so much tacky hardware at the viewer, it's hard not to giggle.



Web site: Lili Taylor and friend in *The Haunting.*

WHEN IT COMES TO PUTTING HORROR ON the screen, less is almost invariably more. In **The Haunting**, adapted from Shirley Jackson's novel *The Haunting of Hill House,* more is almost always less. It hurls so many special effects at us that after a very short while the audience feels under assault—it's more war movie than horror movie. The point of all this tumult is presumably to give us a thrill ride, but a certain condescension is built into the approach: By doing all the work for us, the filmmakers don't allow us to use our own imaginations. They must think pummeling trumps the power of suggestion. They couldn't be more wrong.

Shrieking together is one of the communal pleasures of watching a horror movie with a big audience. At the press screening I attended, the communion was all about laughter—of the unintended variety. (The audience seemed resolved to have a good time, even if it wasn't the kind the filmmakers were aiming for.) The silliness starts early, when Nell (Lili Taylor), a mousy shut-in who had been caring for her invalid mother, arrives at the forbidding 130-year-old Hill House, in a remote area of the Berkshires, to take part in what is misleadingly billed as an insomnia research study. She's ushered onto the grounds by the caretaker, played by—who else?—Bruce Dern. The mansion is supposed to be frightful, but the production designer, Eugenio Zanetti, under the guidance of director Jan De Bont, has gone hog-wild for Moroccan, Indian, Gothic, Neo-Classic, Baroque, Romanesque, Disney World–esque, Xanadu-esque, *Addams Family*–esque. (The sets were constructed in the same space in Long Beach, California, that once housed Howard Hughes's *Spruce Goose,* which must be some kind of poetic justice.) It's robber-baron kitsch, and in a comedy it might have made giddy sense. But the effect here is to suffocate the horror by piling on the ornateness. When the huge Moroccan doors and circular mirrored rooms start to rumble and sway, you figure that, for what they cost, they had *better* do something.

The real research study being conducted in Hill House is not about insomnia but about "the dynamics of fear." Besides Nell, the annoyingly intense Dr. David Marrow (Liam Neeson) has convened Luke (Owen Wilson), a wisecracking cynic who early on suspects the study is a sham, and Theo (Catherine Zeta-Jones), a bisexual gadabout who seems to have a change of clothes for every scene—no, make that every shot—she's in. Theo comes on to just about everyone and everything; even the statues and the moldings don't appear to be off-limits. With all this concupiscence at her disposal, why would this insomniac ever worry about sleeping? Dr. Marrow doesn't seem to notice Theo's allurements, though. He's too busy being dubious about all the clangings and clonkings Nell claims to be experiencing. Instead of trying to help the poor stricken woman by bundling her out of Hill House, he perseveres, which makes him something of a sadist, although the film just views him as "driven." With Marrow, the scientific method is just a little out of control, that's all. Kind of like filmmakers who don't know when enough is enough.

Jan De Bont made his fame as the director of *Speed* and *Twister,* and he brings to the party a smash-and-grab style that's almost at the opposite extreme from what Robert Wise brought to his 1963 version of Jackson's novel. Wise's *Haunting* was infinitely scarier, and the scares were almost all suggestive. Julie Harris as Nell was the neurasthenic spinster whose every twitch seemed to trigger a shift in the shadows; Claire Bloom's Theo was the lesbian as sloe-eyed Village sophisticate. What happened to these people mattered to us, because they were, well, *people*—not, as in De Bont's version, merely distractions from the décor. (De Bont's talented cast is almost uniformly awful, right on a par with the script; having given the worst performance of his career, Liam Neeson must feel relieved he can't

(continued on page 59)

Photograph by Frank Masi.

THEATER JOHN SIMON

Bodies Politic

The spirit of O'Casey lives: The Lincoln Center Festival presents an early Brian Friel play notable for its explicit, powerful take on the Troubles.

T**he Freedom of the City** (1973) IS ONE OF BRIAN Friel's rare explicitly political plays. In this fiction, three peaceful political marchers in a Catholic rally in Derry, Northern Ireland, attacked by the police, accidentally find refuge in the empty Guildhall, in the mayor's private office. Misled by foolish TV reports, the British authorities envision 40 armed terrorists, not three harmless, underprivileged figures: Michael Hegarty, 22, earnest and idealistic; Skinner, 21, a charming drifter; and Lily Doherty, 43, the sole support—in two rooms—of an incapacitated husband and eleven children.

Outside, the army joins the police in a state of siege. Inside, Hegarty tries to behave exemplarily and emerge unscathed; Skinner revels in the mayor's liquor, fancy robes and hat, and sundry amenities; Lily, fluctuating between the two, finally warms to brandy and companionship, in which even Hegarty grudgingly joins. An army megaphone promises fair treatment for peaceful surrender; when the three comply, gunfire mows them down.

Freedom plays with manifold ironies. There is the dramatic irony, presenting the principals as corpses at the very start, accompanied by a police account of the events. There is the irony of the inquiry conducted by a partisan British judge that, making use of ambiguities by the forensic expert and court pathologist—not to mention the army's lies—ends up justifying the summary shooting. There is the irony of stupid TV coverage, a Catholic priest's jejune blather, and an American sociology professor's platitudinous pontifications. Also that of a drunken pub singer who improvises a ballad mythicizing the victims as martyred freedom fighters. And the final irony of the funeral, with the church, the politicos, and the media glorifying those whom, alive, they misled, maltreated, or neglected.

Though the central action rings true, the surrounding ironies may pile up too heavily. Still, Seamus Deane, a friend of Friel's, writes persuasively of Friel's work: "The voice of power tells one kind of fiction—the lie. It has the purpose of preserving its own interests. The voice of powerlessness tells another kind of fiction—the illusion. It has the purpose of pretending that its own interests have been preserved." I disagree with Robert Brustein, who accuses the play of "substitution of political indignation for credible playwriting." This may apply to the secondary characters; the main ones are fully rounded.

The Abbey Theatre's guest production at the Lincoln Center Festival is deftly staged by Conall Morrison, including the attack with gas and rubber bullets on the marchers. All the performances persuade. Gerard Crossan's Hegarty, one of the deserving poor, is as fine as Michael Colgan's Skinner, one of the shiftless ones. And in Lily, zestily played by the winning Sorcha Cusack, we get Friel's masterstroke: a salt-of-the-earth creature not patronized, sentimentalized, or embellished. When already aware of the precariousness of her condition, she can still lustily evoke her wretched spouse and neighbors and conclude: "And I'm here in the mayor's parlour, dressed up like the Duchess of Kent and drinking port wine. I'll tell you something, Skinner: It's a very unfair world."

Threesome: Gerard Crossan, Sorcha Cusack, and Michael Colgan in *The Freedom of the City.*

His fellow Ulsterman and friend, the poet Seamus Heaney, says of Friel, "He means that an expert, hurt, and shocking laughter is the only adequate response to a calloused condition." What could characterize *The Freedom of the City* better than "hurt laughter"?

A NEW VELMA KELLY AND ROXIE HART DISPLAY THEIR skills in the long-running **Chicago**. Ruthie Henshall scored as Roxie in the London production; here she wanted to essay Velma. She is an accomplished actress and dancer, and has the mischievously dark-velvety voice of a naughty cello. Still, I suspect she was better as Roxie. Now she may be un- *(continued on page 59)*

Photograph by Stephanie Berger.

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Beak Experience

The Caramoor Festival unearths Rossini's rarely produced 'La Gazza Ladra,' the semi-comic tale of an innocent girl saved by an amoral magpie.

Gazza's trip: **From left, Edward Albert, Marguerite Krull, and Vivica Genaux.**

Photograph by Harrison Edwards.

THE REDISCOVERY OF ITALian bel canto opera more or less passed New York by. Apart from a few significant revivals over the past 40 years, the Metropolitan has remained aloof, and such fabled divas as Callas, Caballé, Sutherland, and Sills mainly performed their bel canto specialties elsewhere. We are unlikely now to catch up on all the Rossini-Donizetti-Bellini operas that have been exhumed, but the Caramoor Festival is making a game stab. Will Crutchfield, a conductor and scholarly expert in the field, has staked out turf on the Caramoor estate in Katonah, where each summer he selects one work for careful reexamination and performance in a semi-staged production with handpicked singers and the Orchestra of St. Luke's. This year his choice fell on Rossini's **La Gazza Ladra**, first seen at La Scala, Milan, in 1817 and the composer's most notable essay in the semi-seria genre.

Crutchfield's succinct description of semi-seria is worth quoting: "As the name implies, this was a 'half-serious' form, freely employing the conventions of comic opera and its concentration on ordinary folk (as opposed to the heroes of legend and history), yet treating serious events and importing an element of pathos outside the range of such madcap escapades as those in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* and *L'Italiana in Algeri*." That nicely describes the general character of *La Gazza Ladra,* although the bizarre incident upon which the plot turns seems in fact to promise an opera full of madcap escapades. A young servant named Ninetta is accused of stealing silverware. She is tried and found guilty by the local judiciary, but just as she is to pay the ultimate penalty, the real culprit is discovered: a thieving magpie (the opera's title character) that has a bad habit of spiriting bright objects to its nest. No snickering, please. The tale is based on a true-life event, in which the poor girl really was executed before the truth came out.

Actually, the McGuffin (as Alfred Hitchcock would have called the plot gimmick) is less important than the surprising incidents and misunderstandings it provokes, leading to a lively portrait of a typically merry opera buffa village gone slightly sour. A high-spirited but responsible and sensitive girl, Ninetta generates genuine audience sympathy, as does her father, who as an army deserter has crises of his own to deal with. Even the lecherous town mayor has a sinister side, while Ninetta's sidekick, a peasant lad named Pippo, and her boyfriend, Giannetto, respond to the impending tragedy with a depth of concern that raises them well above the usual stock types. And of course, it's all red meat to Rossini, whose richly inventive score blends his comic and tragic voices to make *La Gazza Ladra* a very special piece.

With one exception, the raw vocal material on hand for this performance was only just adequate, proving Crutchfield's observation that without serious virtuosos in every leading role the opera cannot make its full effect. On the other hand, the cast was immaculate in matters of style, dramatic timing, and expressive declamation, achieving a level of ensemble polish and musical coherence that more-glamorous vocal personalities often fail to reach. So all the more credit to the one major singer on hand, Vivica Genaux, as Pippo, who never tried to steal the show despite the clear advantage she enjoyed in terms of vocal quality and technical agility. In the end, though, it was a pleasure simply to get better acquainted with this sparkling piece, a masterly opera of originality and immense musical charm.

THE FIVE BEETHOVEN PIANO CONCERTOS, FOUR CONCERTS devoted to orchestral and choral works by Schumann, and a Steve Reich retrospective—the classical-music programming at this summer's **Lincoln Center Festival**—won't win any awards for freshness, imagination, or daring flights into the unknown. Few, I think, would question the actual worth of the music or how it was performed, but the Beethoven and Schumann are played year in and out—even the latter's problematical choral setting of scenes from Goethe's *Faust* is no longer the rarity it once was—and Reich is among our most often performed and recorded senior composers.

The melodramatically titled *Schumann Revealed* concerts led by John Eliot Gardiner are yet to come as I write, so perhaps that conductor does have something startlingly new to tell us about this composer. And it could be that I missed revelations at the Reich celebration and Emanuel Ax's Beethoven Concerto cycle with Kurt Masur and the New York Philharmonic, since scheduling conflicts permitted me to attend only two installments of each. In any case, I am not inclined to pick nits over Ax's thoughtfully considered and musically satisfying interpretations of Concertos Nos. 3 and 4, two works I had not heard the pianist play since he recorded them with André Previn and the Royal Philharmonic more than a decade ago. That partnership failed to strike sparks, so it was salutary to hear how much architectural sinew and expressive content Ax now finds in the notes when working with more congenial colleagues.

It was my bad luck to draw two Steve Reich concerts that, for me at least, contained some of his least nourishing music: four early pieces constructed from phase repetition—*Come Out* (1966), *Piano Phase* (1967), *Violin Phase* (1967), and *Clapping Music* (1972)—and his first major experiment with music theater, *The Cave* (1993), a collaboration with his wife, video artist Beryl Korot.

How empty and arid it all seemed. One motivation for the minimalist revolution that spawned Reich's style in the sixties was presumably a reaction to the dry abstractions of academic serialists who, we are continually told, terrorized new-music circles in those days. But are the mechanized patterns of classical minimalism any less coldly calculated and dehumanizing? Reich's four phase pieces seem even more barren when heard as an accompaniment to Anne Teresa De Keersmaeker's choreography, which so accurately and chillingly reflects the relentless geometric progress of the music. As for *The Cave,* an audio-visual meditation on the biblical Cave of Machpelah at Hebron, I fled in despair after Act I. Having endured this tedious contraption at BAM six years ago, I found a second exposure to be needlessly masochistic. A meandering mix of Jewish-Islamic theology, video documentary, computer technology, and robotic music-making, *The Cave* remains a very empty place. ▬

Peter Davis's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Rainer *continued from page 56*

sink any lower). Robert Wise had worked with the low-budget horror maestro Val Lewton in the forties on such genre classics as *Curse of the Cat People,* and he brought to *The Haunting* the same spare stylistics. Like just about all good scare pictures, it included the audience as full collaborator, recognizing that what the director puts on the screen can never be quite as scary as what we might imagine.

It's a touching approach in retrospect. Imagine! Using a feather instead of a sledgehammer! Even back in 1963, Wise was already out of touch with the show-it-all shock tactics coming into vogue. (The film was not a commercial hit.) Today, much more so than three decades ago, a film like Wise's *Haunting* might seem like an affront to moviegoers who expect constant instant gratification. The pleasures of suggestion, of delayed gratification, seem lost on audiences, older as well as younger, who have been pounded into submission by movies until they think the pounding *is* the movie. The current whirlybird style of high-powered muscularity has crossed over from the Hollywood action picture into the horror genre: You come out of a movie like *The Haunting* or *The Mummy* feeling like you just sat through *Armageddon.* With its cheesy-scary monumentality, *The Mummy* was a big hit. Despite the laughter at the screening, *The Haunting* may end up a hit, too. If sensation is all, who cares if the sensations make any sense, or if they stay with you for even a millisecond after you leave the theater?

MOVIES

In brief: AS AN ANTIDOTE TO THE STRONG-ARM pseudo-horrifics of *The Haunting,* you might want to check out the zero-budget **Blair Witch Project**, written, directed, and edited by Daniel Myrick and Eduardo Sanchez, with the actors themselves (Heather Donahue, Michael Williams, Joshua Leonard) shooting and improvising for eight days as filmmakers who hiked into the Black Hills Forest in Maryland to make a documentary about the local Blair Witch legend. Since we're told from the start that the footage we're seeing was found a year after the trio disappeared, the cold creeps set in early. The improvisations sometimes sound too much like improvisations, the handheld camerawork should probably not be viewed on a full stomach, and there's enough nattering and bickering to make you wish the legend would become a reality a lot faster. Despite all this, the dread is palpable. You don't need buckets of moolah and a zillion computer-generated effects to get a rise out of an audience. Just a little imagination, a little suggestive terror, will do quite nicely. ▬

Peter Rainer's 1998–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Simon *continued from page 57*

consciously imitating her London vis-à-vis, Ute Lemper, too mannered and mannish for a good role model. Her main problem, though, is Bebe Neuwirth: Once a part has been done to indisputable perfection, it leaves its inheritors with a Hobson's choice: to imitate or strenuously differ, neither one a safe solution. Even so, newcomers to the show will not be disappointed.

As Roxie, Charlotte d'Amboise is an appealing personality and an impeccable dancer but acts the part with too much girlishness, an excess of parodied innocence. Clearly the director, Walter Bobbie, has been remiss here. And here, too, an arduous precedent was set by Ann Reinking's irresistibly dirty, low-down quality, for which Miss d'Amboise's violated-ingenue demeanor is not a valid substitute. Yet the fresh audience around me seemed perfectly content.

THEATER

Brent Barrett, as the cynical and amoral shyster Billy Flynn, is now entirely up to his illustrious precursors. And P. J. Benjamin may be even better than the formidable Joel Grey as the nerdy Amos Hart—less adorable, more real. *Chicago* is still worth a dozen *Annie Get Your Guns* in the latter's current hapless disincarnation.

After the Fair, BASED ON A THOMAS HARDY story, has only four characters, even though its situations often cry out for more, and feels in general like the musical-comedy equivalent of home movies. This would matter less if Stephen Cole's book and lyrics, and Matthew Ward's music, were less earthbound. Or have there been just too many shows where people write letters to one another from one end of the stage to the other, not to mention one person's composing another's love letters with unhappy consequences?

Correspondence may also have figured in the lives of the cast, who speak with correspondence-course British accents. As a stiff husband, David Staller backs up an impressive-sounding bio with a much less impressive performance; James Ludwig plays a rising barrister as perhaps the sixth of those seven brothers in another show expecting mail-order brides. Jennifer Piech is a spirited serving wench but behaves more like her mistress's spoiled brat than like her maid. As her unhappily married employer, Michele Pawk comes off best, but either Travis L. Stockley's direction or James Morgan's unit set makes her seem too reined in, even a bit stilted. Every song sounds like a somewhat tuneless reprise, albeit not of itself; one is entitled "Nothing Will Ever Be the Same," although disproof lies close at hand. ▬

John Simon's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

$64,000 Questions

'Nightline' Talmudist Robert Krulwich asks if faster is better, if the universe is a symphony for strings, and why not clone Robert Krulwich?

NEVER MIND HOW MUCH FRANTIC WORK MUST have gone into the preparation of eight hours of **Nightline in Primetime: Brave New World** (Thursdays, July 29 through September 16; 10 to 11 P.M.; ABC). The on-camera persona of correspondent Robert Krulwich is aw-shucks shambling, as if he were a Russell Baker, an E. B. White, or the editor of some provincial weekly on a bemused visit to the Big City and the Radiant Future. Surfing the sciences, he is our ambassador to dreamscapes of artificial intelligence and genetic engineering, microbes, quarks, and Fermi's Paradox. His interest is diplomatic (cordial relations with the new millennium), commercial (wondrous silks and savory spices), anthropological (such odd behaviors), and, of course, touristic (double helix! superstrings!). But on behalf of the rest of us, he is also homesick. On the one hand, what will they think of next? On the other, check your wallet and count your fingers.

For instance, speed. The first Thursday of *Brave New World* is devoted to the subject, from cars and roller coasters and video games to instant pudding and instant coffee and instant cameras to Velcro snap-off pants and those television remote controls that permit us to multiply our disgruntlements. Did you know they are reducing the elapsed time between cuts on compact discs—from three seconds to one—for people impatient to get on with the music? That even the Amish, in horse-and-buggy Pennsylvania, are secretly buying cell phones? Is this merely cultural, a by-product of the shocked recognition of self-infatuated boomers that, in spite of so much jogging and all that extra-virgin olive oil, they are going to die anyway and thus miss some gratification they actually deferred? Or is it biological, with cells that tick like taxi meters, cells that listen to time running out—hardwired make-it-snappies?

And next week, Ted's hair: They Might Be Giants helps Krulwich explain it all for you.

Photograph by Steve Fenn/ABC News.

So Krulwich will chat up such suspects as Michael Malone, the editor of *Forbes ASAP* (As Soon As Possible), who thinks everything fast is "cool," and Regis McKenna, one of those Silicon Valley supergeeks who helped create a cyberspace we had never even heard of twenty years ago but whose mysteries our modems are invariably too slow to penetrate. Nothing scares McKenna more than an hour alone in the dark. Whereas Krulwich is obviously more comfortable with the philosopher Jacob Needleman, who speaks to him and the camera under a whale-watch cap, in front of a body of water, with the rugged serenity of a Bay Area Buddha, about solitude and contemplation and an "inner world" where we make love and art and dreams. It's clear from the expression of affable sincerity on Krulwich's face that he's more in favor of contemplation than of Velcro.

But bear in fidgety mind that correspondents like Krulwich have executive producers like Tom Bettag to run around faxing for them. With Krulwich, Bettag arranged for video artists Josh and Adam to impersonate the brain cells of a short-order cook; dug up a silent-screen snippet of Buster Keaton eating a labor-saving breakfast; deployed the time-haunted *New Yorker* cartoon drawings of William Steig; and commissioned original music for each episode of *Brave New World* from a group called They Might Be Giants. You have to have a fussbudget to tart up the interstices in an hour of TV interviews, or you'd otherwise be stuck with those embarrassing silences during which someone might expect you to make love or dreams.

For another, related instance, machines. The second Thursday is all about man-machine interface: not just automatic pilots to land our jetliners and anti-lock brakes to prevent us from deciding for ourselves how to negotiate a killer curve, and not only those mechanisms we stick directly into our imperfect bodies to improve and augment them, like pacemakers and artificial kidneys, retinas and knees, but also the machines we've so promiscuously created that verge on the sentient and autonomous, that will soon be cogitating for themselves (and maybe against our

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RESTAURANTS **HAL RUBENSTEIN**

Points Well Taken

Every city neighborhood deserves a hangout as convivial and inviting as NoHo's Five Points—but please don't tell everyone and ruin it, okay?

THE 100 GREATEST ACTORS. TWENTY-EIGHT GREAT Beauty Buys. Ten Things I Hate About You. People love numbers with lists. No wonder the lure of NoHo's **Five Points** is almost Circean. Every time we went, it was busier than before. And every time I asked someone working there the contents of the quintet, I got a different answer. Either it's (a) the five-street intersection just down the block (we never could find it), (b) the name of the turn-of-the-century New York neighborhood whose inhabitants came from five impoverished Irish counties, or (c) the calling card of the sometimes murderous gang that once terrorized said neighborhood (that one sure whets the appetite).

One might assume that by now, these folks would get tired of explaining, but if anyone at Five Points minds, no one is letting on. And since so much of a restaurant's success depends on making repetition seem fresh, the illusion of spontaneity will undoubtedly prove more valuable to Five Points than any attempt to gratify list lust. Nevertheless, for those who have to have it all, here are Five Points guaranteed to make a neighborhood restaurant work:

Local hero: The oven-roasted-shrimp appetizer (center) at Five Points in NoHo.

1. *Offer an atypical but agreeable destination.* In less time than it takes to find a salesperson at nearby Tower Records who knows who Ella Fitzgerald is ("She did, like, show tunes?"), Five Points has become a haven for a neighborhood rushing a bit too quickly to challenge other more established 'hoods in self-satisfaction. First off, the three railroad-style rooms couldn't look more inviting if they included a swimming pool with private cabanas and free mai tais. An elevated brook runs down the center of the middle room. A mahogany bar appears to be a levitating dining table. The vaulted ceiling has strategically intriguing "black holes." And both a back proscenium arch and *faux* casement windows reflect a pervasive golden light that turns everyone almost as angelic as the young Terence Stamp in *Teorema*. Five Points is the downtown loft you're still sorry you never bought.

2. *Don't "Hey big guy" me.* Too many neighborhood places try too hard to be the local pub in a low-budget sixties British film. (The only one that actually pulls off that down-the-block camaraderie is the All State Cafe on West 72nd Street.) But residents, and those who wish they lived in the vicinity, rarely want a secular confessional. What they're looking for is a breezily sophisticated spot they can walk or fall into. You may not be able to put your feet up at Five Points, but I've never *not* kicked off my shoes there.

3. *When it comes to food, give 'em what they want.* Food that's solid, easy, fresh, healthy, recognizable with a couple of surprises round the edges. There's no need for chef Marc Meyer to give Mr. Boulud a run for his money tonight. If he did, the place wouldn't be as hunch-over-the-table, okay-to-talk-with-your-mouth-slightly-full as it is. Who wants to wait for conversation to end to have another spoonful of his summer onion soup with the sweet crunch of sugar-snap peas? Flatbread is fragrant with Teleme cheese and onions. A fritto misto wisely adds artichoke and fennel to the mix. And sardines, for those bone-picking few who love them, are simply, and impressively, wood-oven-grilled. A breath-checking merguez sausage is tempered by a gentle wheatberry salad; glazed quail gets tossed about by a trio of bacon, apples, and juniper; and if you like smoked mackerel, you won't even need the melon it sits atop.

Pastas, however, go flat. If only the ricotta-spinach dumplings had the body and verve of their terrific tomato-to-herb broth. Penne with cherry tomatoes, basil, and ricotta salata is airplane-tame, and the rigatoni with chick peas, broccoli, and crisp garlic is erratic: brash and spicy one time, gooey as Adam Sandler's bicep the next.

Photographs by Joe Scafuro.

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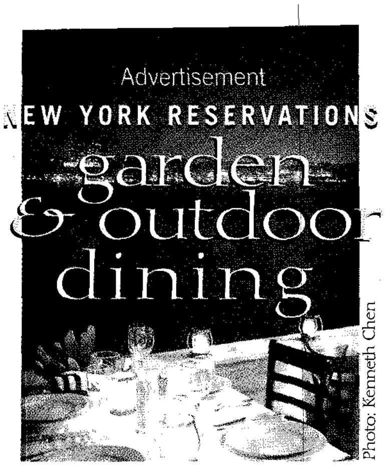
NEW YORK RESERVATIONS

garden & outdoor dining



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Rubenstein *continued from page 61*

Each of the four salads, including lobster and asparagus, and fresh tuna with caper berries, would benefit from a sparser hand with dressings.

The nightly whole roasted fish is nearly as foolproof as Barocco's. Surprisingly, the vegetarian stew may be one of the heartiest dishes on the menu. And this is a burger worth getting in a cab on a snowy night for. But every other meat dish suffers unnecessarily from overcooking. A handsome pork chop with fennel purée is five minutes past being a winner. The distinctive balance of a lamb stew with artichoke, lemon, and olives has been baked out of bounds. No one is lacking skill here. Just an oven timer. The steak is super. Obviously, cooking to order helps. And call ahead to reserve at least two coconut-chocolate-almond bars. Order just one for the table and you'll hate everyone by your second, and last, forkful.

4. *Money changes everything.* If you hadn't noticed, which means you must not stray far from Soup Burg, menu prices have jumped big-time. And what keeps you from being able to afford that new Zero King fridge is not the exorbitant big-ticket entrées, it's the skillful pickpocketing done by appetizers, salads, and desserts. Someone in the back office at Five Points must have a daughter moving into her first apartment. No one else would ever be that kind when pricing those categories.

5. *Show me you can routinely pull off a good-food-and-fun night, and you'll see me more frequently than my cleaning person runs through paper towels.* Five Points almost had me convinced they could do it. Until the last visit. It was the first time even the back room was full, and though that may be what every owner wants, two waiters sleepwalked through our room with eyes wide shut, ignoring everyone to their left and right. Two large parties seemed to overwhelm the kitchen, and judging by our dinner, the cooks were just glad to get it out, let alone get it right.

This neighborhood needs Five Points. And frankly, so does anyone who enjoys a place that fosters high spirits and good company. But new restaurants always risk abandoning their list of priorities in favor of going as fast as their new clientele prods them. The result is that they're likely to wind up on yet one more list: The Ten Restaurants I Miss Most. To those nice folks recounting all those Five Points tales, I have three words: Remember the Markham.

Five Points, 31 Great Jones Street (253-5700). Dinner only, Monday through Saturday, 6 P.M. to midnight. (Bar open till 2 A.M.) Appetizers, $5 to $9; entrées, $14 to $23. A.E., M., V. ■

Hal Rubenstein's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

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best interests). Here Krulwich will spend quality time with Danny Hillis, a computer guru (who is, like Krulwich himself, a wholly owned Disney subsidiary), and Ray Kurzweil, the cyberspace pioneer and author of *The Age of Spiritual Machines.* They disagree on how soon we will evolve a "nonbiological entity" with a machine brain capable of making 20 million billion connections a second—although this disagreement amounts to a quibble about which decade, 2020 or 2030.

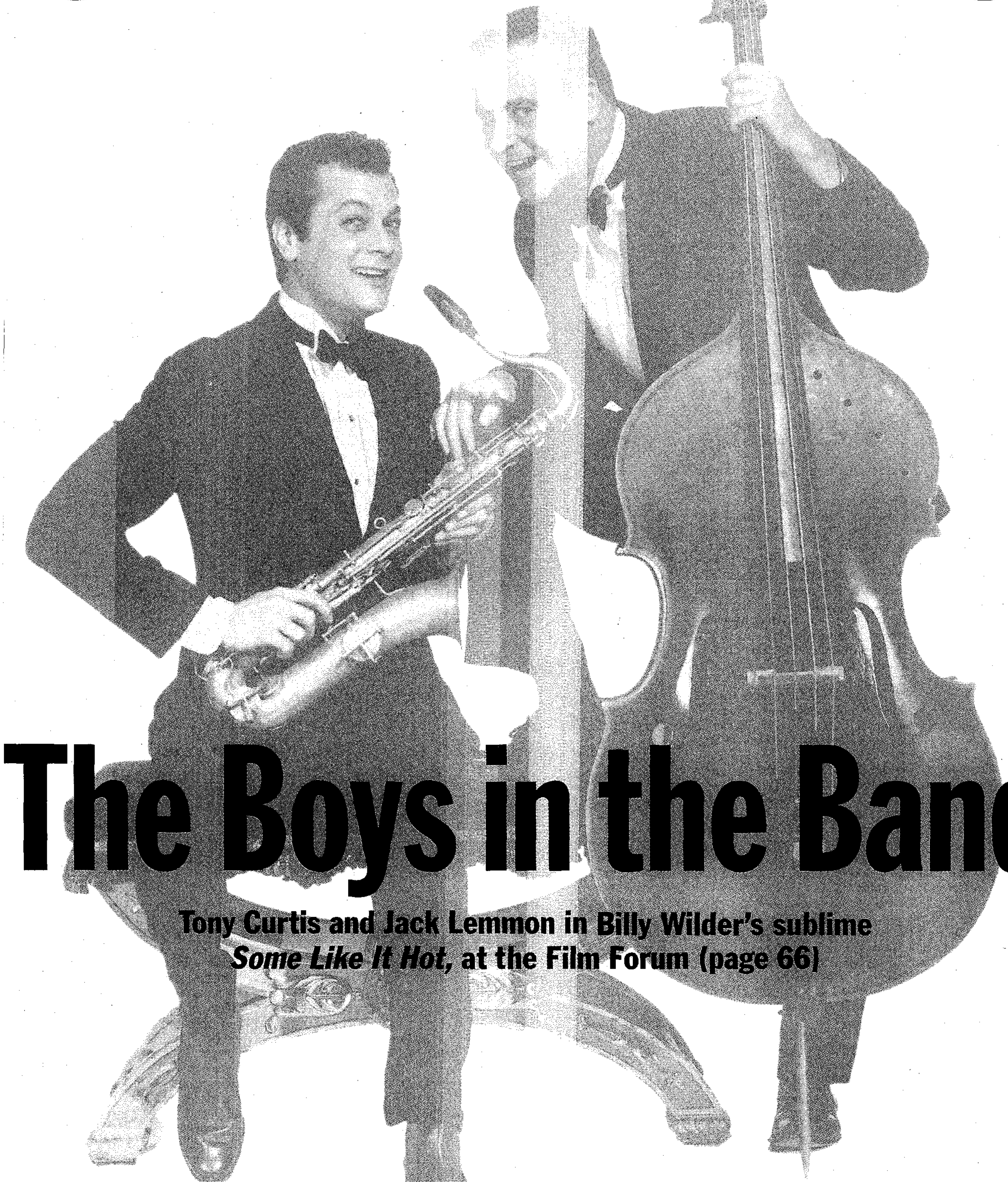
Maybe because I've read too much apocalyptic cyberpunk fiction, I think Krulwich should be a little more worried about these shadow lands than he seems to be. In Pat Cadigan's *Synners,* for example, everybody is plugged in, Netscaped, and Microsoftied up to his brain socket, and a sort of viral stroke goes online, crashing the system, and the Matrix itself *wakes up.* Whereas, in Canadian wildman Arthur Kroker's "theory fiction" *Spasm,* the human body is seen as a terminal function, floating in virtual reality like a chemical afterimage, with no other purpose than to be sequenced into data (the "dryware of sadomasochism lite"). But Krulwich and Bettag have made sure that instead of thinking about free will, false consciousness, bad faith, God's grace, and a virus with Attitude and Issues, we are distracted by robotic art, animated *Batman* movie penguins, Deep Blue actually hesitating in a chess match with a living and breathing grand master, and choreographer Bill T. Jones digitizing himself for a ghost dance inside a memory bank that will never even work up a sweat. And this is not to mention the drummer for They Might Be Giants, who must compete with the Ringo dreams of an MIT computer.

Since only three episodes of *Brave New World* were available for preview at press time, I can't tell you whether these machine dreams will be counterbalanced by a biological alternative in the August 19 hour on cloning and other forms of genetic engineering, which promises to feature, in a laundromat spin cycle worthy of the old *Ed Sullivan Show,* Stephen Jay Gould, Jane Curtin, Buck Henry, and that cloned sheep. Nor do I know what we're destined to learn on other Thursday nights about extended families, mass extinctions, microbial aliens, and the New Physics. But I can say that Krulwich, grazing in these pastures of the virtual, the problematic, and the maybe, like a nomadic cross between Sam Waterston and Alice Through the Looking Glass, achieves something in front of our eyes that no machine so far has ever managed: He *scruples.* ■

John Leonard's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



The Boys in the Band

Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon in Billy Wilder's sublime *Some Like It Hot,* at the Film Forum (page 66)

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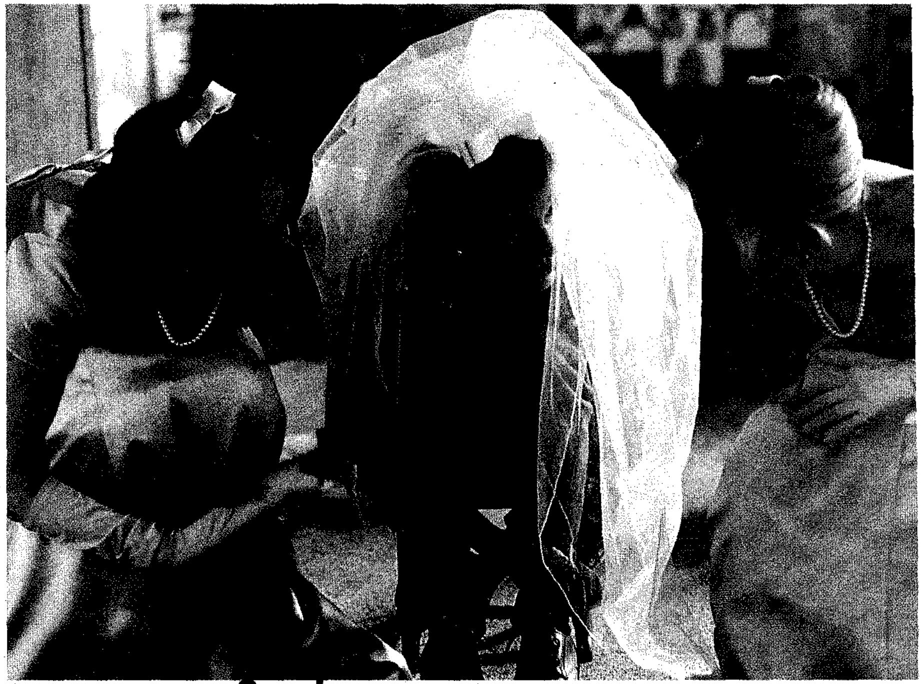
movies

Some Like It Hot...Some Like It in 3-D



Photograph by Ron Batzdorff/Paramount Pictures

Opening
Goodbye Girl

Maggie (Julia Roberts) is a hardware-store clerk and inventor in Maryland who keeps leaving men at the altar, and Ike (yes, Ike—played by Richard Gere) is the chauvinist New York columnist who deems her newsworthy. She's not a hooker, and he's not a billionaire—but the sparks fly again in this romantic comedy from Garry Marshall, and Joan Cusack almost steals the show as—who else?—the kooky best friend. Opens July 30.

New Films

After Life—Heaven's caseworkers help the newly dead select one memory to travel with them for eternity. Written and directed by Kore-eda Hirokazu. Shown with *Bunny,* this year's Oscar-winning animated short film. (1 hr. 58 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

American Pie—With three weeks to go, four friends make a pact to lose their virginity by the end of their senior year in high school—each with his own raunchy, sometimes humiliating but endearingly juvenile strategy. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Analyze This—Robert De Niro plays a Mafia boss who suddenly finds himself experiencing panic attacks. Delivered up to a psychiatrist (Billy Crystal), he approaches the sessions as if they were summit meetings. (Rainer; 3/15/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Arlington Road—This overheated and undercooked thriller mixes the *Do You Know Who Your Neighbors Really Are?* genre with the *Do You Know You're Being Targeted by Terrorists?* flick. Jeff Bridges plays a college professor in Washington, D.C., whose FBI wife was offed in a Ruby Ridge–style face-off and now is paranoid about paramilitary operatives. Or is he just making good sense? His straight-arrow neighbors, the object of his increasing suspicions, are played by Tim Robbins and Joan Cusack. Everybody, of course, lives in the suburbs—that breeding ground for pod people. (7/19/99) (1 hr. 17 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea West; UA Criterion; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me—Michael Myers's Austin Powers is a marvelously kooky comic creation, and kids especially seem to love him. This new film featuring the Carnaby Street shagster and part-time spy is very funny as long as it sticks with Austin and his furball, snaggletoothed weirdnesses. But there's too much Dr. Evil in this one, too many doo-doo and fat jokes, and too much cleavage comedy. (Rainer; 6/21/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) *Loews Village; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; UA Criterion; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Pavilion.*

Autumn Tale—Eric Rohmer's autumn entry in his "Tales of Four Seasons" quartet is not as diagrammatic as some of his earlier films. He may be a moralizing *philosophe,* but he has his playful side. The plot for the film is almost too close to the sort of thing Hollywood attempts—a best friend (Marie Riviere) fixes up a widowed vintner (Beatrice Romand) by pretending to be her in the newspaper personal ads. The resulting confusions and feints and awkwardnesses are like farce comedy presided over by a control-freak. The two women, and the two men who are brought into the gambit, are rather older than usual to be featured players in a Rohmer movie. But the point of the film is that the vagaries of love juvenilize everybody young and old. It's a charming film. (7/19/99) (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

Baby Geniuses—A talking-baby movie. With Kathleen Turner. (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG) *Main Street Cinemas.*

Big Daddy—Adam Sandler plays a layabout law-school grad who accidentally ends up with custody of a 5-year-old boy and learns how to be a papa. This mix of *The Kid* and *The Champ* with the usual Sandler slacker shtick is being hailed as a step forward for him. It's more like a step backward into sappiness. (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG-13) *Loews State; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Blair Witch Project—See Rainer page 59. (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; The Atrium; Loews 84th Street.*

Buena Vista Social Club—Wim Wenders's documentary grew out of the recording sessions in 1996 by Ry Cooder involving some of Cuba's greatest singers and musicians, many of them well over 60, whom he rescued from oblivion; two years later, Cooder returned to Havana with Wenders, and the result is this wonderful mixture of music-making and anecdotage featuring such artists as the 90-year-old composer and *tres* player Compay Segundo, the 80-year-old jazz and mambo pianist Ruben Gonzalez, and the 74-year-old singer Ibrahim Ferrer, whose voice draws a silky line right out of the air. I've never seen another movie that so clearly expressed the sensual sustenance of great folk culture for its practitioners. (Rainer; 6/7/99) (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *CC Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

'Cue' cover photograph from Film Forum.

Cabaret Balkan—A series of dark, violent vignettes interwoven through the course of one evening in Belgrade and based on the Yugoslav play *The Powder Keg*. Directed by Goran Paskaljevic. (About 2 hrs.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Quad Cinema.*

Defying Gravity—The story of a gay frat boy who falls in love with one of the brothers in his fraternity house. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

Deep Blue Sea—A science experiment goes terribly awry when genetically altered sharks become . . . too smart. With Saffron Burrows, LL Cool J, and Samuel L. Jackson. *Opens 7/28.*

The Dinner Game—From the creator of *La Cage aux Folles* comes a comedy about a dinner-party contest in which the winner must invite the most boring person imaginable. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Paris Theatre.*

Disco Girls in Hot Skin—A 3-D porno film in which several silly characters run about, looking for a piece of yellow paper and having sex.(about 1 hr. 30 mins.; XXX). *Opens 7/30 at The Screening Room.*

Drop Dead Gorgeous—Kirstie Alley, Ellen Barkin, Denise Richards, and Kirsten Dunst star in a black comedy about a Minnesota beauty contest and its ruthless participants. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; CC Sutton; UA Criterion; UA East; Loews 84th Street; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Election—Alexander Payne and Jim Taylor—the director-writer team that gave us the abortion comedy *Citizen Ruth*—are back with this facetious smarty-pants satire about a popular Midwest-high-school history teacher (Matthew Broderick) who acquires as his nemesis the school's No. 1 student overachiever (Reese Witherspoon). The filmmakers should be commended for making a high-school movie that, for a change, isn't aimed only at high-school students. (Rainer; 5/3/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) *CC Murray Hill Cinemas.*

Entrapment—Sean Connery stars as Mac MacDougal, the greatest art thief in the world, in this mildly diverting knockoff of movies as diverse as *The Thomas Crown Affair* and *Topkapi*. Catherine Zeta-Jones is the insurance investigator who becomes his partner. (Rainer; 5/10/99) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Eyes Wide Shut—Stanley Kubrick's last film is about a swank Upper West Side couple, William and Alice, played by Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman, whose marriage is deranged when the wife reveals to her husband an imagined erotic longing. Despite his supersophisticated sheen, William's a naïf, and his wife's confession sends him into a nocturnal dreamlike quest that encompasses a hooker's ratty Village pad and, later, an upstate mansion where a masked ball is being played out with rutting couples and lots of chanting. It all gets pretty silly, and yet the force of obsession in this film is transfixing: It's not William's obsession but Kubrick's. He's a control-freak making a movie about the loss of control. The movie is about the bad places illicit longings can take you. It's a cold movie about a hot subject, and Cruise and Kidman, who give off a chilly fortitude, are all too perfectly cast. (7/26/99) (2 hrs. 30 mins.; R) *Loews 19th St. East; CO Coronet; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Clearview's Olympia; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The General's Daughter—John Travolta stars as an Army investigator who attempts to nab the murderer of a colonel—the general's daughter—and finds himself up to his chin in military scandal and smarm. As murder mysteries go, it's pretty plodding; we never get the feeling that the filmmakers are a step ahead of us, and the clues don't really add up. (Rainer; 6/28/99) (2 hrs.; R) *Loews State; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Genghis Blues—A documentary about blind blues legend Paul Pena and his journey as he learns the art of multi-harmonic Tuvan throat singing. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Go!—Directed by Doug Liman from a script by John August, this is one of those Sundance specials that seem to incorporate just about everything on the current Young Turk–indie producer checklist. (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *The Screening Room. Ends 7/29.*

The Haunting—See Rainer page 56. *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

An Ideal Husband—Director Oliver Parker has adapted Oscar Wilde's 1895 play with a superb cast—Rupert Everett, Jeremy Northam, Julianne Moore, Cate Blanchett, Minnie Driver, John Wood—and reworked it into something more naturalistic and contemporaneous than Wilde intended. Certain roles, such as the ones played by Moore and Driver, are expanded, and, near the end, he rewrites Wilde so that the play threatens to turn into a cliffhanger. Sacrilege aside, most of this plays rather well, but what's missing is more of the Wildean tone—the sense of life as an exquisite, farcical artwork. (Rainer; 6/28/99) (2 hrs.; PG) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Crown Gotham; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill.*

Inspector Gadget—Matthew Broderick, Joely Fisher, and Rupert Everett star in the live-action spinoff of the popular cartoon. (1 hr. 20 mins.; G) *Clearview's Chelsea; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Lake Placid—When a 40-foot man-eating crocodile is discovered in a lake in Maine, Oliver Platt, Bridget Fonda, Brendan Gleeson, and Bill Pullman come to the rescue. Written by David E. Kelley. Opens 7/16 (1 hr. 20 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; UA Gemini; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; Nova; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Jackson Triplex; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Limbo—David Strathairn is an Alaskan fisherman still reeling from a long-ago accident; Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio is the town newcomer who snaps him out of it. Written and directed by John Sayles. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *CC Murray Hill Cinemas.*

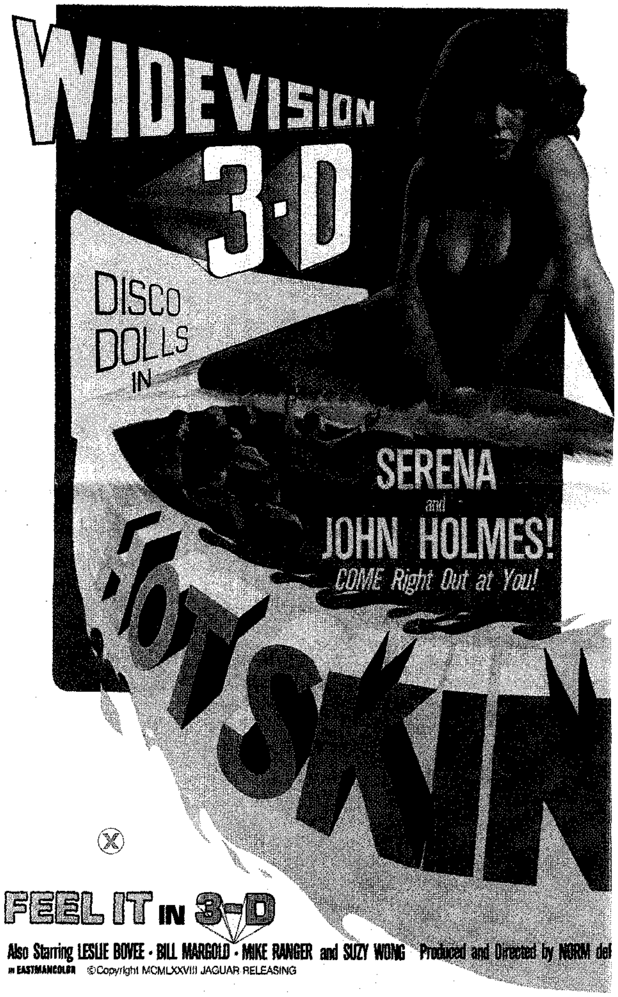
The Lovers on the Bridge—The 1991 love story of two vagabonds living on the Pont-Neuf. With Juliette Binoche, Denis Laant, and Klaus-Michael Grüber. Directed by Léos Carax. In French with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 5 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Matrix—Keanu Reeves investigates an alternate reality. (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) UA *Union Square.*

The Mummy—Brendan Fraser is a dashing explorer who fights to save the world from the curse of the Keeper of the Dead. With Rachel Weisz, John Hannah, and Omid Djalili. Directed by Stephen Sommers. (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Muppets From Space—In a search for Gonzo's roots, Jim Henson's fuzzy friends are off on another madcap adventure. Starring Miss Piggy, Kermit, and Fozzie Bear. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *Clearview's 59th Street East; UA Criterion; New Coliseum; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

My Brother, My Sister, Sold for a Fistful of Lire—Forty-five years after her sister and brother were sold into adoption and shipped to America, Pia Dilisa travels from their small village in the Molise Mountains to Rome, New York, and Chicago in an attempt to uncover the truth surrounding the


WIDEVISION
3-D
DISCO DOLLS IN
HOT SKIN
SERENA and JOHN HOLMES!
COME Right Out at You!
X
FEEL IT IN 3-D
Also Starring LESLIE BOVEE · BILL MARGOLD · MIKE RANGER and SUZY WONG Produced and Directed by NORM de
in EASTMANCOLOR ©Copyright MCMLXXVIII JAGUAR RELEASING

Revival

3-D 4-Play

Just when you thought seventies-porn chic was over, here it is rearing its head again. This week, in the spirit of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* and all else unholy, put on your cardboard glasses for midnight screenings of the campy, "plot"-heavy experiment in adult film *Disco Dolls in Hot Skin* . . . in 3-D, starring Serena and the legendary John Holmes. Starts July 30 at the Screening Room. (See listings for info.)

Photograph courtesy of Parliament Films.

postwar Italian adoption network and the whereabouts of her siblings. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

My Life So Far—Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Malcolm McDowell, and Colin Firth star in this coming-of-ager about a boy growing up in Scotland during the twenties. Opens July 23. (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3.*

★**My Son the Fanatic**—A marvelous movie from England, scripted by Hanif Kureishi and directed by Udayan Prasad, about a Pakistani cabdriver (Om Puri) in northern Britain whose son (Akbar Kurtha) renounces his possessions to become an Islamic fundamentalist. It's a reversal of the usual father-son situation: Here the father, who still believes after living 25 years in the country that England is a fabled and pleasant place, is far more liberal than the son, who doesn't want to abide its decadence. The cabdriver ends up loving a prostitute (Rachel Griffiths) he ferries around on assignations, and they become improbable soulmates. (1 hr. 26 mins.; R) *Clearview's 34th Street Showplace.*

Notting Hill—Julia Roberts plays the most famous movie star in the world, who falls for a stammering, courtly travel-book-store owner, played by Hugh Grant, who loves her for herself and not her celebrity. (Rainer; 6/7/99) (2 hrs.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Loews New York Twin; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The Red Violin—An epic about the passion and tragedy that surround an instrument as it travels through three centuries. With Carlo Cecchi, Greta Scacchi, and Samuel L. Jackson. Directed by François Girard. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; NR) *Clearview's Beekman; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Rosie—The story of an adolescent girl's troubling experiences growing up in Belgium. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Runaway Bride—Julia Roberts, Richard Gere, Hector Elizondo, and director Garry Marshall team up again for a romantic comedy this time involving a small-town woman with commitment problems and a divorced newspaper columnist. *Opens 7/30.*

★**Run Lola Run**—Franka Potente, the star of this excitingly kinesthetic action comedy, has the lean-machine look of a champion sprinter. She's like a new-style industrial-age automaton: a sleek machine. The 34-year-old German director Tom Tykwer has made a movie that really zips along. It recaps the same basic plot in three alternate ways. Lola's boyfriend Manni (Moritz Bleibtreu), a low-level courier for a crime boss, accidentally loses his cash delivery and has twenty minutes to replace it or he's kaput. Lola, whose moped has just been stolen, whooshes into action like an Olympian, racing around town in quest of cash. Tykwer is after the rush you get when you connect a primal, direct-action story to a love of speed. He's a playful maniac. (Rainer; 6/28/99) (1 hr. 21 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Shakespeare in Love—A fanciful romp about the young Will who wrote *Romeo and Juliet* and the romantic liaison that may have led to it. Joseph Fiennes is blandly dashing as the Bard, and Gwyneth Paltrow, as his muse, is blandly pretty. She'd be better off if she didn't keep trying to set herself up as the Grace Kelly of the twentysomething set. She's best when she shows some steel, as in *Hard 8* and *Flesh and Bone.* (Rainer; 12/21/98) (2 hrs.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut—Trey Parker and Matt Stone's animated spawn sing songs, learn to curse . . . and do so fervently while also saving Canada from their parents, and defeating the Devil himself. (About 1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay; Loews State; Clearview's First and 62nd; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; Linden Blvd.; Cinemart; Pavillion; College Point; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace—George Lucas has been quoted as saying that actors are still the best way to portray people, but, watching his new movie, the first in a trio of prequels, you get the feeling he wishes he could dispense with actors altogether. Ninety-five percent of this film was created in the computer; only about 200 shots were not altered digitally. The actors in it—including Liam Neeson as a Jedi warrior, Ewan McGregor as young Obi-Wan Kenobi, and Natalie Portman as Queen Amidala of the endangered planet Naboo—are upstaged to a fare-thee-well. (Rainer; 5/24/99) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Olympia; Bay Plaza; Pavilion.*

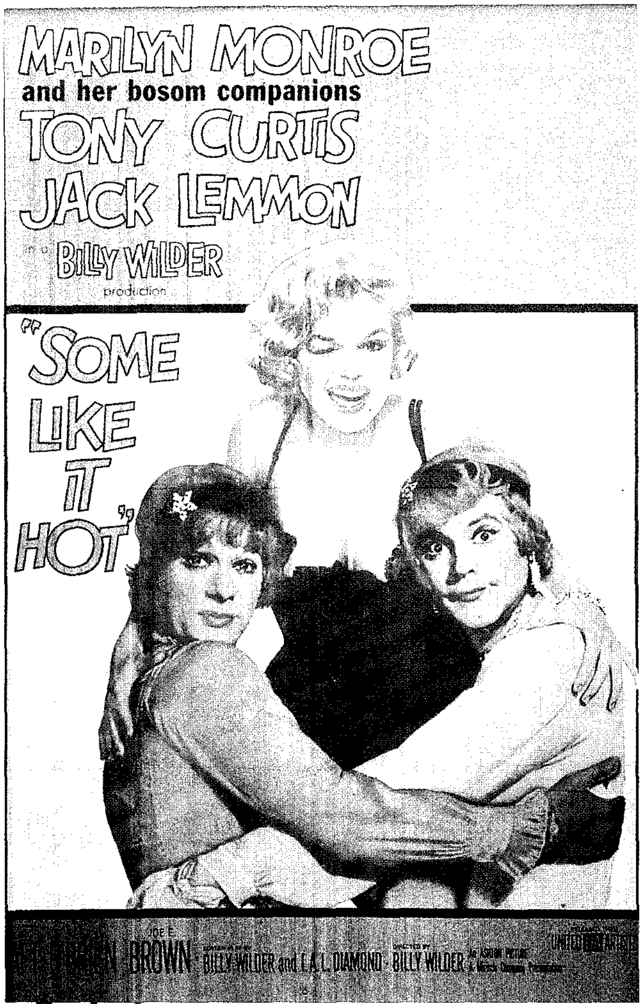
Summer of Sam—Spike Lee's movie about the Italian-American Bronx community and how it reacted to the Son of Sam murders in the summer of 1977 has some startling Weegee-like scenes of mayhem but most of the film plays like *Do the Right Thing* in Scorsese camouflage. The Italian buddies go into their goombah jags; sleek mafiosi preen before their veal cutlets in low-lit restaurants; everybody's fears are riled by the murders and the heat, and almost nobody looks the better for it. It's a smirky, narrow view of human experience. John Leguizamo and Mira Sorvino star as the married couple who take their woes to Plato's Retreat. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; CC Sutton; UA Criterion; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; bam Rose Cinemas; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Cinemart.*

Tarzan—Disney's latest animation feature has some first-rate visual effects involving the ape guy surfing the treetops and battling leopards. The visual techniques outstrip the storyline, which is mostly Disney kitsch bubbling up through Edgar Rice Burroughs kitsch. Tarzan is given a hyper-physiqued look that is somewhere between Fabio and the Prince of Egypt. When he meets Jane, he's so worked up that he swings through the sky on vines; it's eco-autoeroticism. He might have not been so deprived if the animators had seen fit to introduce a few Africans into the jungle. But there's nary a one. Perhaps Disney thought the best way to get around the ooga-booga stereotype was to eliminate blacks altogether. (Rainer; 6/28/99) (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea West; Guild 50th Street; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Tea With Mussolini—Franco Zeffirelli directed this movie based on his memoirs of growing up in Florence in the wake of World War II. The film doesn't feel like it comes from the heart, though Zeffirelli here is as gauze-wrapped as ever. Joan Plowright, Judi Dench, and Maggie Smith play dotty, doting Englishwomen who take up the young boy. Cher shows up as a Peggy Guggenheim–ish art vulture, and Lily Tomlin plays a lesbian archaeologist like a cross between Camille Paglia and Annie Oakley. (Rainer; 5/24/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) *The Screening Room; Clearview's 59th Street East; Clearview's Metro Cinema.*

The Thirteenth Floor—A murder mystery set between the present day and a virtual version of 1937 L.A. With Craig Bierko, Armin Mueller-Stahl, Vincent D'Onofrio, and Gretchen Mol. Directed by Josef Rusnak. (About 2 hrs.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Trick—Cristian Campbell, Tori Spelling, and John



Revival

"Just Like Jell-O on Springs"

In these days when sex with dessert is what passes for comedy, it's instructive to remember a time when comedies were made for grown-ups, some of them so singularly thrilling that they have never lost their power to provoke laughter. Not giggles but big, loud laughs. Take *Some Like It Hot,* Billy Wilder's 1959 masterpiece about a sexy girl, played by Marilyn Monroe, and her incognito bandmates, played by Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis. From the first frame to the famous last line, it is perfection. "He was as meticulous visually as he was as a writer," says Ed Sikov, author of a Wilder biography, *On Sunset Boulevard.* "He became a director to protect his scripts. He didn't shoot extra footage that could be used just in case there was a mistake somewhere. So there was no coverage—no room for error. Often he would direct with a stopwatch, telling his actors, 'Take three paces to the left, stop, wait three beats, and then say your line.' " This timed perfection is evident everywhere in *Some Like It Hot,* which will have an eagerly awaited two-week run at Film Forum starting July 30, a gift to a generation of film lovers who have only seen it on TV—and to everyone else, come to think of it.

Photograph from Film Forum.

Paul Pitoc star in a film about a young gay man with aspirations of writing musical theatre. *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Twin Falls Idaho—A hooker falls for a man, but not his Siamese twin. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Opens 7/30 at The Angelika and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Velocity of Gary—The triangular love story of a bisexual porn star, his boyfriend Gary, and his girlfriend Mary Carmen. Starring Vincent D'Onofrio, Salma Hayek, and Thomas Jane. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin.*

Violent Cop—Takeshi Kitano is a renegade cop who brings down a corporate-run drug ring when his emotionally disturbed sister is kidnapped. In Japanese with English subtitles. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Wild Wild West—Barry Sonenfeld's follow-up to *Men in Black* stars Will Smith and Kevin Kline as James T. West and Artemus Gordon, special government agents in the post-bellum South who save America from the diabolical machinations of the legless wonder Dr. Arliss Lovelace, played, with a nice gleam of comic menace, by Kenneth Branagh. This is rumored to be one of the most expensive movies ever made—just a few ice floes short of a *Titanic*—and yet it's not clear from the hectic emptiness of what's onscreen if anybody knew *why* it should be made. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's Chelsea; Loews State; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Winslow Boy—David Mamet adapts and directs the 1946 Terrence Rattigan warhorse about a boy who is unjustly expelled from the Admiralty's Naval College and how his well-to-do Victorian family sues the Crown and rallies to his defense. It may seem odd that Mamet has chosen to devote his energies to something so ostensibly remote from his temperament. But there's a link between the clipped cadences of these uppercrusters and the rhythmic syncopation of Mamet's usual lowlifes and tricksters. For Mamet, manners are manners, whether they're good or bad. Nigel Hawthorne, who plays the boy's father, is especially fine in a cast that also includes Jeremy Northam and Rebecca Pidgeon (Mamet's wife). (Rainer; 5/10/99) (1 hr. 50 mins.; G) *Clearview's 34th Street Showplace.*

The Wood—In the uncertain hours before Roland's (Taye Diggs) wedding, he strolls down memory lane with his two best friends and recounts their experiences growing up in Inglewood. With Omar Epps, Richard T. Jones, Sean Nelson, and Malinda Williams. (About 1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Hylan Plaza.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97–101 Greenwich Ave., at W. 12th St. (929-3350) *Notting Hill; The Velocity of Gary.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *An Ideal Husband; My Life So Far; Run Lola Run.* Opening 7/16: *The Blair Witch Project.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Arlington Road; Buena Vista Social Club; Drop Dead Gorgeous; Lake Placid; Tarzan; Trick.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *After Life; Genghis Blues; Violent Cop.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *American Pie; Inspector Gadget.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *The Lovers on the Bridge; My Brother, My Sister, Sold for a Fistful of Lire.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; The*

BIGGER. SMARTER. FASTER. MEANER.

DEEP BLUE SEA

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and SAMUEL L. JACKSON Music By TREVOR RABIN Co-Producer REBECCA SPIKINGS Edited By FRANK J. URIOSTE, A.C.E. DEREK G. BRECHIN DALLAS S. PUETT
Production Designed By WILLIAM SANDELL Director of Photography STEPHEN WINDON, A.C.S. Executive Producers DUNCAN HENDERSON and BRUCE BERMAN
Written By DUNCAN KENNEDY and DONNA POWERS & WAYNE POWERS Produced By AKIVA GOLDSMAN TONY LUDWIG ALAN RICHE Directed By RENNY HARLIN
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THE TIME

Haunting; Summer of Sam; The Wood.

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Autumn Tale; Cabaret Balkan; Defying Gravity; Rosie.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Go!; Tea With Mussolini.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (253-2225) *American Pie; Big Daddy; Inspector Gadget; The Matrix; Muppets From Space; The Red Violin; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Wild Wild West.*

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Drop Dead Gorgeous; Election; Limbo; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

Clearview's 34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (777-FILM#700) *Lake Placid; My Son the Fanatic; The Winslow Boy.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *American Pie; An Ideal Husband; Inspector Gadget; Lake Placid; Run Lola Run; Trick; Wild Wild West.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Arlington Road; Tarzan.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#558) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Drop Dead Gorgeous; Eyes Wide Shut; The Haunting; Summer of Sam; The Wood.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 2nd Ave. (505-6397#558) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; American Pie; Arlington Road; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; Eyes Wide Shut; The General's Daughter; The Haunting; An Ideal Husband; Inspector Gadget; Muppets From Space; Summer of Sam; Wild Wild West; The Wood.*

42nd–60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Inspector Gadget; My Life So Far.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *An Ideal Husband.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Run Lola Run.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Drop Dead Gorgeous; Summer of Sam.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *Muppets From Space; Tea With Mussolini.*

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

CO Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Eyes Wide Shut.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Analyze This; Entrapment; The Mummy; Rushmore; Shakespeare in Love; The Thirteenth Floor.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Tarzan.*

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *Eyes Wide Shut.*

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Wild Wild West.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *The Dinner Game.*

UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *American Pie; Arlington Road; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Drop Dead Gorgeous; The Haunting; Lake Placid; Muppets From Space; Summer of Sam; The Wood.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *Inspector Gadget; Muppets From Space; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Tarzan.*

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *The Red Violin.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; American Pie; The Haunting; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; The Wood.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *American Pie; Lake Placid.*

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *The General's Daughter.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Notting Hill; Wild Wild West.*

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *Arlington Road; Big Daddy; Eyes Wide Shut; The General's Daughter; The Haunting; Wild Wild West; The Wood.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Drop Dead Gorgeous.*

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Arlington Road; Big Daddy; Lake Placid.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Lake Placid.*

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *Tea With Mussolini; Wild Wild West.*

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *Eyes Wide Shut; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

CO Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Autumn Tale; Buena Vista Social Club; Cabaret Balkan; The Red Violin; Rosie; Run Lola Run.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *American Pie; Big Daddy; The Blair Witch Project; Drop Dead Gorgeous; Wild Wild West; The Wood.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *The Haunting; Inspector Gadget; Muppets From Space; Wild Wild West; The Wood.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *The Haunting; Inspector Gadget; Lake Placid.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Arlington Road; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Eyes Wide Shut; The General's Daughter; The Haunting; An Ideal Husband; Inspector Gadget; Muppets From Space; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Trick.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *American Pie; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; Eyes Wide Shut; The General's Daughter; The Haunting; Inspector Gadget; Lake Placid; Muppets From Space; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West; The Wood.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; The Haunting; Inspector Gadget; Muppets From Space; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West; The Wood.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; American Pie; Arlington Road; Big Daddy; Eyes Wide Shut; The General's Daughter; The Haunting; Inspector Gadget; Lake Placid; Muppets From Space; Tarzan; Wild Wild West; The Wood.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

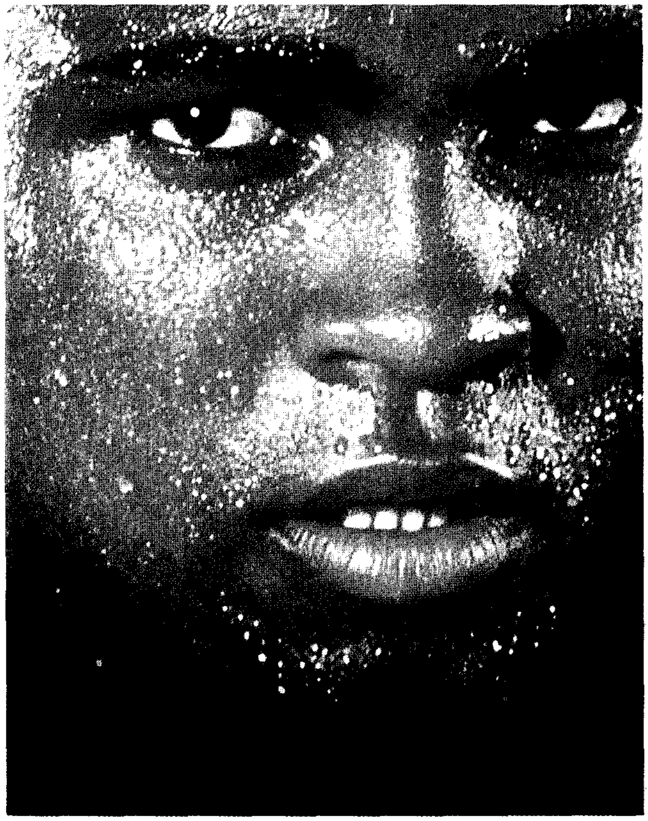
bam Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (623-2770) *Autumn Tale; Run Lola Run; Summer of Sam.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Inspector Gadget; Wild Wild West; The Wood.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Eyes Wide Shut; The General's Daughter; An Ideal Husband; Wild Wild West.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-



Festival

Larger Than Life

For those who missed Leon Gast and David Sonenberg's spellbinding, Oscar-winning documentary 'When We Were Kings' when it was in theaters three years ago, there will be an outdoor evening showing this week, as part of the Celebrate Brooklyn! Performing Arts Festival. The film, which chronicles the "Rumble in the Jungle"—the 1974 Muhammad Ali–George Foreman heavyweight-championship fight and the musical festival that surrounded it—will be shown at 8 P.M. Thursday, July 29, at the Prospect Park Bandshell.

Photograph courtesy of Celebrate Brooklyn.

FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *The Haunting; Inspector Gadget; Lake Placid.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (277-0303) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; American Pie; Arlington Road; Big Daddy; Eyes Wide Shut; The General's Daughter; The Haunting; Inspector Gadget; Muppets From Space; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West; The Wood.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (369-0838) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Arlington Road; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; Eyes Wide Shut; The Haunting; Inspector Gadget; Muppets From Space; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Big Daddy; The Haunting; Inspector Gadget; Lake Placid; Muppets From Space; Wild Wild West; The Wood.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Arlington Road; Big Daddy; The Haunting; Lake Placid; Muppets From Space.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *American Pie; Big Daddy; Drop Dead Gorgeous; Eyes Wide Shut; The General's Daughter; The Haunting; Lake Placid; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Retrospective

Go West

Born Sean O'Feeney in 1895, in Cape Elizabeth, Maine, John Ford got his first break, it's said, as a hooded Klansman in D. W. Griffith's *The Birth of a Nation.* Just two years later, in 1917, he would reveal his own emergent directing skill with *Straight Shooting.* Ford, the master of the Hollywood Western, went on to make more than 100 feature films. The American Museum of the Moving Image's "John Ford: Western Poet" series continues this week with *The Searchers* (1956), starring John Wayne, Natalie Wood, Vera Miles, and Jeffrey Hunter; *The Horse Soldiers* (1959; above), with John Wayne, William Holden, and Constance Towers; and *Two Rode Together* (1961), with James Stewart and Shirley Jones. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.

Photograph from Photofest/AMMI.

Queens

Area Code 718

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Big Daddy; Eyes Wide Shut; The Haunting; Inspector Gadget; Muppets From Space; Wild Wild West.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Drop Dead Gorgeous; Inspector Gadget; Muppets From Space; Summer of Sam; Tarzan.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (886-4900) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; American Pie; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; Eyes Wide Shut; The General's Daughter; The Haunting; Inspector Gadget; Muppets From Space; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *The Haunting; Lake Placid; Wild Wild West.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd., Queens (441-9835) *Autumn Tale; Notting Hill; Rosie; Run Lola Run.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *American Pie; Baby Geniuses; Big Daddy; Eyes Wide Shut; The Haunting; Inspector Gadget; Muppets From Space; Wild Wild West.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The Harmonists; The Red Violin; Tea With Mussolini; The Winslow Boy.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Inspector Gadget; Lake Placid.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *American Pie; Big Daddy; The Haunting; Lake Placid; Wild Wild West; The Wood.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *An Ideal Husband; Lake Placid.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *The Haunting; Wild Wild West; The Wood.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *American Pie; Big Daddy; Eyes Wide Shut; Inspector Gadget; Lake Placid; Muppets From Space; Tarzan.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *American Pie; Arlington Road; Big Daddy; Eyes Wide Shut; The Haunting; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Wild Wild West.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *American Pie; Big Daddy; The Haunting; Lake Placid.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *American Pie; Big Daddy; Drop Dead Gorgeous; Eyes Wide Shut; Inspector Gadget; Lake Placid; Muppets From Space; Wild Wild West.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *American Pie; Big Daddy; The Blair Witch Project; Drop Dead Gorgeous; The Haunting; Inspector Gadget; Muppets From Space; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *American Pie; Big Daddy; Eyes Wide Shut; The Haunting; The Wood.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; American Pie; Arlington Road; Big Daddy; Drop Dead Gorgeous; Eyes Wide Shut; The General's Daughter; The Haunting; Inspector Gadget; Lake Placid; Muppets From Space; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 8/8: "John Ford: Western Poet." 7/31: *The Searchers* (1956) and *The Horse Soldiers* (1959). 8/1: *The Searchers* (1956) and *Two Rode Together* (1961). 8/7: *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance* (1962) and *Sergeant Rutledge* (1960). 8/8: *How the West Was Won: "The Civil War"* (1962) and *Cheyenne Autumn* (1964). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

BAM Rose Cinemas—7/26: *The Killing* (1956). 7/27: *Platinum Blond* (1931). 7/28–7/29: *La Promesse* (1997). 7/30: *Wings of Desire* (1987). 7/31–8/1: *Smoke* (1995). *Killer's Kiss* (1955). 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770).

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen at sunset. 7/26: *The Awful Truth* (1937). 8/2: *Carmen Jones* (1954). Rain dates for each: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

Film Forum—Through 7/29: *Harold and Maude* (1972). 7/30–8/12: *Some Like It Hot* (1959). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 8/19: "Just Before Nightfall . . . The Cinema of Claude Chabrol." 7/28–7/29: *Betty* (1993) and *The Story of Women* (1988). 7/30–7/31: *The Beast Must Die* (1969) and *The Butcher* (1969). 8/2: *The Nada Gang* (1974) and *A Double Tour* (a.k.a. *Leda*) (1959). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); regular screenings $8.50–$15.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 8/3: "Márta Mészaros: A Retrospective." 7/27: *The Two of Them/Women* (1975). 7/29: *Just Like Home* (1978). 7/30: *Bye Bye Red Riding Hood* (1989), *Diary for My Loves* (1987), and *Diary for My Mother and Father* (1990). 7/31: *The Two of Them/Women* (1975), *Riddance* (1973), and *Daughter of Luck* (1999). 8/1: *Nine Months* (1976) and *Adoption* (1975). 8/2: *The Girl* (1968). 8/3: *Riddance* (1973). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

New York Public Library—"Sci-Fi Classics." 7/28: *K-9000: A Space Oddity* (1971; 11 mins.) and *Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home* (1986). Donnell Media Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

The Screening Room—Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Starting 7/30: midnight showings of *Disco Dolls in Hot Skin* (XXX in 3-D). Call theater for info. 54 Varick St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Tonic—"Monday Night Film Series." 7/26: "*Around the World in 80 Days*: From Brigitte Bardot to Don Ho." Tickets, $4. 107 Norfolk St. For more info, call 358-7501 or visit www.tonic107.com.

YWCA Cine-Club—7/31–8/1: *The Night* (*La Notte*) (1960). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

theater

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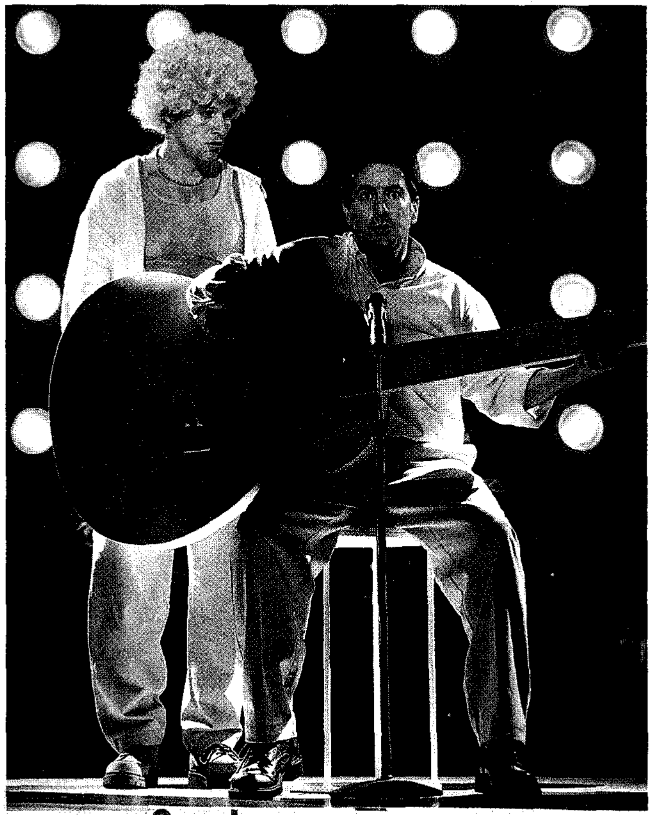


Opening Bar Revue

From the department of summer trifles: 'A Good Swift Kick,' a twenty-tune revue that includes a duet for narcissists, a torch song about co-dependency, and an uplifting melody about the final thoughts of a deer crossing the turnpike, opens at the Variety Arts Theatre on July 29. David Naughton stars; John Forster did the music and lyrics. Anyone with an impassioned sense of political correctness is encouraged to check it at the door. (A sample stanza from a ditty about Chinese expansionism: "We wanted Tibet—we got it! / We wanted Hong Kong—we got it! / And now we really, really want Taiwan!")

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Voices in the Dark—A spine-tingler about a popular radio therapist who receives menacing phone calls while vacationing in the Adirondacks. Starring the twice-Tony'd Judith Ivey; written by John Pielmeier, author of *Agnes of God*. $35–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Previews begin 7/31 for an 8/12 opening. *Longacre Theatre, 220 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharp-shootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (307-4100).*

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza, which was the hit of Paris in 1995 and of London in 1996 and won the Tony award here in 1998. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue has been fluently Englished. (Simon: 3/16/98 and 10/5/98.) Now with George Segal, Buck Henry, and Wayne Knight. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Andrea McArdle plays the girl; Steve Blanchard plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production. Robert Brill resuscitates a very functional but also eye-catching set. Peggy Eisenhauer and Mike Baldassari's razzle-dazzle lighting caps the razzmatazz. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan and Michael Hall. $25–$85. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $40–$75. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Minimalism prevails in this production. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now starring the ravishing Ruthie Henshall as Velma Kelly. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Closer—A sad, savvy, often funny play that casts a steely, unblinking gaze at the world of relationships. There are four characters. As several years go by, everyone ends up sexually and emotionally involved with everyone else, each trying vainly to get closer to the other. Patrick Marber tells his story in short, staccato scenes in which the unsaid talks as loudly as the said. As Larry, Ciaran Hinds conveys well the weaknesses of a strong man, and Rupert Graves gets the volatile, puppyish but nevertheless hurtful mischievousness of Dan perfectly. As for Alice: No one could capture the intermingled aggressiveness and vulnerability of youth with more empathy than Anna Friel. *Closer* does not merely hold your attention; it burrows into you. (Simon: 4/5/99.) $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Death of a Salesman—This *Salesman* is a hard but efficacious sell. "I sell, therefore I am" is the neo-Cartesian maxim Willy is meant to embody and explicate. Rightly, Arthur Miller embeds this value system in a business, social, and family context, but the interaction of the elements is achieved more by contrivance than by a sense of the inevitable. Yet most of the acting is splendid. Brian Dennehy is a man truly at the end of his tether, letting us in on every step of his decline via naïve optimism, disregard of reality, aging, and capitalist callousness. Elizabeth Franz settles into a quietly and thoroughly moving Linda. (Simon: 2/22/99.) $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation of the 1984 movie, but the lead does have his haircut. Kenny Loggins, Tom Snow, et al., did the lyrics; Dean Pitchford and director Walter Bobbie did the book. $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago*. $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

It Ain't Nothin' but the Blues—Powered by seven singers and a swinging band, the revue traces the history of

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

the blues, starting with chants from the plantation and ending with sets from the bars of Chicago. $35–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen *Lion King* onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4747).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).*

Peter Pan—Cathy Rigby is flyin' again, much to the delight of the kiddies. $25–$75. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 2, Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Through 8/29. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Ten leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Side Man—*A must.* This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven actors in a production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) Andrew McCarthy now stars. $25–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Weir—A brew of ghost stories and ale from Ireland's baby-blue eminence Conor McPherson, who turned 27 this year. $60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

A Good Swift Kick—A frenetic songfest from John Forster, the satirist who did *How to Eat Like a Child* and *Pretzels*. Some subjects the author considers include Jefferson's DNA, cultural imperialism, and the final thoughts of a deer crossing the turnpike. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 7/29 opening. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Jar the Floor—A drama exploring the bittersweet bonds between four generations of African-Amer-

Previews

Aging Gracefully, if Quickly

Though it is customary (and, indeed, professionally desirable) for most actresses to play women about two-thirds their age, Irma P. Hall (pictured, center) has made a speciality out of playing salty old coots. She was the blind 88-year-old wiseacre in *A Family Thing* and the wrinkled, lion-haired voodoo priestess in *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*; now she's a 90-year-old matriarch—a crowning crone atop a four-generation pyramid—in *Jar the Floor*, the Cheryl L. West drama starring Lynne Thigpen at Second Stage. "My acting range goes from 50 to 100," Hall muses, oblivious to how unusual this declaration sounds. "This is what I'd wanted to be a character actor for—to do middle-aged and older roles." She pauses, then adds: "My mother used to say I was the only child born wanting to be old." To be fair, Hall didn't start her professional acting career in time to play a doe-eyed ingenue; she barely began it in time to play a care-worn carpool mom. She spent the first 27 years of her adult life teaching English and Spanish to high-school students in Dallas, and only took up acting when a friend, who also happened to be a film director, noticed how well she read poetry aloud. Soon, with Reginald Montgomery, she started a community theater group, and before she knew it, she had an agent offering her roles in the films *Soul Food*, *Patch Adams*, and *Beloved*. At first, she tried to balance her acting career with teaching, dragging her students onto movie sets and showing them what job opportunities lurked. (" 'Look!' I'd say. 'You could be a grip or a gaffer!' ") But arthritis began to take its toll, and her daughter got a degree in special ed, becoming a teacher herself. For the past seven years, Hall has been doing *Jar the Floor* in various resident theaters around the country. The show begins previews here on July 28. "I was in my fifties when I started playing the role," she says. "Now that I'm 64, I'm much closer to understanding her." She thinks. "You know what I'd love? I'd love to play her when I'm 90." Provided, of course, she's not playing someone a little older.

JENNIFER SENIOR

Photograph courtesy of Second Stage Theatre.

ican women, set on great-grandma's ninetieth birthday. Written by Cheryl L. West; starring Irma P. Hall, Regina Taylor, Linda Powell, and the prodigiously gifted Lynne Thigpen. $10–$45. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2 and 8. Previews begin 7/28 for an 8/11 opening. *Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (246-4422).*

Now Playing

After the Fair—A romantic musical based on Thomas Hardy's short story *On the Western Circuit,* with book and lyrics by Stephen Cole and music by Matthew Ward. Starring a cast of Broadway reliables, including Michele Pawk (*Cabaret*). $40–$45. Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7:30. *Theatre at Saint Peter's Church at the Citicorp Center, 619 Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (239-6200).*

Automatic Earth—A massive, multimedia spectacle from 3-Legged Dog about a mental patient and a vicious hurricane. By Kevin Cunningham. $20. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 8/1. *Signature Theatre, 555 W. 42nd St. (645-0374).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

The Brave—Scottish playwright Sharman Macdonald's thriller about murder and sexual politics in North Africa. Presented by the Goldthread Theater Company; starring Aasif Mandvi, creator and star of the Obie-winning *Sakina's Restaurant.* $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 7. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's costume drama about the love triangle between John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. $35–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

A Couple of Blaguards—Tired yet of the brothers McCourt? Good! Come see Frank and Malachy's stage version of their coming-of-age story, performed by Mickey Kelly and Michael Judd. $45. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

Dear Liar—Jerome Kilty's comedy about the love affair between George Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the celebrated London stage actress who originated the role of Eliza Doolittle in *Pygmalion.* Donal Donnelly plays him, Marian Seldes plays her, the Irish Rep presents, and Charlotte Moore, as always, directs. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

The Gathering—Theodore Bikel stars in this new play, set during the Reagan era in both the United States and Germany, about a family in conflict over its national duties. Written by Arje Shaw; presented by Jewish Repertory Theatre. $40–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed. and Sun. at 2. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (239-6200).*

Goodbye My Friduchita—Priscilla Lopez, the Tony-winning actress who originated the role of Morales in *A Chorus Line,* portrays an even more willful and full-toned character—the late Mexican painter Frida Kahlo—in this new bio-drama by Dolores C. Sendler. $20–$25. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. Through 8/7. *The Directors Company, 311 W. 43rd St. (712-7458).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting in this brave, beautiful rock musical by John Cameron Mitchell. Michael Cerveris stars; Stephen Trask did the catchy music and lyrics. $20–$49.50. Mon.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

Hurrah at Last—A new play by Richard Greenberg about one of his favorite (and most expertly handled) subjects: a tormented writer. Starring Reg Rogers; directed by David Warren. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 8/22. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (719-1300).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—A contemporary musical about an amusingly quaint subject: heterosexual love. $49.50–$52.50. Mon.–Wed. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

I'm the One That I Want—After a long hiatus, Margaret Cho is back on the stand-up circuit, breathing sass and ladling out generous helpings of L.A. dish. $30–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30. Through 7/31. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (307-4100).*

If Love Were All—A musical comedy about Gertrude Lawrence and Noël Coward. Adapted from his works; featuring his songs. Starring Twiggy and Harry Groener. $45–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed., and Thurs. at 8; Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 8. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (463-0060).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A new comedy from Joe DiPietro about the meddling efforts of four Italian-American grandparents to change the life of their grandson. $45. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. Even the Cathtilian lithp geth a tuneful thong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 321 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Snakebit—This is a small, well-made play. In a Hollywood home he is forced to vacate, a young social worker hosts visitors from New York: an ambitious actor friend up for a fat movie role and his forlorn wife, an ex-actress who is the last woman our hero ever bedded. The actor-author, David Marshall Grant, says smart things about East Coast and West Coast, theaters and movies, homos and heteros, men and women. (Simon: 3/22/99.) $17.50–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, an energetic show in which a troupe of performers generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Things You Shouldn't Say Past Midnight—A comedy in three beds by freshman playwright Peter Ackerman. $19–$48. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

This Lime Tree Bower—What do you know? This early play by Conor McPherson has it all: rib-tickling wit, mind-jolting insight, and heart-refreshing humanity, neatly blended. This despite the fact that its three characters take turns monologuizing, there being only two lines of dialogue. In tying together several bizarre but believable stories, McPherson will have you both in stitches and at the edge of your seat. (Simon: 5/31/99.) $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 8/15. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Thwak—More nifty trickery from the Umbilical Brothers, an unrelated pair of kinetic Australians. Likely to give the words *extended run* a whole new meaning. $25–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.,* then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

2½ Jews—A comedy about a prominent civil-rights attorney's relationships with his irascible father and lawyer son. By Alan Brandt. $32.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8:30, Wed. at 3, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 2 and 5:30. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (239-6200).*

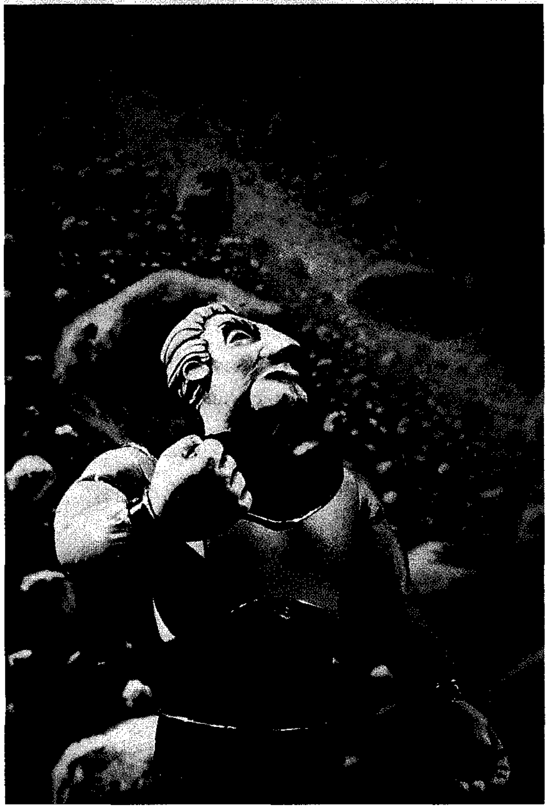
Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That,

Exhibit
Plumage Under Glass

For those in need of a highbrow excuse to window-shop, the Museum of the City of New York has mercifully provided one in "Fashion on Stage: Couture for the Broadway Theatre, 1910–1955." The exhibit includes photos, baubles, and the actual finery of such divas as Lillian Gish and Gypsy Rose Lee; with any luck, it'll conclude with a long hall of flattering mirrors. Show runs through February 27; call 534-1672 for more information.

Onstage
Puppet Regime

Basil Twist, whose underwater spectacular *Symphonie Fantastique* did for Berlioz what the lava lamp did for Pink Floyd, curates "The Puppetry Parlor" at HERE's American Living Room Festival this week on July 29 and 30. Highlights include a short story by Kurt Vonnegut and a satirical adaptation of *The Wizard of Oz*. Call 647-0202 for tickets and more information.



without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. It is a dazzling and humane play you will remember till your dying day, and especially then, thanks also to a near-flawless production. First, Kathleen Chalfant, a Vivian Bearing of power and vulnerability, commanding intelligence and compelling irony. Add a supporting cast in which all shine. For this play alone, Edson should be handed the Harvard English department, along with her Pulitzer. (Simon: 9/28/98.) $35–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Off-Off Broadway

American Living Room Festival—A summer salad of works by new and emerging directors, musicians, puppeteers, etc. $12. Shows and performance times vary. Through 8/29. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (647-0202).*

Benten Kozo—A return engagement of Jim Simpson's Obie-winning Kabuki-gangsta musical, based on a nineteenth-century drama about a princess and her missing fiancé. The Bat Theater Co. presents. $20–$35. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 8. *Flea Theatre, 41 White St. (226-0051).*

Bigsmörgasbordwünderwerk—A New York debut production from Squonk. Everything the troupe does is a multidisciplinary mishmash; so is this. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8:30, Sat. at 8:30 and 11, Sun. at 3. Through 8/29. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

The Great Debate—Creation vs. evolution, the musical. Music, book, and lyrics by Mona Johnian. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (1-800-829-2631).*

Hospital—Axis Company's big-screen, five-episode exploration of the dream life of a boy in a coma. $10. Thurs. and Fri. at 8. Through 9/17. *Axis Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square. (807-9300).*

Jodie's Body—Aviva Jane Carlin's acclaimed one-woman show about art, femininity, and South Africa. $35. Sat. at 9:30, Sun. at 2, Mon. and Tues. at 8. *ArcLight Theatre, 152 W. 71st St. (595-0355).*

Macbeth—As interpreted by the Classical Theatre of Harlem. $12–$15. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30. Through 8/1. All performances are outdoors, in the courtyard of the *Harlem School of the Arts, 645 St. Nicholas Ave., at 141st. St. (539-8828).*

Maybe Baby, It's You—Eleven vignettes about mating by Shari Simpson and Charlie Shanian, supplemented by recorded musings on love from street philosophers in Central Park. Directed by Adobe Theatre's Jeremy Dobrish. $12. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Curricab Theatre, 154 W. 29th St. (841-0109).*

Minotaur—A hip-hop concert drama based on the Greek myth. Written by Jonathon Ward; composed, directed, and choreographed by José Joaquín Garcia. $3 donation suggested. Tues. and Wed. at 1, Thurs. and Fri. at 7. Through 8/11. *Abrons Arts Center, 466 Grand St. (598-0400).*

No Strings Attached—A summer festival of works by Richard Foreman, dean of the New York avant-garde. $12. *Performances are seven days a week, alternating between Nada, 167 Ludlow St., and the Piano Store, 158 Ludlow St. Call for 420-1466 various shows and showtimes.* Through 8/14.

Richard III—Staged entirely around a 1984 baby-blue Malibu. (*My kingdom for a Chevy!*) Presented by Expanded Arts. Free. Wed.–Sat. at 8. From 7/9 through 8/7. *Municipal Parking Lot at Broome and Ludlow Sts. Call 253-1813 for tickets and details.*

Romeo and Juliet—Obie-winner Angela Goethals stars in this site-specific production. $10. Thurs.–Sun. at 6. *Outdoor Garage at the Present Company Theatorium, 196-198 Stanton St. (420-8877).*

Symphonie Fantastique—Puppeteer Basil Twist dances his fanciful creations around a 500-gallon tank. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 10:30, Sun. at 5. Through 8/15. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (647-0202).*

You Are Now Entering Nellie Oleson—So abandon all political correctness, ye who dare. It's another installment of affectionate, exuberantly offensive sketch comedy from the Nellie Olesons, the bicoastal troupe that's made an art form out of poor taste. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30. Through 7/31. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

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Photograph by A. C. Pagdon.

art

Wax Works...Carlos Emilio... Club Visuals

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Herbert Brown—Paintings executed on subway posters in the sixties; through 9/30. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

Aristodimos Kaldis—A survey of monumental late paintings from 1974 to 1977 by the Greek-American artist (1899–1979); through 8/29. Foundation for Hellenic Culture, 7 W. 57th St. (308-6908).

57th Street Area

Elizabeth Eyre de Lanux—Correspondence, diaries, sketchbooks, portrait drawings, photographs, and watercolors highlighting the life and work of Eyre de Lanux (1894–1996), an American who married a French diplomat and settled in Paris in 1918, where she worked variously as a furniture designer, painter, sculptor, illustrator, and writer; through 10/8. Smithsonian's Archives of American Art Regional Center, 1285 Sixth Ave. (202-357-2700), Mon.–Fri. 9:30–5.

Teo Gonzalez/Carlos Estrada-Vega—Methodical arrangements of small drops of paint on canvas/Paintings composed of many individually stretched and painted canvases. Through 9/4. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

May Stevens—Recent drawings and prints that depict mysterious images of boats and rowers; through 8/30. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Ross Bleckner—New etchings teeming with small organic shapes resembling cells; through 8/30. Senior, 375 W. Broadway (941-0960).

Bill Jones/Ben Neill—*Pulse 48*, a collaborative "fractal symphony" by Jones, a photographer and installation artist, and Neill, a performer, composer, and inventor of the Mutantrumpet, a hybrid electric-acoustic instrument; through 9/11. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Martin Ramirez—Sixteen drawings that have not been previously exhibited, by the Mexican-born artist (1895–1963), who was diagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia and spent more than 30 years, until his death, in a California state mental hospital; through 8/30. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Susan Wanklyn—Recent grid paintings and drawings; through 9/18. Pelavin, 13 Jay St. (925-9424).

Chelsea

John Geary—Drawings of animals, a video inspired by the artist's bike rides through Venice Beach, and sculpture; through 8/6. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555).

Andrew C. Kromelow—A "Poor Boy Country Club" installation, featuring a pop-up, collapsible log-cabin distillery; through 8/30. Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. (206-9100).

Joe Walters—Sculptures of plant and animal forms; through 8/28. Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St. (431-4224).

Other

Matt Harle—Cast-rubber and cast-acrylic-paint wall sculptures the artist calls "strips," which are suspended from or dangling in front of a wall; through 9/14. Queens Museum of Art Satellite Gallery at Bulova Corporate Center, 25th Ave. bet. 75th and 76th Sts., Jackson Heights (718-899-0700), Mon.–Fri. 7–7, Sat. 10–4.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Castelli—59 E. 79th St. (249-4470). Recent works on paper by Collins, Johns, Morris, Ruscha, Starn, Therrien, Weiner; through 9/11.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). "Pattern," paintings, drawings, sculpture, and photography by Agee, Bovasso, Crile, Morisse, Obrosey, Siena, others; through 8/27.

57th Street Area

Barquet—41 E. 57th St. (644-9090). "Today and Everyday," a playful exhibition of works for children, including Romero's miniaturized sculptures of furniture, Suro's gargantuan Q-Tips and Alka-Selzer tablets, and works by Alÿs, Arce, Conte, Mazal, Wizon, others; through 9/3.

Danese—41 E. 57th St. (223-2227). "Walking," works by Abramovic, Fishman, Fulton, Hartnett, Truitt, Winogrand, others; through 8/27.

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (759-2345). American realist paintings and works on paper by Artz, Hagin, King, Loftus, Sullivan, Touchton, others; through 8/31.

Goodman—24 W. 57th St. (977-7160). Twenty-seven small black-and-white photographs by Colorado-born Francesca Woodman, with works by Artschwager, Baldessari, Horn, Kiefer, McQueen, Oldenburg, Orozco, Richter, others; through 8/31.

Klagsbrun—526 W. 26th St. (243-3335). Paintings by Richard Devriendt, and a group show of drawings by eighteen artists; through 9/11.

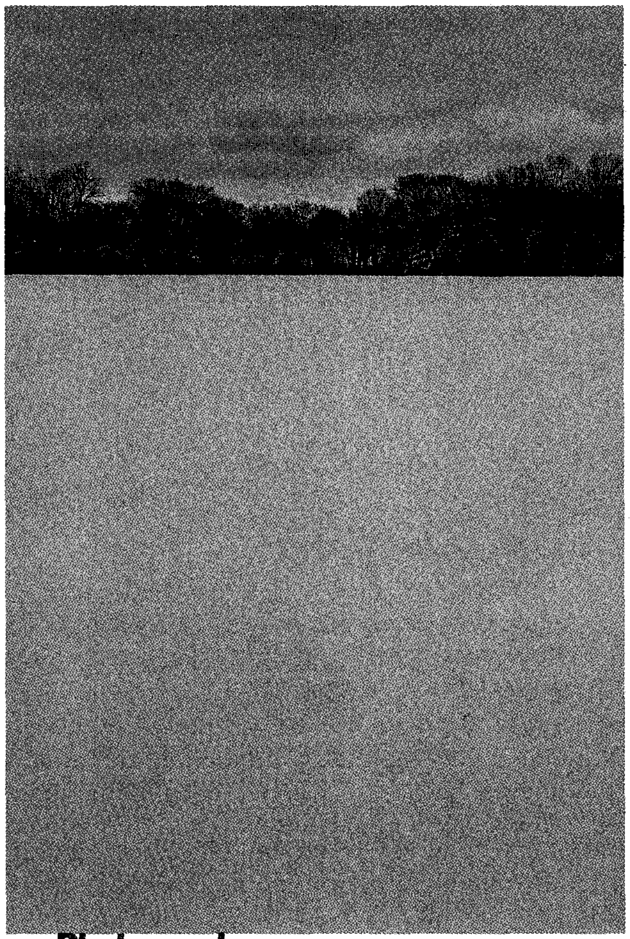
PaineWebber—1285 Sixth Ave. (713-2000). "The Carriage Era in New York," an exhibition of eight nineteenth-century horse-drawn carriages and other works; through 9/10.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Recent acquisitions, featuring prints by Käthe Kollwitz and works by Coe, Grosz, Klinger, Schiele, Moses, others; through 9/3.

Zabriskie—41 E. 57th St. (752-1223). An exhibition of works from the posters and books of the Zabriskie Editions publishing company, including photographs by Brancusi and Atget, sculptures and monoprints by Mary Frank, and works by Batho, Caponigro, Feldstein, Stieglitz, Strand, others; through 10/9.

Ground Rules:

In the summer, galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.



Photography

Land Escapes

Taking his cues from Joel Meyerowitz and Hiroshi Sugimoto, photographer Carlos Emilio reduces already sparse landscapes in Brazil and the United States to their most elemental forms in his iris prints. At Throckmorton Fine Art, 153 East 61st Street; through September 18.

Photograph by Carlos Emilio, courtesy of Throckmorton Fine Art.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Alexander—59 Wooster St. (925-4338). "Thirty Years of Artists' Book Publishing in Germany," published works from the sixties to the nineties, including works by Baselitz, Johns, Polke, Zaugg, others; through 9/18.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). "New York at Large," metropolitan works by Firmin, Reist, Sokolov, Sera; through 8/28.

Marlborough—40 W. 57th St. (541-4900). Sculptures by gallery artists, including works by Abakanowicz, Botero, Otterness, Popper, others; through 9/1.

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer, Inc.—210 Eleventh Ave. (691-5956). "Reproductive Choice: Obstacles to Self-Determination," pro-choice works by Ms. Jiji, through 8/27; works by Charles Hovland, through 8/27; a new installation by Dorothy Jiji, through 8/26; works by Bangs, Goodwin, Thomas, and Pryor, through 8/26.

Bonakdar Jancou—521 W. 21st St. (414-4144). Paintings, sculpture, and works on paper by Balka, Doig, Dorner, Klein, Tuymans, others; through 8/27.

Bound & Unbound—601 W. 26th St. (463-7348). A retrospective of Boekie Woekie, the Amsterdam publisher and art bookshop, including works by Henriëtte, Roth, Voss, Vriendt, others; through 9/18

Cacciola—501 W. 23rd St. (462-4646). Contemporary paintings and sculpture by Beck, Contreras, DeGroot, Kanevsky, Strand, Wrigley, others; through 8/31.

French—601 W. 26th St. (247-2457). Landscapes, still-lifes, interiors, and sculptures in the gallery's new location by Adkins, Carey, Dunlap, Ferrin, Tanis, others; through 8/31.

Kasmin—74 Grand St. (219-3219). Works by Ford, McClelland, Moix, Nares, Puckette, and Zwack; through 9/30.

Marks—522 W. 22nd St. (243-0200). Works by Albers, Beck, Noland, and Semmel, and black-and-white photographs of found children's clothing by Nancy Shaver; through 9/10.

Ricco/Maresca—529 W. 20th St. (627-4819). "Stars and Stripes: The Flag in Photographs, American Folk, and Outsider Art," works by Hawkins, Dellschau, others; through 8/24.

Tibet House—22 W. 15th St. (807-0563). "Worlds of Compassion: Tibetan Art of Wisdom and Compassion," works from the collection of Shelley and Donald Rubin, including masterworks from the twelfth to the twentieth century; through 8/28.

Other

Forbes—60 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (620-2200). "200 Years of American Art," works from the *Forbes* Magazine Collection; through 9/5.

Long Island University—Brooklyn Campus, University Plaza (718-488-1198). Outdoor sculpture by Ballengee, Burke, Dennis, Gonzalez, Hickman, and Jensen; through 10/30.

Newhouse Center—Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-448-2500). "Visions of Childhood," photographs of children from the Victorian era to the present by Bey, Cameron, Carroll, Fuss, Goldin, Mann, Weston, others; and "Play Things," paintings, sculptures, and photographs that reflect childhood games and toys by Blake, Burden, Kalka, Pensato, Phelan, Wilson, others. Through 10/3.

Photography

Benrubi—52 E. 76th St. (517-3766). Photographs by Garfield, Harvey, Raff, Nimoy, others; through 8/27.

Henri Cartier-Bresson/Ezra Stoller—Iconic photographs; through 8/31/Photographs of the TWA terminal at JFK. Through 8/13. Danziger, 851 Madison Ave. (734-5300).

De Lellis—47 E. 68th St. (327-1482). "Animals Are Funny People," silly, pet-friendly photographs by Erwitt, Quigley, Wegman, Winogrand, Ylla, others; through 9/18.

Carlos Emilio—Photographic landscapes of nearly geometric order; through 9/18. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Chip Hooper—Landscape photographs by a California photographer; through 9/11. Carter, 560 Broadway (966-1933).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Sea Change," contemporary photographs of seascapes by Adams, Cooper, Flick, Klipper, Stewart, West, Yamazaki, others; and "Myths, Dreams, and Realities in Contemporary Argentine Photography," with works by Casaballe, Díaz, Gil, Lestido, Valansi, Zout, others. Through 9/26.

M. Henry Jones—Three-dimensional photography, "stroboscopic zoetropes," animation, film, and customized mechanical devices; through 7/31. Donahue/Sosinski, 560 Broadway, at Prince St. (226-1111).

David LaChapelle—Photographs by the artist, whose commercial work has been seen in the campaigns of Jean-Paul Gaultier, Giorgio Armani, MTV, Pepsi, and Levi's; through 9/15. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Newseum—580 Madison Ave. (317-7596). Photographs of Beatle-mania by Harry Benson, through 9/4; photographs of eleven American presidents from the pages of *Time* magazine, through 9/25.

PaceWildensteinMacGill—32 E. 57th St. (759-7999). Photographs by Judith Joy Ross and a group exhibition of works by Callahan, Close, Schad, Sudek, others; through 8/27.

Rice—325 W. 11th St. (366-6660). "Summertime," photographs by Arden, Ferebee, McDonald, Sink, others; through 9/6.

Richardson—560 Broadway (343-1255). Photographs of books by Bravo, Brouws, Chalmers, Devine, Kertesz, Opton, Rubin, Verburg, others; through 8/27.

Francesca Woodman—Black-and-white photographs taken between 1972 and 1981, the year the artist died, that depict images of her body with found objects; through 8/31. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Museums

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Urban Mythologies: The Bronx Represented Since the 1960s." Works by John Ahearn, Renee Cox, Maya Lin, Gordon Matta-Clark, Pepon Osorio, Tim Rollins & K.O.S., others; through 9/5. . . . "Con(text): Words, Text, and Meaning in the Permanent Collection." Works from the museum's permanent collection by Glenn Ligon, Carrie Mae Weems, and others; through 9/5. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $3, $2 students and seniors, Wed. free.

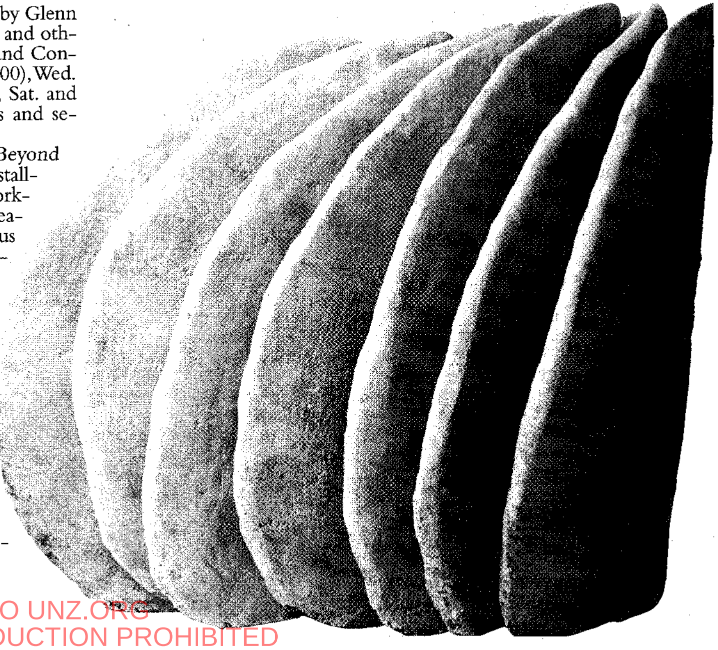
Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Beyond Technology." The latest installment of the museum's "Working in Brooklyn" series, featuring works that use various technologies by the Brooklyn-based artists Rico Gatson, Perry Hoberman, Roxy Paine, Fatimah Tuggar, and Janet Zweig; through 9/12. . . . "Impressionists in Winter: *Effets de Neige*." Paintings of winter scenes by Monet, Renoir, Pissarro, Sisley, Caillebotte, and Gauguin; through 8/29. . . . "Mariko Mori: Empty Dream." Multimedia installations that feature large-scale computer-generated photographs of the artist in futuristic scenes; through 8/15. . . . "The Matthew Scott Sloan Collection of American Furniture"; through 9/30. . . . "Winslow Homer: Illustrating America." Approximately 75 wood engravings selected from a collection of more than 225 works given to the museum by Harvey Isbitts; through 10/10. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Tues.–Fri. 10–5 (Thurs. to 8), Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors (admission to "Impressionists in Winter" is $9.50 adults, $7.50 students and seniors and includes general admission).

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Surrealism: Two Private Eyes, the Nesuhi Ertegun and Daniel Filipacchi Collections." Approximately 700 works from the collections of Daniel Filipacchi and the late Nesuhi Ertegun, longtime friends who assembled two of the most important private holdings of Surrealist art; through 9/12. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

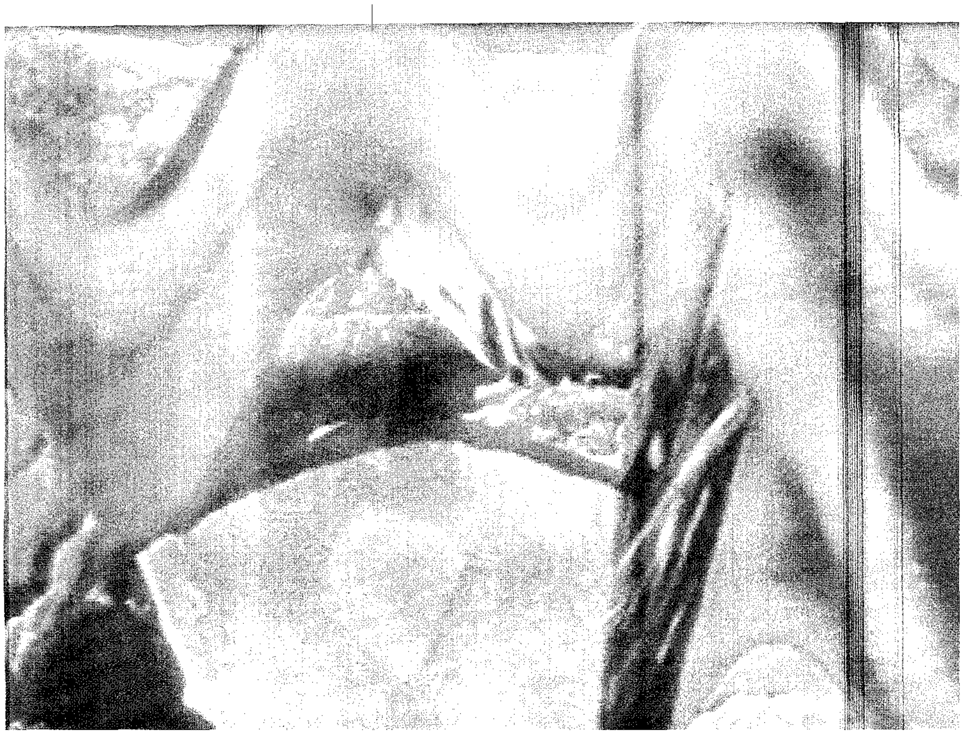
Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Andy Warhol: The Last Supper." Paintings from the artist's final series, created during the last year of his life for the gallery rooms of a Milan bank located directly opposite the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, where Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper* is located; through 12/30. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Thurs.–Mon. 11–6; $8, $5 seniors and students.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Recent Acquisitions of Twentieth-Century Design and Architecture"; through 11/14. . . . "Klee Cities." Paintings, drawings, and works in other media by Paul Klee depicting cities, drawn from the museum's Berggruen Klee Collection; through 9/5. . . . "Gustave Moreau: Between Epic and Dream." A retrospective of paintings, watercolors, and drawings by the French Symbolist painter (1826–1898); through 8/22. . . . "Cézanne to Van Gogh: The Collection of Doctor Gachet." Works by Van Gogh, Cézanne, Pissarro, Renoir, Sisley, and others that originally were in the collection of Dr. Paul-Ferdinand Gachet

On View **From a second-century Greco-Egyptian burial portrait to the more contemporary wax sculpture by Mia Westerlund Roosen (below, *Petal Piece I*, 1989), "Waxing Poetic" surveys encaustic (hot wax) paintings and other waxworks. Hopefully, the August heat won't melt pieces by Rembrandt Peale, Arthur Dove, Jasper Johns, Nancy Graves, Lynda Benglis, Brice Marden, Byron Kim, and others. At Montclair Art Museum, 3 South Mountain Avenue, Montclair, New Jersey; through August 15.**



Photograph courtesy of Lennon, Weinberg Gallery.



Happening

I Wake Up Screening

Long before Andy Warhol's original happenings and the old Fillmore light shows, the French priest Louis Bertrand Castel rigged colored tape and candles to a harpsichord in 1720, trying to match light to music. In an age of laptops, digital samplers, and Silicon Graphics workstations, projection has become a whole new game. A new generation of projection collectives has emerged in Gotham's dance clubs, mixing slick computer animation with gritty video, matching stop-frame animation with still slides and super-8 film loops, all while D.J.'s make the dancers sweat. These young artists discovered live-video pioneers like Nam June Paik in museums, but found cut 'n' mix multimedia stunners like Emergency Broadcast Network and Hex in dance clubs and on MTV. By day, they create installations in galleries and edit corporate tapes to make money. At night, they create massive multi-projector happenings at downtown parties and warehouse raves. Almost any night of the week, you can find projections shining across walls and dancing bodies in downtown nightclubs like Baktün, the Cooler, and the Knitting Factory. Last Saturday, a collective called panOptic projected computer animation and video for a Giant Step party at the Bowery Ballroom while eight projectionists covered the walls of a warehouse for a WFMU benefit in Brooklyn. There, Howard Goldkrand of SoundLab and Mau Ceppi of Funk Taxi 1533 mixed a riot of video images live (above, a Funk Taxi 1533 video still). Intensely crafted slide projections covered one wall; 16-mm film loops shone on another; the duo Whirligig used custom software to remix gargantuan projections of Kubrick film clips. The projectionists improvised together, mixing visuals as D.J.'s spun records. One moment, brick walls shone with industrial machinery and sci-fi imagery; then, as the bass tones jolted, the brick exploded with abstract colors. While mixing video feed from two VCRs and recording his mix to a third video deck, Ceppi shouted, "I still can't believe this, you know? I do what I love, installation work five nights a week—and people *watch*! How many video artists can say that? Tell me!" Other visualists in town include Leith Murgai, Feedbuck Galore, Nneng, and Zerorez. For more information on live audio/visual events, call the Pulsating Okay! Real-Time Cinema Hotline at 631-5805, SoundLab's Infomix at 726-1724, or Baktün at 206-1590. LOGAN HILL

(1828–1909), among them some 50 paintings and drawings that have never before been lent by the Musée d'Orsay, Paris; through 8/15. . . . "Barbara Chase-Riboud: The Monumental Drawings." Twenty-four drawings by the sculptor and writer that memorialize historical, literary, and artistic figures; through 9/5. . . . "Prayer Book for a Queen: The Hours of Jeanne d'Evreux." A display of the pages from the medieval prayer book, whose depictions of the Christmas and Easter stories and the life of the crusader king Saint Louis are among the most evocative paintings of the Gothic era; through 8/29. . . . "Devotions and Diversions: Prints and Books From the Late Middle Ages in Northern Europe"; through 8/29. . . . "Recent Acquisitions of Twentieth-Century Design and Architecture"; through 11/14. . . . "Our New Clothes: Acquisitions of the 1990s." Fashion masterworks by Geoffrey Beene, Calvin Klein, Giorgio Sant'Angelo, and other designers acquired by the museum's Costume Institute over the past decade; through 8/22. . . . "Hans Hofmann at the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Paintings by the abstract artist and influential teacher from the museum's collection, including nine paintings of "The Renate Series"; through 10/17. . . . "Guardians of the Longhouse: Art in Borneo." The first American exhibition devoted exclusively to the Kenyah-Kayan art of central Borneo; through 1/16/00. . . . "Magdalena Abakanowicz on the Roof." A selection of the artist's sculptures on display on the museum's rooftop; through 10/30. . . . "American Folk Art in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and portrait miniatures by Rufus Hathaway, Edward Hicks, Joshua Johnson, Ammi Phillips, and others working within naïve and provincial traditions in the United States during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; through 9/5. . . . "Treasures of Early Photography From the Rubel Collection." Works by William Henry Fox Talbot, David Octavius Hill, Robert Adamson, Roger Fenton, and Julia Margaret Cameron; through 9/19. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum of Modern Art—"Different Roads: Automobiles for the Next Century." An exhibition of nine contemporary automobiles that embody fresh approaches to automotive design; through 9/21. . . . "Fame After Photography." A survey examining how photographic images changed the representation and meaning of fame over the last 200 years; through 10/5. . . . "The Un-Private House." The first project of the Lily Auchincloss Series of Architecture Exhibitions, examining 26 homes by international architects whose designs reflect the transformation of the private house in response to changing cultural conditions and recent architectural innovations; through 10/5. . . . "Abby Aldrich Rockefeller and Print Collecting: An Early Mission for MOMA." Approximately 100 of the nearly 1,600 prints left to the museum by Mrs. Rockefeller, by George Bellows, Emil Nolde, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, Diego Rivera, and others; through 9/21. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

New York Public Library—"Nabokov Under Glass." An exhibition drawn from the Vladimir Nabokov Archive of the Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, presented on the occasion of the centennial of the writer's birth; through 8/21. "Such Friends: The Work of W. B. Yeats," an exhibition of 250 books, manuscripts, drawings and photographs, and personal correspondence; through 9/11. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Philippe Starck: Furniture & Objects." A survey of furniture and household objects by the contemporary designer; through 8/29. . . . "0044: Contemporary Irish Art in Britain"; through 8/29. . . . "Animal.-Anima.Animus."; through 8/29. . . . "David Reed Paintings: Motion Pictures"; through 8/29. . . . "Anna Oppermann: Being Different (Why Is She So Different?) 1970–1986"; through 8/29. . . . "Site-Specific Project by Claude Lévêque"; through 8/29. . . . "Paintings by John Tweddle From the Robert C. Scull Collection"; through 8/29. . . . "Pavilion by Philip Johnson." A D.J. booth and dance pavilion designed by the architect for "Warm Up," P.S. 1's second annual outdoor D.J. series; through 9/11. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"The American Century: Art & Culture 1900–2000." The first part of a two-part exhibition exploring this century's art and culture, covering the years 1900 to 1950 and comprising works drawn from the museum's collection and from public and private institutions across the country; through 8/22. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (6–8 pay what you wish on the first Thurs. of every month); $12.50, $10.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more. Timed tickets may be purchased in advance for a $2 service charge by calling 877-WHITNEY or ordering online at www.whitney.org.

Auctions

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). Next auction on 8/4.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). Next auction on 8/4.

Photograph courtesy of Funk Taxi 1533.

restaurants

Fusion in Brooklyn...Dessert on the Hudson

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Park—Sophisticated seafood preparations and wonderful water views merit a special trip to the southern tip of Manhattan. In warm weather, outdoor seating is ideal for cocktails and light bites from the raw bar, but even in winter, walls of glass windows remind us that this is a coastal town, after all. Catering available. *Opposite 17 State St., Battery Park, next to Ferry Terminal (809-5508). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Deanna's—Owner and recording artist Deanna Kirk sings nightly at her relocated supper club, now on the Lower East Side, where surprise guests drop in for impromptu performances. Silk lampshades and candlelight transform a space built in the twenties as a Yiddish theater, and an alumnus of the kitchens of Le Cirque and Bouley turns out American bistro fare. *107 Rivington St. (420-2258). (I) ($).*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Namaskaar—Billing itself as an "Indian bistro," this SoHo newcomer offers all the tikka, tandoori, and vindaloo you'd expect, plus some you might not. Try the house Biryani (a layered casserole of shrimp, lamb, chicken, and vegetables), popcorn crawfish in yogurt sauce, chicken-tikka Caesar salad, or—to satisfy a gargantuan curry craving—the all-you-can-eat $8.95 Sunday brunch. *337A W. Broadway (625-1112). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

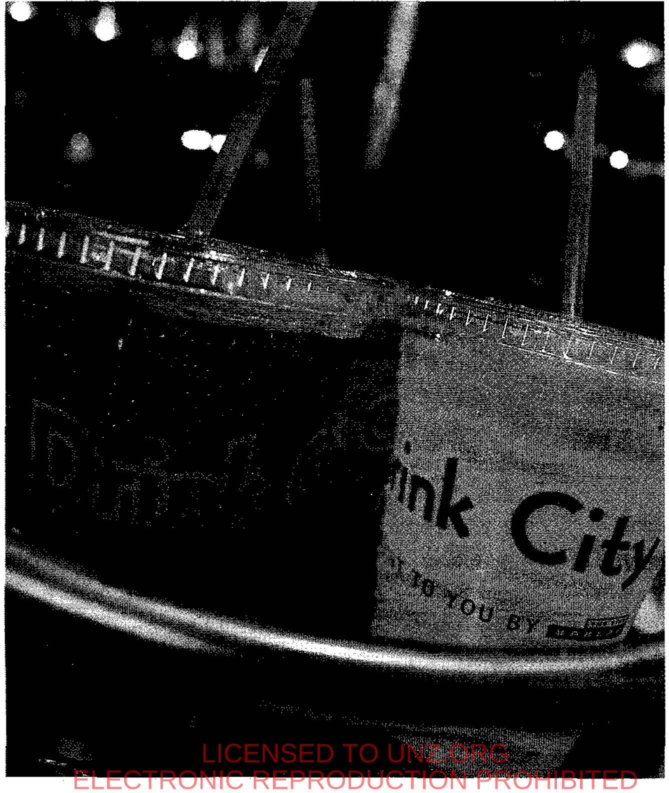
Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Ital-

Opening

Life Gave Him Lemons . . .

. . . and for the past seven years, Maury Rubin of Union Square's City Bakery has given us lemonade, in mad-scientist flavors like sesame seed, cilantro, and young ginger, plus hot chocolate in similarly disturbing (but delicious) varieties. This week, he exponentially expands his market base with the satellite Drink City, opening in the dining concourse at Grand Central Terminal. Besides offering a rotating menu of three different signature drinks a day, Rubin will serve his cookies, homemade marshmallows, dense chocolate macaroons, and a brand-new line of candies and fudge. Plus, for the muffin-fatigued commuter, he has innovative multipart breakfast entrées like brown-sugar crumb cake with espresso custard, and buttermilk biscuits with thickened cream and blueberry jam. And for a quick rush-hour sugar-caffeine jolt, little cups of beer hot chocolate. (Grand Central Terminal, lower level.)



ian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the 6th Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale décor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish, or beef. Perfect for pre- or post–Film Forum noshing. Live opera performances on Sunday nights. *220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Bombay City—This Indian newcomer offers the regular roster of subcontinental specialties, plus more offbeat tandoori preparations of steak and rabbit. The spacious premises are available for private parties; there's even room for a dance floor. *29 Seventh Ave. S., nr. Bedford St. (414-0931). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. (A newer uptown branch offers a similar menu of American classics like chicken potpie and grilled steaks and burgers, and is decorated with a similar canine motif.) *190 W. 4th St. (633-2275). Also, 1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

LeGans Bistro & Bar—Those romantic, cobblestone-paved streets of the meatpacking district seem a perfect setting for a French bistro like this new one, offering a menu of staples like bass, rack of lamb, and cod, all finished with a Provençal-ish flourish. *46 Gansevoort St. (675-5224). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Mono—The chef at this West Village bistro derives intense flavors from herbs, spices, and flavored oils,

ASK GAEL

It's business. It's lunch. And they're guys.

Give your expense account a break and make even a linebacker happy with Angelo & Maxie's year-round $19.99 lunch. To start, the Caesar is respectable, with a trio of anchovies you can devour or download. And there's a choice of steak, a three-pound whole roasted chicken in a garlic-lemon-pepper crust, or nicely cooked but tasteless cedar-plank salmon on a fabulous rubble of spinach hashed-browns. But that steak's the draw—sixteen ounces of tender, luscious sirloin. You're a better man than I if you can still tackle the black-and-white cheesecake or pecan pie. And it isn't just guys fueling here. On my left I see six steak-loving women who may have heard one can never be too rich or too thin but clearly don't give a hoot. Me and my gal pal being sissies, we're checking out with heaps of leftovers in a doggie bag. Just $19.99, and it could be dinner too. (233 Park Avenue South, at 19th Street; 220-9200.)

Photograph by James Baigrie.

keeping butter and cream to a minimum. You couldn't tell by the taste of dishes like star-anise-cured salmon tartare with lentil pancake, vanilla-roasted spring vegetables, and chamomile-steamed wild striped bass. Each of three tasting menus—market, vegetarian, and seafood—is paired with appropriate wines. *342 W. 11th St. (645-9009). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—This 10,000-square-foot Flatiron space is especially well suited to private functions, but even the lone diner (or foursome) will find the Deco design welcoming and the food—riffs on a Mediterranean theme like "pinchos" of vegetables with goat cheese, and chicken with eggplant, prosciutto, and Brie over herb risotto—satisfying. Live jazz performed Wednesday through Saturday. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Armani Café—Take a break from dressing-room calisthenics at this sleek coffee-and-panini bar—or at one of the outdoor tables, in season—where the Italian-accented salads, sandwiches and soups change daily. *110 Fifth Ave., at 16th St. (727-3251). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm

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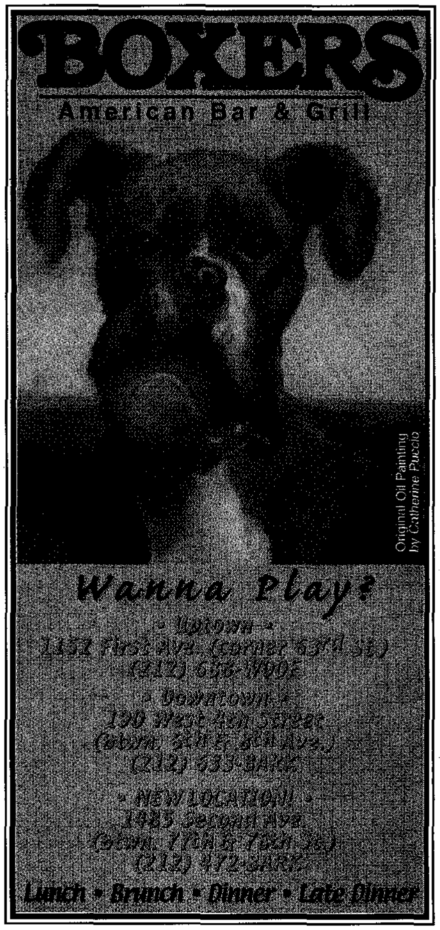
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weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

The Tonic—Thanks to design features like a century-old mahogany-and-cut-glass bar, this new American restaurant and tavern manages to feel like old New York. The cooking, courtesy of Chris Gesualdi, couldn't be more modern: Reggiano-crusted sea bass and shrimp scampi with curried basmati rice and broccoli indicate his global influences. *108 W. 18th St. (929-9755). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Bice—It's always buzzing at this midtown Italian hot spot, where the fashionable crowd takes a hiatus from air-kissing to partake of dishes like crispy crab cakes, smoked-mozzarella risotto, and veal chop Milanese. *7 E. 54th St. (688-1999). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions—and, as demonstrated by its sushi bar, other countries. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings, or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Mediterranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. *947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.*

Montebello—The staff at this cozy neighborhood restaurant offers a gracious welcome, while the kitchen provides upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place where you kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. *987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dillon's—An Irish-American pub and restaurant with the requisite hospitable welcome, chatty bartenders, and a separate dining room serving American dishes like filet mignon, herb-crusted Atlantic salmon, corned beef and cabbage, Maryland crab cakes, and beef stew. *245 W. 54th St. (307-9797). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. Italian brunch available Saturday and Sunday, $15.95 prix fixe. Free parking (with dinner) from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the

Previews
Indian Summer

Inspired by the aromatic spices, fiery chilies, tart tamarind, and abundant sea fare of Goa, Madhur Jaffrey's scallops caldin is one of eight recent inventions that Sushil Malhotra is offering on the summer menu at Dawat. (210 East 58th Street; 355-7555.)

Photograph by Duane Winfield.

much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Michael's—This California transplant has lasted a decade in Manhattan by offering seasonal, creative American cooking, like spring-pea gnocchi with pecorino Romano and summer truffles, in a comfortable, modern-art-filled environment. Now that the glass walls in the garden room swing open, dining out back is nearly alfresco. *24 W. 55th St. (767-0555). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

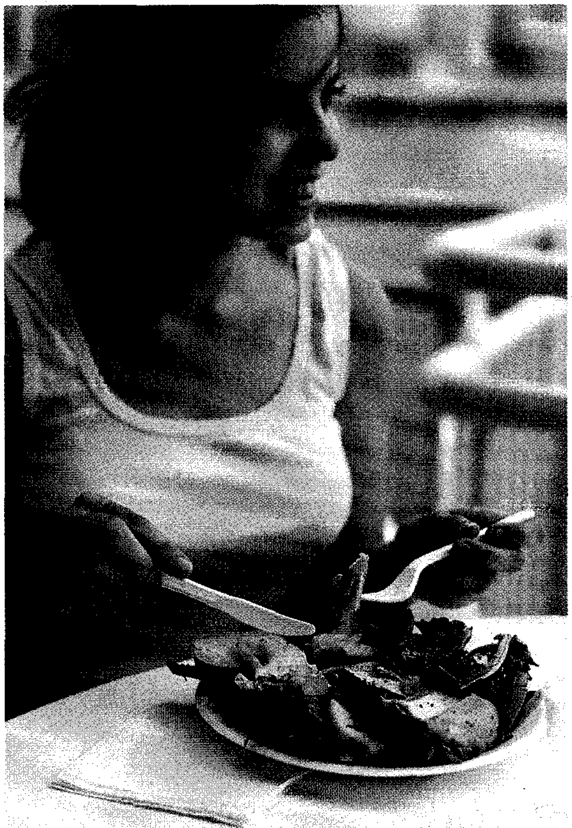
Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak—and, for iconoclasts, the inevitable chops, chicken, and lobster—is served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. Serious wines, too. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. *58 W. 56th St. (581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu, which is also available for on-and-off-premises catering. Cigar smokers even have their own designated space in which to unmolestedly exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Via Brasil—This casual, lively Brazilian restaurant serves generous portions of feijoada, the national ode to meat, plus other assorted poultry and seafood specialties like vatapa, a fish dish with coconut-milk sauce. Live music Wednesday through Saturday keeps things hopping. *34 W. 46th St. (997-1158). (M) AE, CB, MC, TM, V.*



Openings
Liquid Lunches

Now that Benson Yu, a veteran of SkyChef, has set up tables and chairs in the welcome shade of mammoth umbrellas on Pier 40 (above), near Houston Street on the Hudson River, Rollerbladers, bikers, and other parched passersby have a scenic new pit stop in which to refuel and rehydrate. As at the café in Battery Park City's Robert Wagner Park, this year operated by TriBeCa's Gigino restaurant, the emphasis is less on fine dining than on consuming the stunning scenery; in other words, stick to gelato or focaccia at Wagner, fruit and ice cream at the pier.

57th–60th Streets

Armani Café—This stylish midtown haven for weary shoppers (and informed eaters) in the lower level of the clothing store offers wonderfully fresh salads, al dente pastas, delicious sandwiches, and entrée specials like grilled salmon garnished with farro and cucumber-fennel-chive salad. The rooftop terrace is open seasonally for a lighter bite, a glass of wine, or an espresso. *601 Madison Ave., nr. 57th St. (715-0500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Boxers—This uptown outpost of the Greenwich Village Boxers has a similar menu of American staples like chicken potpie, burgers, and steaks. This spot, in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge, enjoys the distinction of being one of the birthplaces of the Upper East Side swinging singles scene. In fact, the Tom Cruise vehicle *Cocktail* was filmed on the premises. *1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like Gulf shrimp in rice paper roll, and Indian-spiced salmon tartare with mango and cucumber. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a

Photograph by Joe Scafuro.

Preview

You Know You Have an Uncle in Brooklyn?

The peripatetic team of Alan Harding and his partner, James Mamary, have continued their culinary makeover of Carroll Gardens with the opening of Uncle Pho, just three doors down from their very au courant bistro Patois. Harding says he wants to offer customers the kind of food he likes to cook for himself—more an Asian mix via Vietnam than a literal attempt to transport Saigon to South Brooklyn. Weird but fun lighting is Mamary's signature, which he carries on here with what appear to be giant ice-cube trays but are in fact bona fide lighting fixtures from a police station in Paterson, New Jersey. Red prayer paper, highlighted in gold leaf, is lacquered to the walls to enhance the Southeast Asian atmosphere. Harding's menus are based on fresh ingredients prepared *à la minute*—no long braisings and complex sauces; lots of herbs, fish sauce, vinegars, coconut milk, and chili. His summer rolls are light as rain. The bouillabaisse is bracingly flavored with curry and unsweetened coconut milk. The phat noodles are in fact fat, in a chow fun kind of way, and are showered with peanuts and cilantro. An exception to the quick-fire regimen is a rotisserie chicken that is brined for a day and then, during its three-hour sojourn on the spit, sprayed to a lacquer finish with a mist of sugar, vinegar, and kecap manis. The bar scene, which materialized in force from day one, is enlivened by a martini made with watermelon juice, ginger, lime leaf, and star anise. Hmmm, adding aromatics to neutral spirits . . . isn't that where gin came from? (263 Smith Street; 718-855-8709.) **PETER KAMINSKY**

Photograph by James Baigrie.

favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Zucchero e Pomodori—What used to be two separate Italian restaurants have merged into one larger room serving fresh pastas, risotti, and seafood. Sidewalk dining available. *1431 Second Ave., nr. 74th St. (585-2100). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Artepasta—Extremely affordable pasta palace in a landmark townhouse with bright murals on the walls and unexpected extras like lamb shank, couscous with chickpeas, and salmon carpaccio. An unlimited-champagne brunch reels 'em in. *106 W. 73rd St. (501-7014). (I–M) AE.*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Peter Luger—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

in concert

New York Philharmonic in the Parks

Classical Music

Tuesday, July 27

Mostly Mozart—The Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra performs Bach's Excerpts from *The Art of the Fugue*, Mozart's Flute Concerto in D and arias from *Mitridate* and *La Clemenza di Tito*, and Haydn's Symphony No. 100 in G. With mezzo Frederica von Stade and flutist James Galway. Gerard Schwarz, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5358), at 8; $28–$48.*

New York Philharmonic—Performs Dvořák's *Carnival* Overture, Bernstein's *West Side Story Dances*, and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4. Jahja Ling, Conductor. *Van Cortlandt Park, Bronx (875-5709), at 8; free.*

Wednesday, July 28

Julius Grossman Orchestra—Performs works by Beethoven, Britten, Mendelssohn, and assorted operatic arias, with baritone Kyle Pfortmiller. Julius Grossman, conductor. *Immaculate Conception Center, 7200 Douglaston Pkwy., Queens (718-776-5914), at 7:30; free.*

Mostly Mozart—See 7/27.

New York Philharmonic—See 7/27. *Prospect Park, Brooklyn (875-5709), at 8; free.*

Thursday, July 29

Julius Grossman Orchestra—See 7/28. *Dreiser Community Center, 177 Dreiser Loop, Co-Op City, Bronx (718-776-5914), at 7:30; free.*

Members of the American Symphony Orchestra—Perform Beach's *Pastorale for Woodwind Quartet*, Carter's *Woodwind Quartet*, Barber's *Summer Music*, Cage's *Music for Wind Instruments*, and Piston's *Woodwind Quartet*. *Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (877-WHITNEY), at 6:30; $12.50.*

Mostly Mozart—The Emerson String Quartet performs Beethoven's String Quartet in F minor, Mozart's String Quintet in G minor, and Brahms's Piano Quintet in F minor. With pianist Stephen Hough and violist Michael Tree. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5358), at 8; $18–$38.*

New York Philharmonic—See 7/27. *Miller Field, Gateway National Recreation Area, Staten Island (875-5709), at 8; free.*

Friday, July 30

Mostly Mozart—The Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra performs Haydn's Divertimento in G major and Flute Concerto in D, Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 19 in F, and Schubert's Symphony No. 3 in D. With pianist Alicia de Larrocha and flutist Emmanuel Pahud. Pinchas Zukerman, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5358), at 8; $25–$45.*

Summergarden—Performances of Gabriela Ortiz's *En Pares*, Kaija Saariaho's *Graal Théâtre*, Melissa Hui's *From Dusk to Dawn*, and Sonia Jacobsen's *The Butcherbird*. With violinist Tom Chiu. Joel Sachs, conductor. *Sculpture Garden, Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 54th St. (708-9491), at 8:30; free.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Saturday, July 31

New York Philharmonic—See 7/27. *Heckscher State Park, East Islip, Long Island (875-5709), at 8; free.*

Mostly Mozart—The Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra performs Schubert's Symphony No. 3 in D, and Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 19 in F and Sinfonia Concertante for Violin and Viola. With pianist Alicia de Larrocha and violinist Viviane Hagner. Pinchas Zukerman, conductor and violist. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5358), at 8; $25–$45.*

PianoSummer at New Paltz—The Festival Orchestra performs Mozart's Overture to *The Marriage of Figaro* and another work to be announced. *Shepard Recital Hall, SUNY–New Paltz (914-257-3904), at 8; $15.*

Summergarden—See 7/30.

Sunday, August 1

Mostly Mozart—The New London Consort performs works from fifteenth- and sixteenth-century English musical theater, on period instruments. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5358), at 3; $35.*

Women of the St. Bartholomew's Choir—Perform Fauré's *Messe Basse* and *Tantum Ergo*, Walker's *Magnificat*, Wertsch's *Let All the World in Every Corner Sing*, and Hildegard von Bingen's *Two Antiphons*. Organist Stephen Tharp performs a prelude of Pamela Decker's *Nightsong* and Ostinato Dances. Daniel Moriarty, conductor. *St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. (378-0227), at 10:50 A.M.; free.*

Festivals

Central Park SummerStage—Dancer-choreographer David Neumann and poet John Giorno perform dance and spoken-word works to the poetry of William Burroughs, Jack Kerouac, and Allen Ginsberg, 7/29 at 8:30. *Rumsey Playfield, Central Park (360-2756); free.*

Dance

Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane Dance Company—Performs repertory works, 7/27 at 7. *World Financial Center Winter Garden, Battery Park City (528-2733); free.*

Deli Dances in Times Square—Dance performances by Mara Smaldone, Bianca Falco, Marija Krtotlica, and others, held in a former deli space turned sculpture installation, 7/27 and 7/28 at 12:30, 7/29 at 12:30 and 8, and 7/30 at 8. *111 W. 42nd St. (765-6574); free.*

ODC/San Francisco—Performs *Weird Weather, Scissors Paper Stone*, and *Walk Before Talk*, 7/28 at 7. *Wagner Park, Battery Park City (528-2733); free.*

Pilobolus Dance Theatre—Performs three programs, including *A Selection; Uno, Dos, Tray;* and repertory works, 7/27–7/30 at 8, and 7/31 at 2 and 8. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $35.*

Previews

Fluting Authority

More than twenty years after his first Mostly Mozart Festival appearance, James Galway returns to Avery Fisher Hall on Tuesday to kick off this year's festivities. "The Man With the Golden Flute" will also pave the way for another young flutist; on Friday, Emmanuel Pahud (pictured), principal flutist of the Berlin Philharmonic—as Galway once was—and considered to be the heir to Galway's throne, makes his Mostly Mozart debut, performing Michael Haydn's Flute Concerto in D major (see July 30).

Photograph by Mike Owen.

nightlife

D h a F u s i o n . . . M o b y . . . M e l v i n s

Concerts

Alabina—Featuring Ishtar and Los Ninos de Sara 7/31 at 9. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). $35–$65.*

"Concerts in the Parks"—All concerts begin at 7. 7/27: The Bar-Kays. *Fort Greene Park, DeKalb Ave. and Washington St. (360-8290). Free.*

Gallagher—7/30 at 8. *Westbury Music Fair, 960 Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury (516-888-9000). $30.*

Huey Lewis & the News—7/27 at 8. *Westbury Music Fair, 960 Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury (516-888-9000). $37.50.*

"Jammin' Tour '99"—Featuring the Isley Brothers, Kool & the Gang, Gap Band, Morris Day & the Time. 8/1 at 7:30. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh (307-7171). $15–$32.*

Ministry—7/30 at 7. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171).* $25.

Patti LaBelle and Chaka Khan—7/28 at 8. *Westbury Music Fair, 960 Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury (516-888-9000).* $50.

Paul Simon/Bob Dylan—7/27 at 8. *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (307-7171). $37.25–$127.25.*

"Scintillating City Sounds"—Free concert series every Thursday from 12:30 to 1:30 at Rockefeller Center's Garden Park. 7/29: Christine Santelli Blues Band. *1251 Sixth Ave., at Rockefeller Center. Free.*

Steve Miller Band/George Thoroughgood and the Destroyers—With Curtis Salgado. 7/28 at 7:30. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh (307-7171). $15–$32.*

Widespread Panic—With the Dirty Dozen Brass Band. 7/27–7/28 at 7. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $22.50.*

"Y-107's 1999 Live Lunch Concert Series"—Performances every Thursday at noon. 7/29: Chalee Tennison; Lila McCann. *Austin J. Tobin Plaza, between the World Trade Center towers. Free.*

S m a l l S t a g e s

Arlene Grocery—7/27: Bangtwister; Damaged Mary; Positive Knowledge; Psych; Imposter Syndrome. 7/29: Frankenorange; Bottom; Battershell; Fun. 7/30: Seventeen; Sons of Bitches; the Novellas; Christine Ohlmann. 7/31: One; Indy; Lesion; Penny. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

The Baggot Inn—A cozy West Village gathering spot for NYU students and other sweater-wearing folk enthusiasts. 7/27: David Kolker's Blues Thang; Songwriter's Showcase. 7/28: Main Offender; Rainbow Fresh. 7/29: Emiko; the Coopers; Laine Henderson. 7/30: Wisemaster Joshu; Violet Truth; the Flow. 7/31: The Motives; Alizarin Crimson. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-0622).*

Bottom Line—7/28: Kelly Willis. 7/30: "Required Listening: A No Risk Evening of Discovery," featuring Donna DeLory, F'Loom, David Hillyard, the Rocksteady Seven, and Anders Osborne. Hosted by Rita Houston. 7/31: Buster Poindexter With His Spanish Rocketship Band. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—7/29: Moby. 7/30: Nashville Pussy. 7/31: Man or Astroman? *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

Celebrate Brooklyn! Performing Arts Festival—7/30: Mytholojazz; David Gonzalez; D. D. Jackson Trio. 7/31: Solas. *Prospect Park Bandshell, Prospect Park West at 9th St., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-855-7882, ext. 52). Free, with a $3 suggested admission.*

"Central Park SummerStage"—7/27: Ziggy Marley & the Melody Makers (benefit concert). 7/29: John Giorno; David Neumann. 7/30: Lyle Lovett and His Large Band (benefit concert) with special guest Keb' Mo'. 7/31: Jimmie Dale Gilmore; Joe Ely; Butch Hancock; Jimmy LaFave. 8/1: Luciano; Jazz Jamaica. *Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, 72nd St., mid-park (360-CPSS). Free, excluding benefit concerts.*

Fez—Sundays: Jackie Beat. Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. 7/28: Cropduster Recording artists Health & Happiness Show. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—7/27: Dangerman. 7/29: Beenie Man. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Joe's Pub—7/27: Bill Charlap. 7/30: Helga Davis; Lynda Ramirez. *425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Knitting Factory—7/27: M'Lumbo; Kobalt Six. 7/28: Swimmer; Grand Mal. 7/29–7/30: Melvins; Cosmic Psychos. 7/31: Music Tapes; Thimble Circus. *74 Leonard St. (219-3055). $*

Manitoba's—Shows at 10. No cover. 7/28: Paul Collins. 7/29: Soozie Tyrell. 7/20: Simon and the Bar Sinisters. 7/31: Adam Roth. *99 Ave. B (982-2511).*

Maxwell's—7/26–7/27: Luna; Ladybug Transistor. 7/28: Elliot. 7/29: Eugene. 7/30: Jimmie Dale Gilmore; Tandy. 8/1: Man or Astroman?; Lonesome Organist. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—7/27: Cindy Bullens; Deb Pastornek. 7/28: Kathy Ann Borges. 7/29: The Country Teasers; Douce Gimlet. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center—7/31: P.S.1 hosts the *Index* magazine party "Soundcheck '99," with Thunderball, Andrew W. Kaye, Wolf Eyes, Steinski, and D.J. Monica. *22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084). $5 suggested donation.*

S.O.B.'s—Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 7/27: Nacio Fontaine. 7/28: Nene; Dha Fusion. 7/29: African Reggae Roots Tour '99 with Ramses de Kimon and Ismael Isaac. 7/30: Zin. 7/31: Vibe Brasilis. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 7/28–7/29: Mick Taylor. 7/30: Tripping Billies. 7/31: Jerry Garcia Birthday Party with the Zen Tricksters. 8/1: Jazz Jamaica. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244) $.*

Performance

Techno Blues

He's experimented with hopped-up techno, sludgy heavy metal, and even Jimi Hendrix covers, but electronica guru Moby has found his most compelling subject yet with his new album 'Play,' on which the former rave icon marries samples of Alan Lomax's field recordings of blues singers in the thirties and forties with raucous big beats. This unlikely mix should be something to behold when Moby plays the Bowery Ballroom on July 29. (See "Small Stages.")

Photograph by Corinne Day.

Clubland

Baktun—A small, way-way-west venue that's host to some of the city's most relaxed, unpretentious club nights, like the bi-weekly deep-house-themed "N'Ice," the friendly, long-running house-music party "Bang the Party," a nifty trip-hop night called "Nice & Easy," and "Direct Drive," a strictly drum-'n'-bass night with D.J.'s Lion, Seoul, Cassien, Reid Speed, and Chris Thomas. Log on to www.baktun.com for schedule. *418 W. 14th St. (206-1590).*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts sophisto-rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Saturdays belong to the British rock of "Tiswas." Sundays, D.J. Johnny Sender spins an eclectic mix of soul, funk, rock, R&B, salsa, and house at "Loose." *511 Greenwich St. (219-2850). $.*

Life—Okay, we give. It *is* the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers don't? Wednesday night's "On!" offers a mod-influenced, *Austin Powers*–esque midweek romp. Also on Wednesday (in the club's lounge) is "Legends," a soulful house party hosted by "Body & Soul" mastermind John Davis with uplifting house provided by D.J. Adam Scott. Thursday night's "Get a Life!" is a glammy hoot, thanks to D.J.'s Jackie Christie, Lady Bunny, and David Holland. "Flash Fridays" belong to none other than legendary D.J. Grandmaster Flash, who spins surprisingly mainstream, Hot 97–ready hip-hop. Every Sunday night, "Flick6ix," whose hosts show campy films and stage appropriately themed live entertainment, takes over. And, coming soon, Life will host a monthly drum-'n'-bass party called "Heat." *158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).*

Twilo—Twilo is *the* superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Fridays, world-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights; Saturdays belong to aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez and his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 7/28: Dave Seaman. 7/30: Sasha & Digweed; Jimmy Van M. *530 W. 27th St. (268-1600).*

Vinyl—*Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedo*nistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise. "Little" Louie Vega spins at the relaxed, low-key (for now) house party "Sunset Ritual" every Wednesday, Fridays are hosted by deep-house D.J. Danny Tenaglia, Saturdays are taken over by Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," and Sundays, which belong to François K's legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul," provide plenty of musical uplift for the city's groove-hungry denizens. *6 Hubert St. (343-1379).*

The Warehouse—Manhattan-centric clubbers have been eating their bridge-and-tunnel-dissing crow thanks to this house-music paradise located in, of all places, the Bronx. Saturdays are the night to head up to the Warehouse and check out D.J.'s like T-Pro, "Body & Soul" 's Danny Krivit, and Andre Collins. Could this be the beginning of an outer-borough clubland renaissance? *141 W. 140th St., bet. Grand Concourse and Walton Ave. (718-992-5974).*

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Sunday nights, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Mondays, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays, the Ellington Orchestra. Fridays, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. $15–$20 cover; $10 minimum. Sets at 9 and 11. 7/28–7/31: Caribbean Jazz Project with Dave Samuels, Dave Valentin, Steve Kahn; Hector Martignon's Foreign Affair. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 7/27–8/1: A tribute to Joe Williams with the Count Basie Orchestra. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Caviarteria SoHo—This newly launched little venue at the SoHo Grand features jazz and Latin acts. 7/29: Enrique Fernandez Band. 7/30–7/31: Barry Altschul. *310 W. Broadway (925-5515).*

Deanna's—This Lower East Side jazz haunt run by singer Deanna Kirk should give Tonic a run for its money. Open Tuesday through Sunday. Kirk performs on most nights. *107 Rivington St. (420-2258).*

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this cozy, tiled East Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 7/27: Chuck Clark Little Big Band. 7/28: Matt Wilson Quartet. 7/29: Elvis Sinatra. 7/30: Matt Hong Quartet. 7/31: Eric Rasmussen Quartet. *349 E. 13th St. (533-6212).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. 7/27: Jason Lindner Trio. 7/28: Chris Cheek Quartet. 7/29: Adam Rogers Trio. 7/30–7/31: Kurt Rosenwinkel. 8/13–8/14: Mike Clark. *174 Orchard St. (780-0313).*

Garage Restaurant and Cafe—A cozy West Village jazz spot located in a former auto garage. 7/27: David Coss. 7/28: Andrea Wolper. 7/29: Yardena. 7/30: The Herschey Barr Band. 7/31: Diane Hubka; the Herschey Barr Band. *99 Seventh Ave. South (645-0600).*

Iridium—In the surreal basement across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 7/27–8/1: Randy Weston's African Rhythms. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10; Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; and Sun. at 7 and 9. 7/28–8/1: Ray Appleton, James Spaulding & Mel Rhyne Quintet; Peter Bernstein & Milton Cardona: "Remembering Wes." *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit base-

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by Chris Cuffaro.

Performance

Maggot Brain

Seattle's most lovable underdogs, the Melvins, were infusing sludgy, Sabbath-esque riffs with raucous punk attitude when Kurt and Courtney were still in knee pants. And just as the trio—led by guitarist Buzz "King Buzzo" Osborne (pictured)—flew the grunge flag long before it was fashionable, they're still keeping it real: The group's tenth album, *The Maggot,* steamrolled its way into stores last month; disc No. 11 is already on tap for September. Buzz & Co. pulverize the Knitting Factory July 29 and 30 (see "Small Stages").

Performance
Hi-Fi Sci-Fi

For the past year, poet–dancer–drummer–martial artist–singer–rapper–guru Akim Ndlovu, a.k.a. Funk Buddha, and his crew Dha Fusion (*Dha* as in the second syllable of *Buddha*) have been wowing patrons at the Lower East Side nightspot Baby Jupiter every Tuesday night with "ethnic futuristic funk." Originally a street performer, Ndlovu was forced to bring his act indoors when the artist-unfriendly Giuliani administration came to power. Bound by roof and walls, Dha Fusion's sound can be overwhelming. The group blends African and Asian hand drums with a full drum kit, flute, thumb piano, bass, horns, kora, zither, and a dozen more instruments with names you probably can't pronounce or hope to spell. Japanese artist "Cat Dragon" Chikako Iwahori drums and tap-dances fiercely when she's not singing or performing dancelike martial-arts moves. Neel Murgai extracts intense rhythms from a sitar and Indian daf hand drum. Live-mixed video illuminates the walls as break-dancers in Adidas three-stripes twirl with shimmying belly dancers, raucous tappers, and the Puppet Man, who dances with life-size skeletons and other dangly partners. It's a surprisingly physical take on what a global village carnival might look like in the next millennium. "Ultimately, people aren't just moved by dope technology, they're moved by human beings," Ndlovu says. "I love technology, but you've got to remember, the body is the most complex technology of all." Now that Dha Fusion has honed its improvisatory tempest of talents at spots like Baby Jupiter and the Knitting Factory, the group has been commissioned to perform a full-length musical at P.S. 122 in November. Along with its Tuesday-night jams at Baby Jupiter, the group will perform at the Central Park SummerStage band shell August 13 and makes its S.O.B.'s debut July 28. (See "Small Stages.") LOGAN HILL

Photograph by Howard Baden, courtesy of the Art Directors Club.

ment whose nightly jams start around 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern now offers the occasional pianist in its "Crystal Room." Like a trip to Vegas—without the airfare! Four-hour sets begin at 6:30 weeknights, at 7 on weekends. Pianists Scott Gordon, Michael Ferreri, Rich Siegel, Paul Katz, and Michael Favata entertain diners weekdays. No cover; no minimum. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 7/27: Jim O'Rourke; Christian Marclay. 7/28: Ted Reichman; Oren Bloedow. 7/29: Laura Cromwell; Elliot Sharp's Tectonics. 7/30: Gerry Hemingway; Bern Nix; Sex Mob. 7/31: Shell; John Zorn Improv Party; Joe Maneri. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 7/27–8/1: Chris Potter Quartet. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.–Thurs., shows at 9:30; Fri.–Sat., shows at 8, 10, and midnight. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines on Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. $12.50–$24.50; two-drink minimum. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 8:30, 10:15, and midnight; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. Through 8/1: Wanda Sykes; Mitch Fatel; Greg Giraldo; Kevin Brennan; Jim Norton; Pete Coreale. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Creative Unity's "Insanity Fair 2: The Denial Tour"—7/28 at 7. *The Nuyorican Poets Cafe, 326 E. 3rd St. (505-8183).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat., $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights; two-drink minimum. 7/28: "Comedy Salsa." 7/30–7/31: Jim Gaffigan; Paul M. Mercurio; Orny Adams; Louis Ramey. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30; Sat. at 8, 10, and midnight. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Surf Reality—The Lower East Side's fave spot for sketch and improv, slackerly and otherwise. Thursdays: "The Black, the Jew and You!" *172 Allen St., second floor (673-4182). $.*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat. Sundays: The Howard Fishman Quartet. 7/20–8/14: Buddy Greco; Gene Barry. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. In June: Chris Jackson (tenor); Dorothy Bishop (soprano). *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—7/27–10/9: Peter Mintun. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Danny's Skylight Room—$20 cover; $15 minimum. Through July: Claiborne Cary in "Claiborne Cary Alive!" *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Tues.–Thurs., sets at 9; Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11. $30 cover; two-drink minimum. Though August: Charles Cermele's "Ask Me Again." *363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).*

Judy's—Newly relocated to Chelsea, this cozy and friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. *169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (929-5410).*

Red Blazer—Mondays: Lenore and the Dukes. Tuesdays and Wednesdays: Sol Yaged and His Swing Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin Band. Fridays: Sam Ulano's Bourbon St. Swingers. Saturdays: Sam Ulano's Bourbon St. Swingers and Bob Cantwell Sextet. Sunday brunch: Sam Ulano's Bourbon St. Swingers. Through July 31: Cary Hoffman: "Frank Sinatra Celebration." *37 W. 32nd St. (564-3945).*

the mix

Save the Gardens...The Fiennes Hunks

John Leonard's TV Notes

An American Celebration at Ford's Theatre (7/29; 8 to 9 P.M.; ABC) is, except for the obligatory bloviating from Bill and Hillary, a benefit performance consisting mostly of music, from country and gospel and Nathan Lane to "Yankee Doodle Dandy" tap-danced, Kathleen Battle vamping "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and Diana Krall taking a jazz-piano "A-Train." So-so, at least more than once too often.

A Touch of Frost: Appendix Man (7/31; 9 to 11 P.M.; A&E) picks up where the series about the almost-elderly police inspector left off last season, with David Jason's Frost having resigned after the violent death of his protégé. But Hazel returns, newly promoted to detective sergeant. And Superintendent Mullett, hoping for promotion himself, needs Frost to figure out a complicated case involving a stolen Hockney, a hanging murder, a dead man's fingerprints, and blackmail because of gay sex. The usual, which is good enough for me.

Hard Rock Live: Sheryl Crow (7/31; midnight to 1 A.M.; VH1) includes the songs you'd want to hear, more fun without the videos to tell you what to think about them, plus the new one about "changing" you might have heard at the Eric Clapton concert at Madison Square Garden, except that Sheryl, who used to be a music teacher in St. Louis, is wearing black leather trousers instead of a peasant dress. I like her hair short and her Bob Dylan–esque "If It Makes You Happy." And she shifts purrs nicely, from tough punk to French pout to sweet smile to grrrl growl.

Restless Spirits (8/1; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; Showtime) is a lovely little Showtime "Picture for All Ages," with Juliana Wimbles as a young girl gone sullen after the death of her test-pilot father visiting grandmother Marsha Mason in Newfoundland, where in the foggy woods near a dark pond she meets two French aviators (Charles Nungesser and François Coli, played by Lothaire Bluteau and Michel Monty, respectively) who actually died in 1927 trying to beat Charles Lindbergh to the trans-Atlantic punch but don't seem to know it. Of course, through her father's eyes, she can see the ghosts. Of course, she will help them fly again, back to the past where they belong. For once, a TV movie makes perfect emotional sense.

Thanks (8/2; 8:30 to 9 P.M.; CBS) is a summertime sitcom with Tim Dutton and Kirsten Nelson as our *Pilgrim forefather and foremother, not to mention* Cloris Leachman as a raunchy, pirate-loving Pilgrim fore-grandmother. Everybody hates the winter of 1621, during which they've run out of beer and, being Puritans, are always in short supply of laughs. They'd all go back to England, except the return ship is plague-ridden. And then there's daughter Elizabeth (Amy Centner), who's so smart she must be a witch. So far, no Indians and not awful.

Lectures and Panels

"Flower Cakes"—7/28 at 1 P.M.: Learn the art of decorating cakes with edible flowers and foliage. The New York Botanical Garden's Watson Building at 200th St. and Kazimiroff Blvd., Bronx (718-817-8747); $70 plus materials fee.

"The Jews in Cuba"—7/30 at 6 P.M.: Jaime Sarusky, editor of *Revolution and Culture,* will lecture based on 40 years of studying Cuban minorities. Stephen Wise Free Synagogue, 30 W. 68th St. (977-4050); free.

Film and the Anarchist Imagination—8/1 at 7 P.M.: A discussion of Richard Porton's new book and a screening of two films by Jean Vigo, *Zero de Conduite* and *L'Atlante.* The Anthology of Film Archives, 32 Second Ave. (807-9680); free.

The Written Word

Ralph, Sophie, and Joseph Fiennes—7/27 at 7 P.M.: The hunks and their sister read from *Blood Ties,* their mother's novel. The New School's Tishman Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. (734-5134).

John Giorno and David Neumann—7/29 at 8:30 P.M.: The spoken-word poet and the choreographer present a joint performance. Rumsey Playfield, Central Park at 72nd St. (360-CPSS); free.

Donna Allegra, Alexander Chee, David Ebershoff, Lawrence Reilly, and others—8/3 at 7 P.M.: Readings from *Hers 3* and *His 3.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

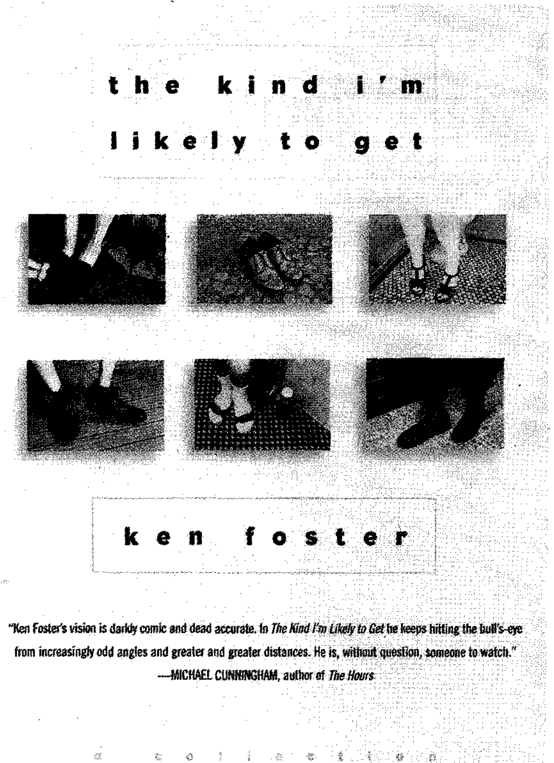
Jhumpa Lahiri—8/4 at 7:30: Reading from her new book, *Interpreter of Maladies.* Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (420-1322); free.

Tours

"The Green Market: Union Square"—7/28 at 10 A.M.: Brendan Corr, market manager, shows how Union Square provides a showcase for fruits, vegetables, and political commentary. Call 996-1100 for reservations and info; $15.

"Old Chelsea, New Chelsea"—8/1 at 11 A.M.: From Clement Clarke Moore to the Orange Riots, from elegant brownstones to enormous industrial buildings, explore the fascinating history and architecture of Chelsea. Meet in front of the famous Chelsea Hotel, 23rd St. bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (935-3960); $15.

"Fifth Avenue and Central Park West"—7/31 and 8/1 at 2:30 P.M.: A tour contrasting how each area's architecture reflects the history of its early communities. Stops include the Harry Sinclair and Henry Clay Frick mansions, the Dakota, Prasada, and Hotel des Artistes. Call 465-3331 for reservations and meeting place; $12.



the kind i'm likely to get

ken foster

"Ken Foster's vision is darkly comic and dead accurate. In *The Kind I'm Likely to Get* he keeps hitting the bull's-eye from increasingly odd angles and greater and greater distances. He is, without question, someone to watch."
—MICHAEL CUNNINGHAM, author of *The Hours*

a collection

In Print Downtown literary impresario Ken Foster is best known as the onetime curator of readings at KGB Bar and, more recently, the NightLight series at the Drawing Center. But he was quietly writing his own fiction all the while, patiently waiting for just the right moment to step into the spotlight himself. So will Foster be using any special techniques borrowed from his big-shot authors when he reads from his collection *The Kind I'm Likely to Get* next Sunday? "I don't perform or do different voices for the different characters or anything; I just present the language and try to let people form their own mental images," he says. But there is one aspect of performance that even the most blasé reader can seldom avoid: anxiety. "Writing is about being alone and having total control of how you relate your thoughts, but reading has as much to do with what you're wearing. I recently read one of the most gruesome stories in my book, and when I looked up at the audience and everyone had these horrified expressions on their faces, I kept wondering, is it the story or is it me?" Experience Foster's outfit (and his fiction) at KGB on August 1 at 7 P.M. when he reads with Peter Ho Davies.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
YANKEES		CWS MSG 8PM	CWS MSG 8PM	CWS FOX 2PM	BOS FOX 7PM	BOS FOX 1PM	BOS ESPN 8PM
METS	PIT FSNY 7:40PM	PIT FSNY 7:40PM	PIT FSNY 12:10PM		CHI WB 3:20PM	CHI WB 4PM	CHI WB 2:20PM
METROSTARS							
LIBERTY	CHA ESPN 7:30PM			ORL MSG 7:30PM	CHA TBD 7:30PM		CHA MSG 4PM
	7/26	7/27	7/28	7/29	7/30	7/31	8/1

Benefits

Film Foundation Benefit—7/27 at 7 P.M.: Martin Scorsese hosts an auction of movie memorabilia. Tina Brown, Alfonse D'Amato, Peter Bogdanovich, Nora Ephron, and Ismail Merchant are expected. W Hotel, 541 Lexington Ave. (244-9797); $500–$5,000.

"South Beach on the Hudson"—7/29 at 7 P.M.: An evening of dancing, food, and booze at sea. All proceeds benefit the New York City chapter of the National Multiple Sclerosis Society. U.S.S. *Intrepid,* docked in the Hudson River at 46th St. (463-7787); $60–$75.

Save the Garden—7/31 at 9 P.M.: Artists, D.J.'s, musicians, and green thumbs gather to celebrate the Lower East Side's community gardens and raise awareness about their threatened extinction. The event features a fashion show, international dance club, and art show of digital images, photography, and installations. Charas/El Bohio, 605 E. 9th St. (718-623-9689); $5.

Events

SummerNights—Tuesdays throughout July and August from 5 to 9 P.M.: The Jewish Museum presents extended-hour evenings with jazz, dance, screenings of classic TV shows like *Sanford and Son, Soap,* and *The Mary Tyler Moore Show,* and snacks at the kosher café. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3271); free.

Festival of the Americas—8/1 from 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.: More than 400 international food, art, crafts, antiques, and tchotchke vendors along with a wide variety of multiethnic entertainment. Sixth Ave. bet. 42nd and 57th Sts. (809-4900); free.

In Print

Intimate Strangers

When Jhumpa Lahiri was growing up in Rhode Island, henna tattoos weren't sharing space with those green and white Benetton Rugbys in the pages of *Seventeen.* "It was before Madonna," she explains, "before being Indian was remotely fashionable." So while she *wanted* to rebel against her more traditional parents, who kept trying to get her to feel more Indian, "it was nearly impossible in the context of small-town New England: I was so clearly un-American." The experience of being foreign and the need for connection both mark Lahiri's outstanding debut collection of short stories, *Interpreter of Maladies,* in which intimacy is often the odd consequence of her characters' admitting how distant they have become, or always were. An Indian student develops an excruciating tenderness for his enfeebled Boston landlady as they expose the particulars of their disparate habits; a couple in a faltering marriage feel closeness renewed for a few hours every evening when they ritually confess their secrets and lies. Lahiri is so successful in her exploration of the twin human tendencies to yearn for empathy and then fail to recognize it that reviewers have compared her to the likes of Carver and Isherwood. She also happens to be so unusually beautiful—with huge, artfully made-up eyes and long limbs—it all gets to be a little distracting. But you have to pay close attention to keep up; this is a woman who earned her doctorate in Renaissance literature and architecture, studying the peculiar recurrence of rotting Italian palazzi in English drama. "My heart wasn't in it," she laughs. "By the end, I was volunteering at a magazine, totally relieved to have deadlines and urgency. I knew I had to do something involved with the real world." And so she watches, listens, and offers up stories of lives punctuated by India but carried out in America. "I went through periods of trying to be either one or the other, but you can't succeed, so I've sort of settled into being altogether different." ARIEL LEVY

AT&T Latino Arts Festival—Through 8/8: From Flamenco dance to Latin Jazz, this three-week celebration attempts to cover the diverse range of Latin culture, with dance, visual art, theater, and children's programs. Queens Theater in the Park, Flushing Meadows Corona Park (718-760-0064 [English]; 718-760-0686 [Spanish]); $5–$40.

Fleet Bank Harlem Summer Arts Festival—Through 7/31: Theater, dance, music, literary readings, and a visual-art exhibition celebrate African and African-American culture. Highlights include a walking tour of sites associated with Langston Hughes and Zora Neale Hurston; performances of *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *Macbeth;* a symposium on Bach, Handel, and John Coltrane; and the Harlem Black Book Fair. Locations throughout Harlem; call 222-9347 for details and reservations.

Hudson River Festival—Through 9/1: A celebration of the river that has been the economic lifeblood of New York City since the Dutch landed in what is now Battery Park, with dance, lectures, an ice-cream social, and Richie Havens and other musicians. At the waterfront near the World Financial Center. Call 528-2733 for details; admission is free.

Exhibitions

"Spots"—Through 7/31: For the twelfth year, the Society of Publication Designers will celebrate the often overlooked creative area of magazine design, the spot illustration. More than 1,400 illustrations were submitted in the 1999 competition, of which 120 were admitted into the show, juried by a panel of top editorial and communications professionals. Society of Illustrators, Museum of American Illustration, 128 E. 63rd St.; free.

"The Turn of the Century: A Carousel Celebrating 100 Years of Ups & Downs"— 8/6 - 9/9 : Alumni and students of the School of Visual Arts have joined designers and illustrators to create a "Grand Carousel" representing events and celebrities from the past century from Elvis Presley to Andy Warhol. Grand Central Terminal; free.

"The Carriage Era in New York"—Through 9/10: An exploration of the obsolete but elegant method of transportation. PaineWebber Art Gallery, 1285 Sixth Ave., bet. 51st and 52nd Sts. (713-2885); free.

"Such Friends: The Work of W. B. Yeats"—Through 9/11: Books, manuscripts, photographs, correspondence from other literary figures like George Bernard Shaw and drawings of Yeats by his father. The New York Public Library's D. Samuel and Jeane H. Gottesman Exhibition Hall, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (869-8089); free.

"Fashion Onstage: Couture for the Broadway Theater, 1910–1955"—Through 2/27/00: An exploration of costume couture. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); recommended donation $5.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—"Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) visits a new Website each weekday. This week: A site that gives students the advantage; the server side of the restaurant experience (bad tippers, beware); a way to do your part in the search for intelligent life; a morbidly tasteless online betting pool; and the usual cyber entertainment we've come to expect from Word. And while you're visiting us at www.nymag.com, stick around and check out all our other great features, like selected articles from the current issue, extensive archives, and an expanded "Cue" section, plus Web exclusives like daily event picks, "First Words" for bibliophiles, our helpful Subscriber Service Center, and daily New York trivia.

Sports

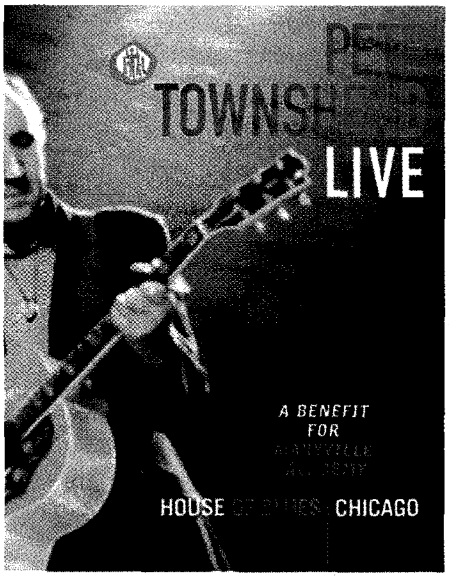
Yoga—Tae-Bo may have claimed the title as trendy workout of the moment, but for a solid and decidedly low-impact workout, there's still no substitute for yoga. On 7/31, the Central Park Conservancy is offering a free yoga workshop for adults at the

Photograph by Jerry Bauer.

Happening

Who Were You?

Thanks to former rock superstar Pete Townshend (now bald and practically deaf), several generations of adolescent boys have spent far too much time before the mirror making irritating and spasmodic air-guitar gestures. Fortunately, Townshend is finally atoning for his sins by donating profits from his new CD to Maryville Academy, a nonprofit organization that helps abused children. He's also co-hosting a reception for the CD on July 28 at the Supper Club (by invitation only, but free tickets are being given out by Q104).

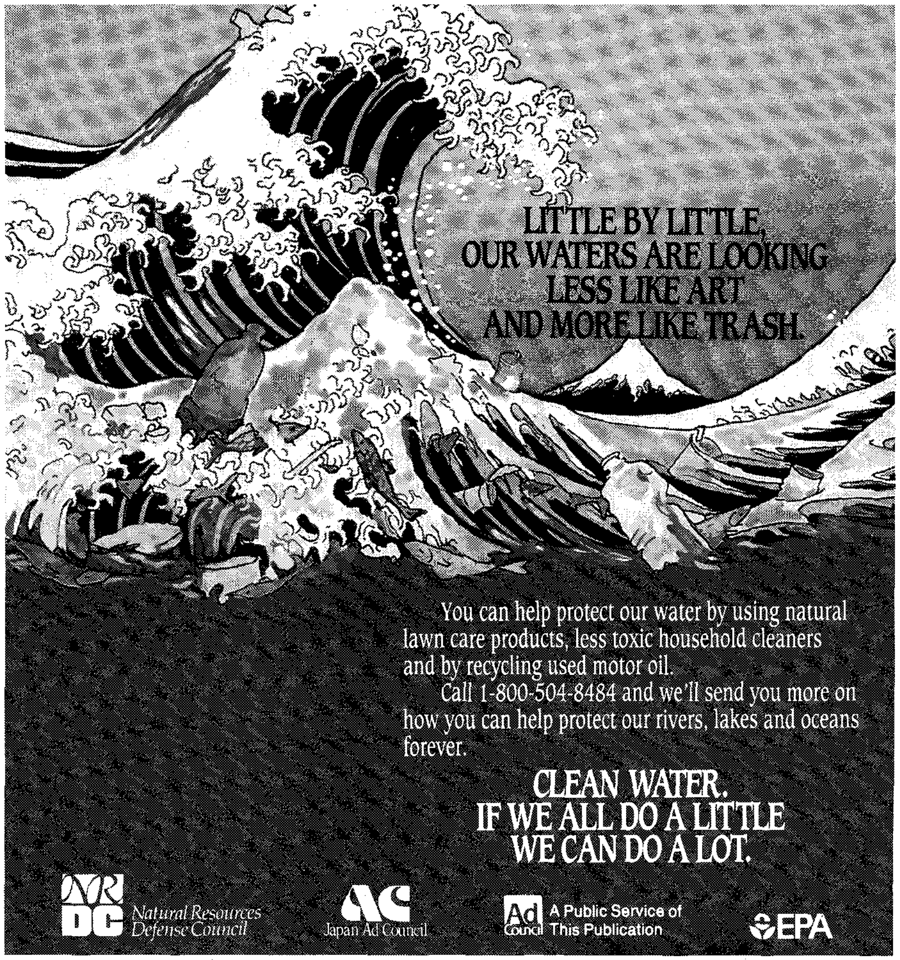


North Meadow Recreation Center. The 90-minute class starts at 11 A.M.; call 348-4867 to register.

Kurt Steiner Summer Evening Series—The final race of July in this series of 5K events takes place 7/28 at 7 P.M. in Prospect Park in Brooklyn. Races are open to runners of all ages and skill levels for an entry fee of $3, and prizes will be awarded to top finishers in all NYRRC and youth categories. For further information, call 718-339-0508.

Rock Climbing—The final session of rock-climbing classes for children 9 and older takes place 7/27 and 7/31. Two-hour classes are held every Tuesday at 3:30 and Saturday at 1:30 at the North Meadow Recreation Center in Central Park at 97th Street and focus on the fundamentals of climbing, such as knot-tying and belaying. Participation is free, and equipment (shoes and harnesses) is included. Call 348-4867 for reservations and information.

The Rundown—Now is the time when ardent baseball fans start getting worked up about pennant races. Not that the Yankees really have anything to worry about; it's safe to assume they'll remain above the fray as the fur flies in the American League wild-card race. As they go into a three-game stand in Boston, they should expect the Red Sox to be desperate for a win. The Mets are in the thick of a race themselves, and should take advantage of the Pirates and the Cubs to help their cause. In the WNBA, where every game is important, expect some intense matchups as the Liberty play Charlotte and Orlando—both of whom are within striking distance of first place—twice this week.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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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kids

Seeking Gold...Out-of-Doors

Children's Events

Gold Rush!—A musical about chasing after gold that audiences can see without spending any of their own. For more than a decade, **THEATREWORKS** has kept up a tradition of giving free performances during the summer geared toward kids ages 8 to 13. *Gold Rush!* celebrates the substance and the entrepreneurial spirit that drew settlers from all over the country, and the world, 150 years ago. The Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, East 68th St. between Park and Lexington Aves. Through 8/7. Most performances are at 11 A.M. and 1 P.M.; for information, including several exceptions to the above schedule, call 642-6754. Free tickets are available on a first-come, first-seated basis at the theater, starting at 10 on the day of the show. ●

Hot Button—Check out which **CENTRAL PARK** playgrounds have the kind of equipment your tot likes, what's playing at the Swedish Cottage Marionette Theater, and what's in bloom without ever leaving the house by accessing Central Park's new Website www.centralparknyc.org.

Cold, Blue Blood—David Mamet's *The Frog Prince* returns to **78TH STREET THEATRE LAB**. The arrogant prince is rendered an amphibian until he learns what true love and riches are. Kids participate prior to curtain time by coloring flowers that will be used onstage. Sundays at noon and 2:30, through 8/1. At 236 W. 78th St., near Broadway. Call for reservations (873-9050); $7 for kids, $9 for adults.

Blood and Guts—A slither-through, slide-down, push-button exhibit that's engaging for kids of every age and stage, "Body Odyssey" allows visitors to romp through their own innards. Yuck. Squirt acid at those pesky food morsels; compare heartbeats with your little brother. **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN**, 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1234). Admission is $5, $2.50 for seniors.

Harbor Cruise—Partake of soda and sandwiches on a 90-minute sail aboard the historic *Pioneer* to the Statue of Liberty and back. Departs at 11:30 A.M. from the **SOUTH STREET SEAPORT**'s Pier 16, 8/17, 8/26, and 9/1; near South and Fulton Sts. Tickets are $20, $12 for children under 13. For reservations, call 758-8786.

A-Reelin' and a-Rockin'—Shake, Lindy-hop, and do the Peppermint Twist with the Mama Lu Parks Dance Company—a touring rock-and-roll dance group. 7/30, 6:30 P.M. **BROOKLYN CHILDREN'S MUSEUM**, 145 Brooklyn Avenue, at the corner of Brooklyn and St. Mark's Aves. Admission is free. (718-735-4400).●●

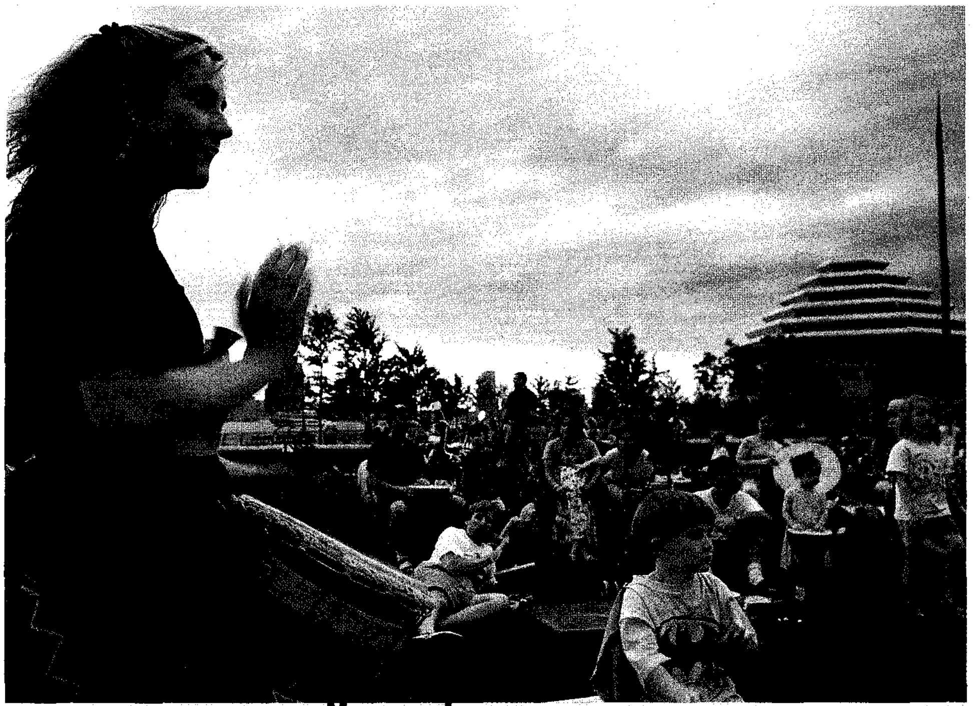
Celebrate Brooklyn!—The annual festival's multicultural series of concerts, featuring reggae, Irish fiddle music, hip-hop, bluegrass, and more, has plenty for audiences of all ages at the **PROSPECT PARK BANDSHELL**. For a schedule, call 718-855-7882. Specifically for a family audience: David Gonzalez weaves folk tales with music by jazz trio D.D. Jackson at *Mythologjazz*—a program he has performed at the New Victory Theater—7/30 at 8. Prospect Park West at 9th St, Park Slope, Brooklyn. Rain or shine. Admission is free with a $3 suggested contribution.●●

Future Consideration—**LINCOLN CENTER**'s Out-of-Doors Festival, starting next week, will offer tempting reasons not to head for the shore. Billed as "the world's foremost male comedy ballet company," Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo dances for laughs at the Damrosch Park Bandshell 8/7 at 8. Body percussionist David Pleasant invites the audience to get physical with him 8/7 from 2 to 6. Sunday, 8/8, several groups from far and wide play Music of the Jewish Diaspora, at the North and Robertson Plaza. The following weekend, leaving town gets tougher still: An underwater flying machine, musical umbrellas, and a car-horn organ all sound off at the annual Homemade Instrument Day, 8/14; a "Cowboy Stampede" brings yodeling and country dancing to the Big Apple 8/15. Events are all free. For additional information, call 875-5108 or log on to www.lincolncenter. org.●

Ferdinand—The classic about a bull who wouldn't fight like all the others, and a beloved tale by Shel Silverstein, are performed by creations that are occasionally larger than the puppeteers who control them in *La Bella Luna* at the **CHERRY LANE THEATER**. 7/26 through 8/1. 38 Commerce Street, south of Seventh Avenue South. (989 2020). Tickets are $8, $5 for children.

Creatures Great and Small—Gorillas have been grabbing the limelight at the **BRONX ZOO** lately. Weekends through 8/15 African music, dance, and crafts complement the new Congo exhibit, giving visitors a feel for what homo sapiens in the geographic vicinity are up to. Also not to be missed, the Butterfly Zone, which has reopened. Weather permitting, visitors walk through a caterpillar-shaped tent and commune with almost a thousand butterflies and moths. Open daily from 10 to 5 and until 5:30 on weekends and holidays. Admission is $7.75, $4 for students and seniors, children under 2 admitted free. Bronx River Parkway at Fordham Road. For further information, call 718-367-1010 or log on to www.wcs.org.

Riverside Ritual—The parks that hug the Hudson near the southern tip of Manhattan offer a rich assortment of family programs. Turkey Hill Ice Cream Socials include performances by barbershop quartets and others that take place while ice cream is doled out to all comers. Saturday afternoons from 2 to 4:30 at **ROCKEFELLER PARK** through 8/30. Bring a drum or borrow one to jam in a circle at **WAGNER PARK** Friday evenings through the end of the month, from 6:30 for about two hours (see photo). Programs are free. For further information, call 267-9700.●



Happening In a Jam

The sun sinking into the river often sets off a spontaneous frenzy of dancing at Sunset Jams on the Hudson. Bring—or borrow—something that will resonate nicely when you tap it. Weekly intergenerational drumming circles form Friday evenings through August at 6:30, at Battery Park City's Wagner Park. For further information, call 267-9700.

Photograph by Deborah Kushma.

cue

Ethan Brown
Nightlife

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Ariel Levy
Books
Events
Radio

John Leonard
Television

Brett Kelly
Movies

Nick Meyer
Sports
In Concert

Edith Newhall
Art

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

Stephanie Saulmon
Online

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● = free

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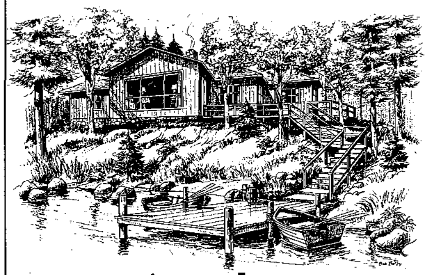

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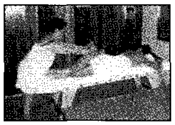

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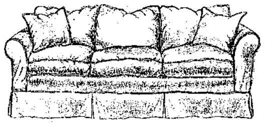

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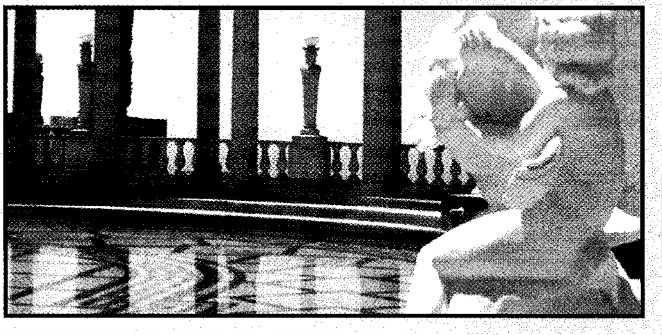

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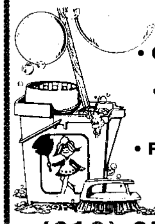

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Recipe For A Better Life—Retired, divorced white male physician, 68, with residences in the Hamptons and Palm Beach County - enjoys frequent travel to Europe as well as golf, fine dining, classical music and investing. 6'2", 185. Hoping to find the missing ingredient to our lives, 55-63. Current photo required. POB 464, Westhampton Beach, NY 11978

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Pretty And HIV-Positive—I am a healthy, vibrant and sexy Jewish woman, late 40s, who is ready to share my passions with a fabulous man, 45-60. I love movies, theater and hanging out with my equally fabulous dog. If you are handsome, passionate, honest and have a great sense of humor, well...who knows?! 1109 ✉☎

Sensational Senior—With a sharp sense of humor, seeks same. I am a 65-year-old widow who derives pleasure from my business, friends and family. I enjoy watching CNN, Larry King Live, Meet The Press, and I am a big fan of Columbo and Mission Impossible. I especially enjoy commentators Tim Russert and Wolf Blitzer. Some of my favorite authors include Tony Hillerman, Rex Stout and Agatha Christie. I also enjoy taking walks along the boardwalk by the beach, going out to dinner and stimulating conversation. I live on the North Shore of the Island and I am looking for someone who is compassionate, intelligent and communicative, to share a sunset with me from my kitchen. You cook, I'll clean! Please respond if you share similar interests and would like to start a friendship with the possibility of a long-term relationship. 1161 ✉

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Marriage-Minded—Single Jewish female, 36, 5'7", loves life, warm and affectionate, seeks honest, romantic Jewish male, 36-45, interested in commitment leading to marriage and children. Note/photo. 1166✉

Seeking Beloved—Attractive, single white Jewish female, 31, NYC-living, extremely outgoing, kind, adventurous, accomplished, well-traveled and generally real "catch." Seeking available, 30s, open, cultured, successful, NYC-living, kind, considerate, good-listening, compassionate and passionate, bright, fun (sailing and squash-loving a plus) man. Call or send note - photo helpful. 1055✉☎

Japanese Female—45, 5'5", seeks white male, 40s. Loves music. Photo. 1118 ✉☎

Uncantankerous—Trim, 58, playful, (201), affluent widow seeks healthy, wealthy, wise man. Recent photo. 1127✉

Pretty Chinese—32, slim, loves movies, travel, seeks professional male for marriage, 31-45. Photo. 1141✉

A Jewish Professional Male—49, very attractive, varied interests, fit and fun, in search of a professional female who is eclectic, artistic, slim, sensitive, intelligent, and who radiates a joie-de-vivre sense of self. Note/phone, please. 1156 ✉☎

Wanted: One Soul Mate—To share my life and my dreams. She doesn't have to be tall or short, thin or fat, blond or brunette; just has to be easygoing, fun-loving, and sound of body and mind. If you are her, I'm 47, 5'9", good-looking, independent and caring. Maybe we could meet and see if we click for the new millennium. 1158 ✉

Wickedly Creative—Curious mind, explorer's spirit, generous heart, nice figure. Very attractive, green-eyed brunette. 47. Bright, resourceful, calm. Successful professional, makes work fun. Passionate about music, books, theater, movies. Enjoys paddling a canoe, Venice at dawn, sailing. Fascinated and nurtured by community. Seeks smart, successful, warm, responsible (42-55, 5'9" plus) man, comfortable with himself, able to find humor/joy in life. 1095 ✉☎

Thoughtful, Kindhearted CEO—Attentive, boyish looks, upbeat, loves laughter, fitness, fun, 5'10", muscular, 43. Seeks warm woman under 38 for an incredible life. Phone/photo necessary. 1169 ✉☎

It Should Be Simple—Slim and attractive Jewish female, 40, caring, intelligent, seeks Jewish male to share summer days, maybe more. Love travel, tennis, the mountains. Please be 37-46, genuine, fun-loving, unpretentious. 1144 ✉☎

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Getting there is easy: Take the "E" train to the World Trade Center. Walk 2 blocks south on Broadway. Turn left onto Liberty Street.

Marriage-Minded Medical Doctor!—Tall, fit, 44, seeks Asian-American princess for long-term relationship filled with love and life. E-mail: J5JEWEL@aol.com 1159 ✉

Electric, Upbeat Man, 70—Straight, seeks an educated woman, bisexual past or now, for a lifetime of loyalty. 1133✉

Single White Male—Professional, 50, seeks female for relationship. 1171 ✉☎

Statuesque Beauty—5'9 1/2", elegant, well-proportioned, well-spoken, with radiant smile and warm personality, who is socially adept and versatile, would be a tremendous asset to a high-profile, professionally/socially prominent gentleman, 40-64. Seeks man with high moral character, great sense of humor, who is interested in commitment leading to marriage. 1066✉☎

Diamond In The Rough—Unique, multifaceted wheeler-dealer, college grad, 58, 6'3", 230, intelligent, ambitious, unconventional, self-made, street-smart. Seeks exotic or model-type, sexy soul mate/playmate, 30-45. Photo. 1099 ✉☎

Curvy, Petite Brunette—38, who has sparkling blue eyes, dry sense of humor, slight European accent and totally cool teenage daughter, would like to meet with offbeat, brainy, witty, romantic gentleman for chemistry, magic and mutual pampering. 1076 ✉ ☎

I'm Not For Everybody—But then again, I don't try to be... I am a sexy, smart and spiritual, divorced Jewish male, 44, 5'11", handsome - with piercing green eyes and a big heart. A rare breed, I am a wonderful, loving daddy, a NYC business owner and a great cuddler all rolled up into one. I seek a "very special", beautiful woman who has a gentle soul and a carpe diem attitude towards life. I'm the real deal and can be a very special friend, lover and soul mate to the right person. Note/photo. 1048 ✉ ☎

Healthy, Wealthy, Wise Guy—Jewish, very handsome, seeks bright professional lady, 32-42, wanting marriage and family soon. I am a fantastic stock market investor, tenured professor, athlete and artist who likes dating a woman physician, lawyer, professor, etc. E-mail: SHARPGUY4U@aol.com 1167 ✉ ☎

Good Man, Good-Looking, Good Job—Seeks good woman - companion, friend, lover. POB 20359, NY, NY 10021

Put A Lady In Your Life—Attractive, intelligent business lady in a petite and fit package, seeks long-term relationship with accomplished, sophisticated gentleman, age 55-65. 1035 ✉ ☎

Tall, Thin, Athletic, Attractive—And successful, 31-year-old New York white male seeks a unique woman, 21-31 for fun, friendship and romance. Note/photo, please. E-mail: elite@panix.com. 1151✉

Canadian/Norwegian Female—New Yorker, divorced, late 40s; sense of style, humor, joie de vivre; quietly sexy, 5'7", slim; psychologically in-tune. Seeks good guy in 50s to get to know. 1049 ✉☎

Wanted: Daddy—Absolutely gorgeous, late 20s, single white female, pregnant model, seeks super-successful, childless gentleman (age, sexual orientation unimportant) for marriage and/or co-parenting. 1148 ✉ ☎

Seeking Bisexual Woman—For marriage and family. Attractive, bisexual Wasp, 40, financially secure, interested in classical music, the arts, food and wine; in search of a creative, intelligent, elegant partner for city/country life. Photo. 1136 ✉

Looking For A Harvard Man—Kind but with an edge, responsible but with an underlying irreverence, attractive, tall, thin, super-smart woman, 33, seeks her match. Photo. 1155 ✉

Former Male Model—Now successful businessman, 37, nice chauvinist with traditional values, desires intelligent, warm, spiritual, passionate woman, 22-36, for relaxed dinner, music and boating dates, possible marriage and children. I want a young woman who knows what she wants and wants to enjoy life now, not work all the time. Prefer long-haired, attractive-figured, Italian/Spanish type - but not that important. Single moms okay, too. Note/photo/phone. 1124 ✉

Good-Looking Man—Creative, artistic, witty, affluent, good-natured, 60, 5'10". Landscape painting, museums, travel are my passions, but I need more... you. Only bright and pretty, please. Photo/note. 1081 ✉ ☎

Smart, Sexy, Spirited—Lovely 49, slim blond, seeks smart, playful Jewish man... for love and laughs. 1061 ✉ ☎

Southampton Siren—(Manhattan winters). I'm intellectual but sportif, 39, pretty, sexy, blond and slim. No faults. I'm looking for a bright, lively, fun and nice man to share movies, benefits, loafing, dinner parties, museums and maybe visits abroad. Photo, please. 1072 ✉☎

Seeking Other Half—Very handsome and successful, 5'9", fit Jewish male, 40, with intelligence, wit and charm, seeks the missing piece. You: beautiful (inside/out), under 40 and want it all. Photo. 1106✉☎

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New York Magazine, Box # ______
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Sensual, Stunning Style, Successful—Young 50s, 5'5", 112 lbs, long dark hair, hazel eyes, eclectic interests. You: Jewish, (212) or (914), 60-72, intelligent, no-nonsense man, financially secure. 1114 ✉☎

Stunning Psychologist—45, smokeless, meditator, film and theater buff. Seeks soul mate, friendship first. 1115 ✉☎

Very Pretty, Petite, Romantic Lady—Wishes for fun-loving, communicative man to be my friend and lover, 60-68, physically fit a plus, nonsmoking. 1153✉

Sparkling Smile, Eyes To Match:—Radiant, very pretty, slender Jewish female, 44. Affectionate, huggable, vivacious, compassionate. Laughter is key. Likes skiing, tennis, theater, golf, reading. Adventurous, intelligent, successful professional; has integrity, confidence. Seeking single male who is involved in life and ready for a relationship. Note/photo, please. 1032 ✉☎

Looking For Laughs?—Handsome, 43, Jewish exec with degrees, aspiring soul, and pecs that will make you weep, refuses to give up on you. Laughs are included. And a lot more. 1090 ✉ ☎

Sincere, Handsome, Intelligent—Attorney, 28, 6', athletic, slim and affectionate. I enjoy spending time in Central Park, reading, movies, music, art and theater. Seeking an intelligent, slim, pretty, kind, fun, down-to-earth, Jewish, nonsmoking professional with sense of humor. Note/photo please. 1134✉

Male Hotel Owner—40s, seeks female, 20-40, to relocate to FL. 1107 ✉ ☎

Mensch, 65—Seeks wit/fit, keen/civic, zestful/puckish Ms. POB 171, NY 10028

Pretty Brunette—Loves the arts. Successful design professional. Loves exploring NYC, walks on the beach and good conversation. If you are handsome, 35-45, intelligent, professionally successful, with a great personality, please write. Note and photo, please. 1122 ✉

Woman Seeking Woman—Mid 40s, professional, intellectual, fit, feminine, liberal-minded, complex, warm, fun. Enjoy running, outdoors, movies, imaginative conversation. Seeking my match. Substantive note/photo appreciated. 1126 ✉

NYMessage

Delta Shuttle NY-Boston 7/8 9:30AM—Seeking tall Healthcare Venture Capitalist who sat next to brunette in white jacket on his way to Cape Cod. Contact me. Re: networking meeting? 1057 ✉ ☎

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NYMessage
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An Eclectic Blend—Of sophistication and simplicity, 5'9", physically fit, attractive, sensual, Mediterranean descent, witty and fun. Passionate about life, nature and animals. Spiritually-oriented, with a vision of meeting my twin flame and adventuring into the unknown. Seeks Caucasian male between 35-45 years old. Only serious consideration need apply. Please send note/photo. 1130 ✉ ☎

Nice Guy—Can love attractive, shapely gal to 40, no prude. Me: 50 plus, 5'7", white, handsome, kind. Send photo. 1149✉

Want To Meet—Younger guy to share TLC/friendship. Me - youthful, vibrant 50-plus lady, slim, 5'7", love life. 1113✉☎

Widower—Dashingly handsome, delightfully witty, deftly intelligent, physically fit, financially sound, emotionally secure, seeks companion, 46-52. I am 51, 5'11", 178 lbs, brown hair, blue eyes, and into reading, going to the gym, golf, skiing, tennis, movies, plays, dining, and finding the right person. If you are not into status, games, and are reasonably normal, I may be the answer. Send photo, note, phone or e-mail address. 1119 ✉

No Hyperbole—Marriage-minded, fit, Jewish MD, 47, 5'7", 154, seeks thin, pretty woman who loves good movies, reading, art and romance. Photo, please. 1129 ✉ ☎

Pretty Intellectual—Slender, successful, Ivy-educated woman, 50, with good sense of humor, seeks warm, giving, emotionally intelligent male who is open to psychological and spiritual arenas. 1142 ✉

Two Hours From Grand Central—Is a beautiful, vibrant ex-Manhattanite with a zest for life. You are a warm, witty, financially secure mensch, old enough to remember WWII yet strong enough to paddle a canoe. Photo appreciated. 1038✉☎

My First Time—Handsome, 51 and in good shape. Quite successful, sincere and generous, with an excellent sense of humor and sense of self. Seeking a sharp, attractive, bright woman who can be friend, partner and lover. Trim the old lover out of a photograph of yourself and send it to me along with a note. 1077 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Playful Blond—Serious sailor, mediocre tennis player, interested in foreign markets and interesting minds. Seeks smart, funny guy, 45-60. 1101 ✉☎

Lover Boy—Energetic, romantic, handsome, fun Jewish male, 52, kind, communicative, successful, seeking the love *of my life. Please write a note today with* photo. Maybe we will meet soon! 1102✉☎

90-Percent Angel, 10-Percent Devil—Seeks Jewish male, 35-45, handsome, accomplished professional with solid values, to share passion for life. Romantic a plus. This attractive woman, 39, promises the same - 90 percent of the time. 1091 ✉☎

Pretty, Witty, Late 60s—Senior professional gal seeks dynamic, upbeat, secure guy who loves life, music, theater and travel. Are you there? 1135 ✉

Romantic Man—Extremely affectionate and loving, young 40s, 6', 170, fun-loving, down-to-earth, athletic body, cute face, tan bald head, marriage-minded, healthy lifestyle, loves beach, outdoors, sports and fine dining. Photo a must. 1172 ✉ ☎

Believes In Always Having Something—To look forward to. Extraordinarily attractive, fit, slim blond. Articulate, worldly, understated. Speaks from the heart. Courageous and funny - good at seeing the ridiculous. Up-front, friendly: an open book with mysterious and adventurous side. Would love to drive a race car. Fascinated by new ideas, people, learning, growing. Enjoys exploring cities, performing arts, hardware stores, spectator sports, good wine. Seeks fit, financially stable man, 45-59, who enjoys travel and more. 1093 ✉ ☎

Attention All White And Latin Females—Unattractive, unsuccessful, uneducated, unfit, out of shape, but still has a full head of hair, without the potbelly, Asian male, 29, look 69, seeks petite to medium-sized beauty, 20s-30s, for the ultimate wedding. Photo exchanged, but you must send yours first with a smile. 1075 ✉ ☎

Great Smile, Terrific Attitude—And loves to laugh. Attractive, stable, professional Jewish female, 44. Enjoys cooking, art, travel, power walking, hugs, yoga, the Knicks and ice cream. Seeks a nice guy with integrity, 39 plus, to travel through life with. 1069 ✉ ☎

Scandinavian-Born—Nice, very athletic male, 36, 6', successful professional, into playing sports and collecting antiques, seeks a nice female to explore the city and country with. Photo/note. 1121 ✉☎

Slim Yet Shapely—Sensual yet sophisticated, pretty, single Jewish female, blond hair, green eyes, mid 40s, loves dancing, tennis, theater and movies. Seeks Jewish professional male, 48-60, who is fun yet romantic, emotionally secure yet vulnerable, and can commit to a relationship. Note/phone. 1083 ✉ ☎

Passionate, Sophisticated—Attractive, slender professional lady, 38, no dependents, interested in adding a "plus" to a type A-personality, successful professional gentleman, 48-60, for an A-plus relationship. Let my culinary skills cater to you after a game of golf. 1146 ✉☎

Who Needs The Hamptons?—6', 180, blue-eyed, Waspy Jewish male, all-Ivy education, 35. Extremely athletic. I survived Jewish schools... I don't kill whales or start forest fires. Seeking a pretty, down-to-earth Jewish girl to escape the scene, and willing to concoct a tale about how we met. Photo please. 1071✉

Exceptional Young Man—38, successful, spirited, sensitive, well-educated, strawberry blond, blue eyes, athletic. Enjoys foreign movies, travel, jazz, outdoors, community service. Seeks attractive, good-natured, humorous, *socially conscious woman, 28-40. Phone/* photo/note. 1160 ✉

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Back Flips Optional—Petite, pretty blond, owner of gymnastics academy, seeking marriage-minded, handsome, successful, physically fit, single Jewish man, 35-45, with intelligence, wit and zest for life. Note/recent photo, please! 1132 ✉ ☎

Make Your Dreams Come True—Extremely successful entrepreneur (living in Westchester, NY) seeks the woman of my dreams for a serious relationship. 6'3", with boyish good looks - loves fun, romance and laughter. Romantic/passionate with a great sense of humor. Enjoys exotic travel, fishing, dining, skiing... Have Harleys will travel. Seeks Caucasian woman between 28-38, who is fun-loving, romantic, in great shape and is beautiful from the inside out. Please send note/photo. 1131 ✉ ☎

Sweet, Savvy, Sexy—Sophisticated and a lot of fun. Refreshingly pretty, sensuous, gentle, single Jewish female, 42. Successful, gracious, down-to-earth, creative. Trim/curvy. Spontaneous humor, a smile that lights up a room. Pioneering spirit - philanthropy, finance, environment, social change. Good cuddler. Good friend. Inclined towards eco/adventure travel, sciences, the world of ideas. Loves good conversation, dancing, sailing, Tanglewood, city culture (uptown/downtown), CA wineries. Seeks educated, fun, loving, financially and physically fit, 35-50, single/divorced Jewish male. 1164 ✉☎

A True Original—Vivacious 38-year-old woman with interests ranging from the stock market to Girl Scouts to biking and Oscar trivia, seeks a smarter-than-the-average-bear with an enjoyment of the absurd, a tender heart and a desire for marriage and family. 1044 ✉ ☎

Tall, Handsome, Fun-Loving Man—Seeks young lady, 55 plus, who enjoys serious music, art, dancing, Broadway shows, good restaurants, but, most of all, good company, good times and friendship. I am a financially secure, self-employed professional, 6', slender. Note please. 1154✉☎

Life Is An Adventure—Single white female, attractive, 34, 5'7", intelligent; enjoys book stores, movies, dining out, romance. Seeking successful, articulate, *single white male, 30-39, 5'10" plus,* nonsmoker, marriage-minded. 1033✉☎

Lovely And Beautiful—Stylish and elegant, articulate, successful, divorced woman. Good figure, compelling, warm, wry NY humor. Affectionate, easy to talk to. Capable of great giggles. Sophisticated (not too much, just enough). Reads everything. Good aesthetic sense. Great cook. Penchant for jazz, world music, sunny beaches, country cycling, photography. Relaxes well, enjoys hanging out at home. Seeks healthy/active, financially comfortable, 43-61 man who would appreciate an independent, romantic, gentle woman. 1163 ✉ ☎

Playful, Pretty—Long hair, fit, 30, well-educated, seeks considerate, bright Jewish guy to love forever. NYC/Boston. Photo a plus. 1074 ✉ ☎

Heaven On Earth—Powerful, thoughtful, sensitive, virile male, early 50s looks younger, into health, spirituality, finance, seeks good woman for fun, companionship, relationship. 1168 ✉☎.

GQ Doc—46, athletic, fit, seeks sweet, smart, sexy soul mate. E-mail HIMDC@aol.com 1105 ✉ ☎

42, Attractive—Divorced white Christian female, advanced education, no dependants, central NJ, seeks well-educated, single/divorced Christian male. Science background a plus. Note/photo. 1128 ✉

Alluring, Very Attractive—Heartfelt, stylish professional woman, 46. Curvy, nice figure, 5'7". Offbeat, playful humor, pretty amber eyes. Warm, adventurous, artistic, creative. Jewish/Italian lineage, European sensibility. Loves NYC and CA. Drawn to the Mediterranean, American Southwest, CA. Passionate about art, photography, beautiful things, dreams, the unconscious mind, travel. Seeks smart, financially comfortable man, 35-55, 5'9" plus, who appreciates the soulful/aesthetic things in life. 1096 ✉ ☎

Athletic, Handsome, Confident—And creative NYC ad agency owner, 43, seeks slender, honest, happy and professional woman, 30-40 plus. Photo. 1152 ✉☎

Charming Woman—Attractive, slender, successful, 52. Loves New York and the outdoors. Desires gentleman of similar age to share hiking, theater and long-term relationship. 1145 ✉

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*Sources:
1999 Spring MRI; 1998 Summer MRI

ARY ANN MADDEN #947

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

TO A FINE HACKER ON HER BIRTHDAY

HEARD ABOUT THE EXORCISM
Hope Things Have Turned Around

SO YOU'VE OPENED A KIOSK!

Above, thank you for the giant sea tortoise. Competitors are invited to invent one brief message from an unusual greeting card.

Results of Competition 944, in which you were asked for the famous first words of a well-known person.

Report: We've got to start meeting this way. Duplicated arrivistes—Henry Stanley: "Doctor, I presume?" Martha Stewart: "Not pink." Helen Frankenthaler: "MOMA." Oedipus: "I'll be back." Jerry Falwell: "I'm back." Steven Spielberg: "Cut!" Garbo: "Alone at last." Thomas Edison: "Light at the end of the tunnel." M. De Sade: "Thank you." Bill Clinton: "I did not have sex with that woman." Thank you all very much indeed. Now go to your nursery.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to New York to:

DICK CAVETT: "This reminds me of a story that Groucho once told me . . ."
Scott D. Penn, Truro, Mass.

TONY BLAIR: "Labour's behind me."
Ralph Carl, Duncan, B.C.

CHARLIE ROSE: "Talk to me about the *craft* of midwifery."
Randi Schoenhaus, N.Y.C.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to New York to:

JAMES LIPTON: "What is your favorite word? What is your least favorite word?"
Herb Hammer, N.Y.C.

ANDY SIPOWITZ: "Nothing to see here."
Edmund Conti, Summit, N.J.

EVE: "I love you, man!"
Lester Saldinger, Plainview, N.Y.

And Honorable Mention to:

DON IMUS: "This doctor has to be the worst scum-sucking weasel . . ."
Connon Barclay, Holland, Mich.

RENE DESCARTES: "Sum, ergo cogito."
Dodi Schultz, N.Y.C.

BORIS KARLOFF: "Boo!"
Michael Lombard, N.Y.C.

REGIS PHILBIN: "Do you have any children?"
Margaret D. Dale, Longmeadow, Mass.

"Fleming. Ian Fleming."
Tommy DeLeo, Ozone Park, N.Y.

DUKE ELLINGTON: "Take the A Choo-Choo."
Rochelle M. Davis, Denver, Col.

RUDOLPH GIULIANI: "The police commissioner and I . . ."
Deirdre Ledwitz, Port Washington, N.Y.

BOB EUBANKS: "Mom, in order to conceive me, where is the strangest place you and daddy made whoopee?"
Norman Charles, N.Y.C.

DAN QUAYLE: "Mamae!"
L. Hoffman, White Plains, N.Y.

LOUIS XIV: "Le tot, c'est moi."
Eric Bernard, Washington, D.C.

TIM MCCARVER: "In my opinion, that's a stupid play."
Charles Lubetkin, Springfield, N.J.

DOROTHY PARKER: "What fresh heck is this?"
G. Sewgobind, N.Y.C.

DENNIS MILLER: "I am *outta* there."
David Eisner, N.Y.C.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN: "I just finished the first movement."
Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.

JULIUS CAESAR: "What's with the knife?"
Beth Koban, Springside, Sask.

JERRY SEINFELD: "What's with the cord thing?"
similarly: Kathy Hakin, Flushing, N.Y.; Jeff Tenzer, N.Y.C.

JERRY SEINFELD: "What's the deal with circumcision?"
John J. Conti, Norfolk, Mass.

KAROL WOJTYLA: "So what's with the white smoke?"
Stephen Dudzik, Silver Spring, Md.

OTTMAR MERGENTHALER: "etaoin shrdlu."
L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.

LUCILLE BALL: "Waaaaahhh!"
David Felmet, Dayton, Ohio

JESUS: "Merry Christmas!"
Ed O'Rourke, Ocean City, N.J.

ELLEN DEGENERES: "I'm out."
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.; Judith Disla, N.Y.C.

GAEL GREENE: "Although attractively served, there is only one item on the menu, and it is a drink."
Judy Mostowitz, Brooklyn

PAUL SIMON: "Good-bye darkness, my old friend."
Martin Cristopher, Springside, Sask.

DR. SEUSS: "I am Ted, Ted I said; do not mix me up with Fred."
Ellen Conford, Great Neck, N.Y.

MUHAMMAD ALI: "I am the latest."
Tom Witte, Gaithersburg, Md.

ALBERT CAMUS: "Mother accouched today. Or was it yesterday . . ."
Joel Darrow, North Bergen, N.J.

CUBA GOODING JR.: "Show me the mommy."
Sarah Gay, Atlanta, Ga.; Thomas Moloney, West Milford, N.J.

HANNIBAL LECTER: "Could you give me a hand?"
Russell Whaley, Lakeland, Fla.

JEEVES: "You rang, sir?"
Marjorie J. Levine, N.Y.C.

NOAH WEBSTER: "Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!"
Erin Benjamin, Melville, Northwest Territories

MAE WEST: "Is that a slap, or are you just glad to see me?"
J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

SIGMUND FREUD: "Sometimes a pacifier is just a pacifier."
Karen Bracey, Burke, Va.

FERDINAND DE LESSEPS: "A man, a plan, a birth canal . . ."
Lucy Oblonsky, Hockessin, Del.

SHERLOCK HOLMES: "Elementary school, my dear Watson."
Molly Graizzaro, Dumont, N.J.

TRAVIS BICKLE: "You baby-talking to me?"
Bill Harriman, Niantic, Conn.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL: "Wet nurse, come here, I need you."
Dot Edwards, Galena, Mo.

BILL HICKOK: "Born to be wild."
Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.

MEDUSA: "Baby face, I've got the cutest little baby face."
Dede Persson, Mundelein, Ill.

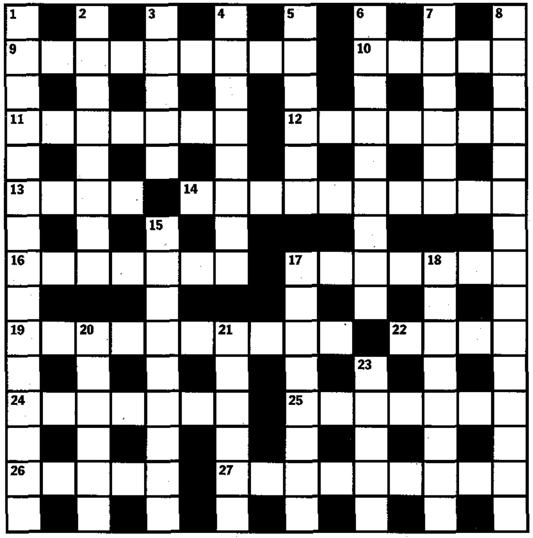
BARBARA WALTERS: "We're in touch, so you be in touch."
M. Mohajerin, Livermore, Calif.

ANDY ROONEY: "I don't mean to complain, but did you ever notice how whiny my voice sounds?"
Larry Mitchell, Dahlonega, Ga.

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 948, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by August 6. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the September 13 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS
9 Missile base and plant. (9)
10 Works in the music business. (5)
11 Ill-starred men of commerce. (7)
12 Diana's a girl cashier. (7)
13 Close in and attack. (4)
14 To a Persian it could be a parting of the ways. (10)
16 Anonymous nun made to change order. (7)
17 New pop C.D.—feel free! (7)
19 Craft associations. (5-5)
22 Ground needed for play. (4)
24 Add to the general confusion. (7)
25 Country ruler in new alibi. (7)
26 Lash out, take in a foreign capital. (5)
27 Architect's work bringing a peerage?

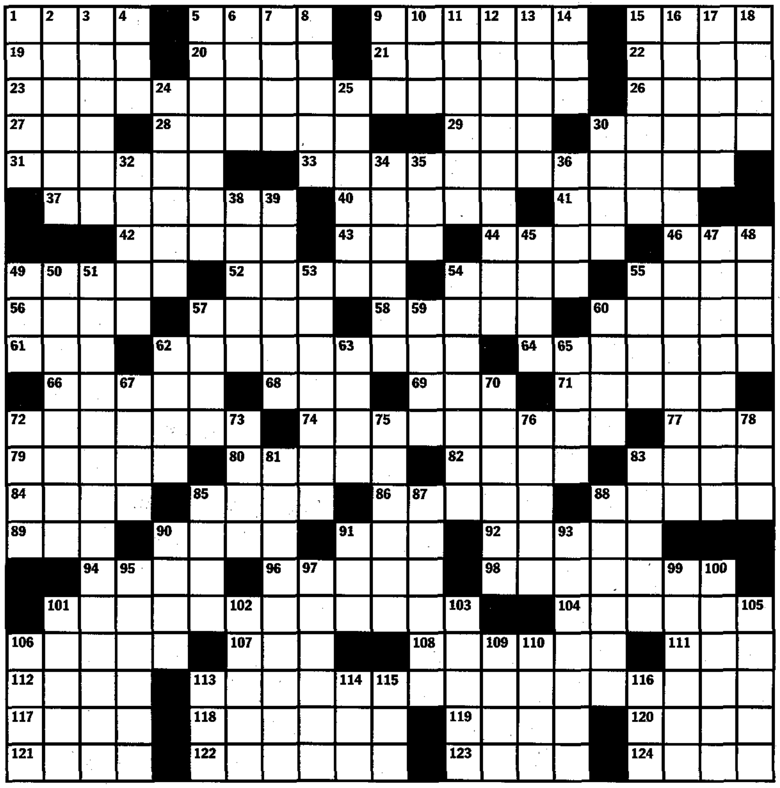


DOWN
1 May be seen and heard in a Kentish garden. (10,5)
2 Production of Haydn's oratorio. (8
3 Man of property, three quarters in gold. (5)
4 Gets more than one's share of froth on top with this measure of alcohol. (8)
5 A way to lift opera in large arenas. (6)
6 Painter of some force? (9)
7 A sign, say, to jack up the car. (6)
8 You won't have any truck with these. (9,6)
15 Port for mother after morning rest, perhaps. (9)
17 Rose, a lovely girl in crimson. (8)
18 Being so one may react rashly with unusual ill-grace. (8)
20 Appropriate piece of neckwear. (6)
21 Sound conductor of German songs. (6)
23 A lighthouse casts it across the vessel. (5)

'Literary Characters II': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS
1 Goya's duchess
5 Husband: Fr.
9 Brooke Shields's ex
15 "Like —— not"
19 Prophet
20 Donegal island
21 Countrified
22 Blind trio
23 Marlboro's cowboy?
26 Second Greek letter
27 Pitcher's stat
28 Dermal art
29 C.I.O.'s go-with
30 Drew a bead on
31 Impertinent
33 Chaucerian spouse for Dracula?
37 Sing-along syllables
40 "—— Mio"
41 Sparrow's kin
42 Accumulated, as a bill
43 Film co. monogram
44 Barcelona boy
46 Photo sessions, familiarly
49 Obscured by haze
52 El —— (Peruvian volcano)
54 T-men
55 "—— first you don't succeed . . ."
56 Biblical oldster
57 Rind
58 Tuesday, in Toulon
60 Shine too brightly
61 Rub-a-dub-dub vessel
62 Wolf from La Mancha?
64 Isolde's sniffly love?
66 Fiber for mats
68 Sibilant consonant
69 Middle of a simile
71 Nanking nursemaids
72 Thane whose checks bounced?
74 Brontë's moor mower?
77 "Old MacDonald" finale
79 "A Doll's House" playwright
80 Motionless
82 Scholar's collar
83 Former Broadway assn.
84 Stream out like lava
85 Goad
86 "To —— human . . ."
88 Step part
89 Bog
90 One of the Baldwins
91 River of Sweden
92 Now's alternative
94 Roman statesman
96 Arizona city
98 Hansel's sister, and others
101 Cooper's hit man?
104 Certain Japanese-Americans
106 Cloth for towels
107 "Exodus" hero
108 Enjoys home cooking
111 T.C.U.'s rival
112 H-dos-O
113 Tone-deaf mariner?
117 "I Love Lucy" co-star
118 Dry red wine
119 Younger Saarinen
120 Johnny Cash walks it
121 Cosmetics caller
122 Small land masses
123 Jerry's comedy partner, once
124 Smirk

DOWN
1 Hearth debris
2 Acquired knowledge
3 Neighbor of Hollywood
4 Sandy's bark
5 Kuala Lumpur resident
6 In —— (bored by routine)
7 Talk wildly
8 Bar of metal
9 Altar constellation
10 Astronaut Grissom
11 Go at
12 Added starch
13 Move edgewise
14 Like a glacier
15 Drink
16 Shakespeare's haberdasher?
17 Quartet, doubled
18 Crack a book
24 Engaged in games
25 Henchman
30 Retro hairdo
32 Installs the car
34 Igloo dweller
35 Go courting
36 Has the deed to
38 Unit of light
39 For each
45 "What —— for Love" ("A Chorus Line" tune)
47 Leech, e.g.
48 British carbine
49 Converged
50 Lacking fitness for functioning
51 Operatic castaway?
53 Plodded through puddles
54 Not as stale
55 Ingrid's "Casablanca" role
57 Ralph Lauren trademark
59 Rat-——
60 Braided trimming
62 Sunup
63 River near Dunkirk
65 Falling-barometer forecast
67 Swerve
70 Treading the boards
72 Willy Loman's son
73 Where Tipperary is
75 "Resume speed," to a musician
76 Also-ran
78 Boathouse item
81 Occurring at night
83 Buenos ——
85 Gambit
87 Having coral formations
88 Eye site
90 A.B.A. member
91 Ref's colleague
93 Hunter's meat
95 Ellington's subway transport
97 New citizen, perhaps
99 Nielsen or Howard
100 Author de Beauvoir
101 Israeli dessert
102 Parachutes, with "out"
103 Destined
105 Less doubtful
106 Cry of accomplishment
109 Quaker pronoun
110 Immunizing fluids
113 Word with fi
114 Bookie's transaction
115 Head coverings, to 'Arry
116 Under the weather



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 89.

DAVID SAITY

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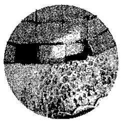

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